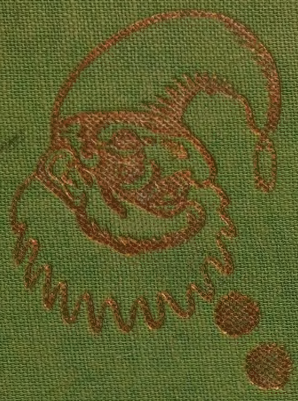

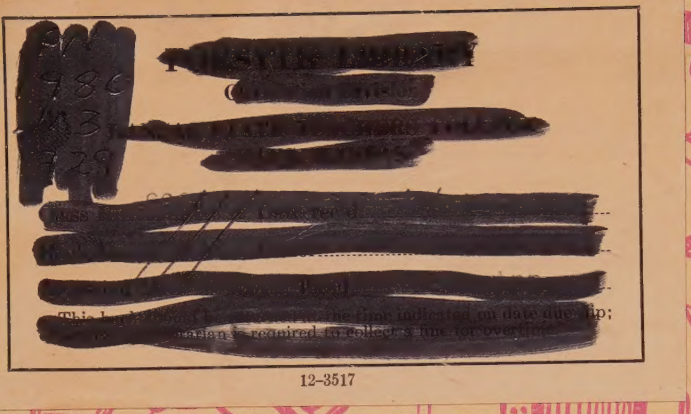
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WITHDRAWN

A REPERTORY OF

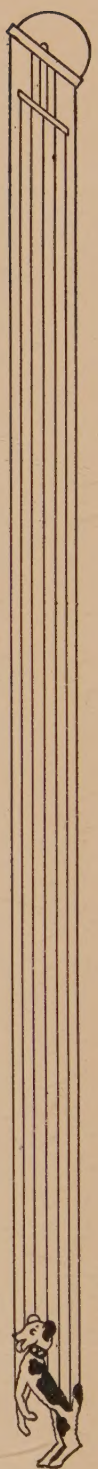
MARIONETTE PLAYS

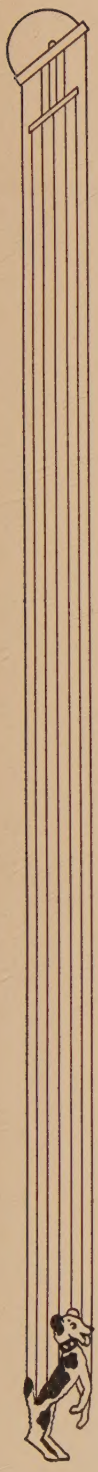
A REPERTORY OF

MARIONETTE PLAYS

BY

BONNESCHKY
BOUCHOR
DONDO
DURANTY
TOM FOOL
GOETHE
MAETERLINCK
MITCOFF
MOURGUET
NEUVILLE
POCCI
MAURICE SAND
JACK B. YEATS





A REPERTORY OF

MARIONETTE PLAYS

Chosen and Translated
with Notes
Bibliography and
Lists of Marionette
Play Producers in
England and America

BY

PAUL McPHARLIN

NEW YORK
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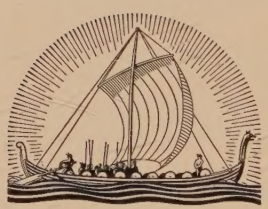

TO PRODUCERS, AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL

No public performance of any play in this volume may be given without securing written permission from the owner of its acting rights, whose name and address are printed on the first page of its introductory note. Permission will be granted upon the payment of royalty—not above marionette proportion, of course, for marionette productions.

23260

A Few Words from Punch to the Reader

This book is not for children alone; I would say it is a quite special sort. It is meant for spirits very naïve, and for spirits very sophisticated. Children belong to the first class, and that's why the book will suit them perfectly, even the parts they don't understand. . . . Certain things escape children, just as certain others escape the very sophisticated.

—Louis Emile Duranty: *Théâtre des Marionnettes du Jardin des Tuileries*, Paris, 1863.

PREFATORY NOTE

This collection does not aim to be comprehensive. It includes only three English marionette plays because there are so few, outside of the fairly recent adaptations of well-known tales for children. There are, however, representative French and German pieces—as many of each as may be put into one volume—and one Russian and one Chinese. The Italian store of pieces is untouched, but I hope that I may some time in the future give a selection of them to English-speaking marionette-play fanciers. Spanish has even a greater paucity of material than English. But the Slavic and Scandinavian languages, the tongues of Asia Minor and the Orient, all hold plays of interest; these, too, limited space here obliges me to slight.

The pieces chosen are adapted to performance by various types of marionettes and puppets, worked from above or below—by hand, string or rod—three-dimensional and shadow.

PAUL MCPHARLIN.

Wedglot Wabe,
Winnetka, Illinois,
21 *March*, 1929.

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For permission to reprint *The Scourge of the Gulph*, I wish to thank Jack B. Yeats, and for *School, or Thou Shalt Not Commit*, Gordon Craig. The first has allowed the reproduction of his drawings of scenes for the play; the second, of his wood-engraving of a peep-show from *The Mask*. Mme. Aurore Lauth-Sand has permitted the translation of her father's play, *The Candidate for Trépagny*. By the kindness of Professor Mathurin Dondo, his *Every Dog Has His Day*, and by that of Elena Y. Mitcoff, her version of *Petroushka* appear for the first time here. Maurice Maeterlinck has sanctioned a new translation of *The Death of Tintagiles*. Maurice Bouchor and his publisher, Ernest Flammarion, have approved the translation of *Noël, or the Mystery of the Nativity*, and the author has read it in manuscript and offered suggestions. Professor L. Scherman of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences and Dr. Berthold Laufer of the Field Museum of Natural History have allowed *The Drum Dance* to be translated, and Dr. Laufer has corrected the English version in manuscript. The photograph of an eighteenth-century Venetian marionette theatre is reproduced by the courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. Elsewhere in the volume I express my gratitude to friends and correspondents who have assisted me in finding clues and information.

P. McP.

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INTRODUCTION

I: MARIONETTES

To start with, let's define terms. In English we have the words *marionette* and *puppet*. The Oxford Dictionary gives these definitions: "Puppet. A human figure, with jointed limbs, moved by means of strings or wires; especially one of the figures in a puppet show; a marionette." "Marionette. A puppet actuated by strings and used to represent persons (or animals) in action." Webster gives: "Puppet. A small image in human form . . . often with jointed limbs, as in a puppet show; marionette." "Marionette. A puppet moved by strings or by hand."

In what they say the authorities are of one mind, but the mind is not quite clear. Marionettes may be worked in many ways, not necessarily by string, wire or hand. They need not be jointed. And what of the puppet trees and tables that go nature's animation one better? They are not persons (or animals).

Marionettes and puppets, as the words are now used, I would say are theatrical figures animated under human control. They are things apart from the automata that move without dramatic reason, and human control distinguishes them from mechanisms that repeat set operations.

Now, despite the dictionaries, *marionette* and *puppet* should not be interchangeable. The very sound of the word *puppet* seems to fit Punch's brusque movement. *Marionette*, a word of continental origin, has become associated with the string- and rod-operated actors who we feel are not yet quite at home with us, although they have been visiting us from Italy for over three hundred years. Those figures that glove the operator's hand and move directly with his wrist, thumb and two fingers, the primi-

tive, often legless sort, should therefore properly be *puppets*. The French name *guignol*, the Italian names *pupazzi* and *burattini* and the term of German derivation, *hand-puppet*, are sometimes used to specify this type. *Marionette* should designate, I think, a figure remotely controlled from above or below. But for descriptive precision a combination like *string-marionette* is unfortunately necessary.

Marionettes may be both round and flat. Of the latter, some are made of painted cardboard or thin wood which, lighted from the front, has a three-dimensional effect; others, made of cardboard or parchment and lighted from the back, cast silhouettes or coloured translucencies on a screen.

Figures in fixed postures, such as those of the toy paper-theatres, or of the Javanese scrolls that are unwound, displaying successive scenes that the operator describes, are still marionettes, for they move with dramatic purpose, even if only in a frozen procession. Those figures of dramatic intent, painted on glass slides and projected onto a screen by a magic lantern, which the galanty-showman of a century ago made move by dancing the slide while he supplied dialogue, may also be classed marionettes.

But the *theatrum mundi*, a scene with figures that perform set movements by mechanical means, even though it approach the borderland of the marionette by repeating some fragment of dramatic action, is still only automatic.

The useful term *puppeteer* for one who operates a puppet or marionette was coined in 1915 by the marionette players at the Chicago Little Theatre under the direction of Ellen van Volkenburg. *Marionetteer* was used by Alfred Stury of Chicago, but the term has not gained currency.

This has often been said about the nature of the marionette, but it can bear repeating. It cannot do many of the simplest things, and it can do what is beyond man's power; while picking up a cup taxes its capabilities to the utmost, with a bound it foils gravity. Its limitations excuse

the marionette from the dull realistic commonplaces to which the human actor must give attention; its talents adapt it to play low comedy, burlesque and—at the opposite end of the scale—dramas of solemn ecstasy. For while the marionette, without a drop of perspiration, excels the funniest clown and the most agile of acrobats, he assumes the rôles of heroes and divinities, unconscious of imperfection. Because they are so like dolls, marionettes are dismissed as nursery playthings, or loved with too easy a familiarity. When this superhuman quality that is theirs comes to be realized, contempt must vanish and affection be tempered with awe.

Actors rob imagination of its exercise; marionettes, suggesting so little and so much, give it stimulus. Children and marionettes, meeting in the world of fantasy, have ever been friends. Certain schools have realized this, and have encouraged the child to make marionettes. His gain from the work is not an improved sense of manners and morals; he may not even learn much grammar or history; for the marionette is no giver of precept. But let it have its own way, let it be the small image of man, saintly and vicious, noble and ridiculous, and it will open the eye of the spectator, no matter his age, to an amazing self.

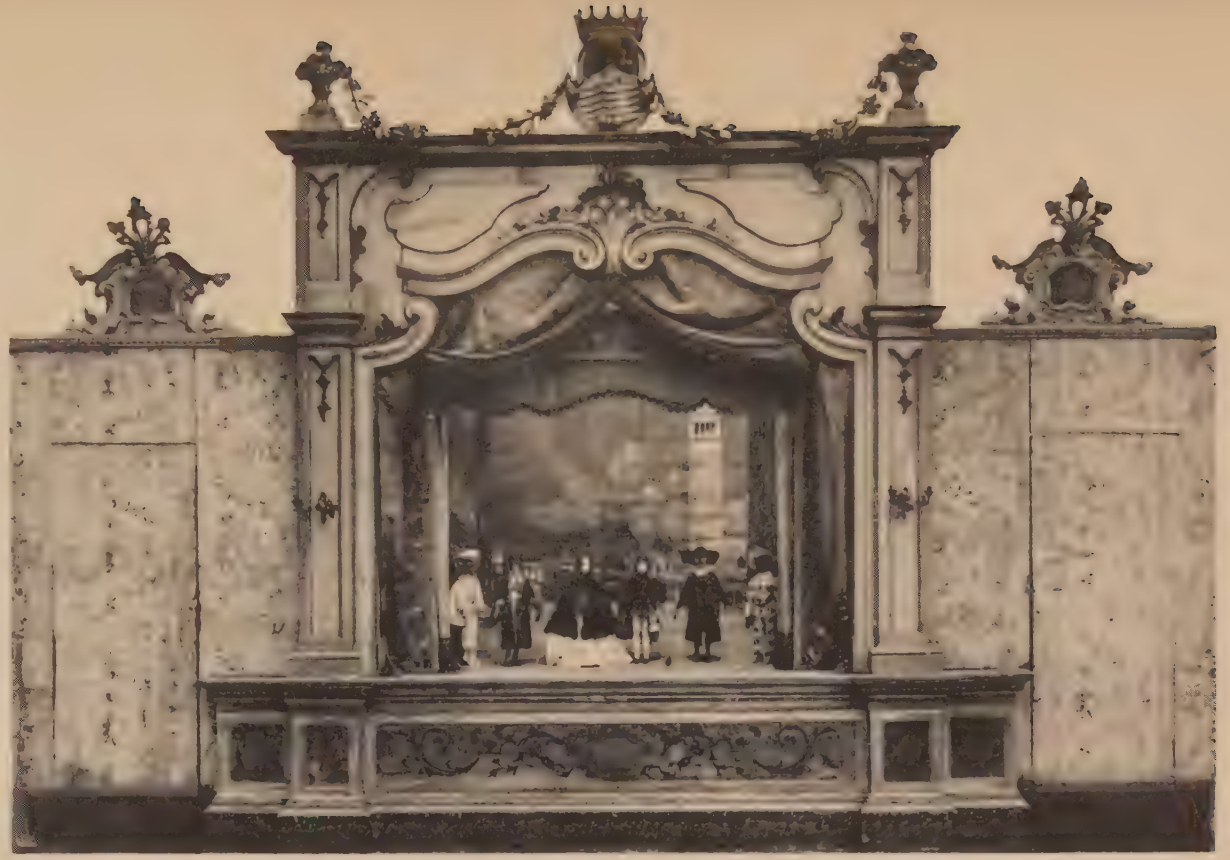
Since children are fascinated, grown-ups flatter themselves that they must be bored by marionettes—generally before they have witnessed a performance. Without the personality of the actor, that unruly force which keeps breaking theatrical illusion, the marionette stage may give as whole an æsthetic satisfaction in drama, music, dance and scene, as any larger. The unity resulting when one artist designs and executes all—as often happens in the marionette theatre—is certainly preferable to the hodge-podge in a theatre too big even for many small men. Once accept the convention of the lifeless figure that lives by string control—a convention no different than that of the *dramatis persona* speaking the author's lines and following the gesture dictated by the director—and one may, without prejudice against the medium, judge marionette performances for what they are.

II: MARIONETTE THEATRES

When marionettes left the chancel of the church for the open, they needed some sort of cover to hide the manipulator. The first requirement was that this be easily portable. Hence a strip of canvas stretched between two poles or, better, pulled back to screen the puppeteer from the sides too, might serve. In Russia the showman employed a hood that probably came from the Orient, for Chinese puppeteers use something of the sort. From the waist a cloth-covered framework extended up over the head. At the top of this, as over the canvas strips, the puppets appeared. From such screens evolved the puppet booth, roofed over, generally open for the puppeteer to get in at the back, and with a decorated proscenium and draw-curtain. In England the itinerant showman had to carry his booth on his back or pull it on wheels like a cart (though in France and Spain carts and pack-animals were needed for the long rough roads), so that it never was allowed to become heavy or cumbersome. Even the elaborately equipped stages of today must be dismounted and packed into boxes for touring.

The marionette shows that took up a stand for some length of time enclosed their booths in rough wooden structures, tents and, when possible in towns, in large rooms handy to a populous district. The non-paying spectator had to be excluded. Then, too, Chinese shadows and galanty-shows required a darkened chamber. While more attention was given to appearances behind the footlights than before, by the end of the eighteenth century, commodious auditoriums for marionette playgoers were found in many European cities. At present small theatres not inferior to those for the regular drama are operated in Munich, Bad Tölz and elsewhere in Germany and Austria.

London has had a long succession of marionette theatres. As early as 1573 Italian puppeteers were given a licence to show their "strange motions." By 1609 French showmen had been favourably received. There were more or less permanent theatres at Paris Garden, Holborn Bridge and Fleet Bridge. Besides there were the itinerant shows at



VENETIAN MARIONETTE THEATRE, EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Scene showing San Marco in Venice, with characters of the Commedia dell'Arte

Stourbridge and Bartholomew Fairs. Ladies made excursions out to Brentford and Eltham to see the marionettes. About 1650 the showmen of Norwich brought their renowned "opera puppets" to town. In 1662 the first marionette theatre ensconced itself in Covent Garden. By 1675 the actors of Dorset Garden Theatre, finding their patronage deflected, petitioned the king to have all puppet shows closed, especially those precariously nearby their theatre, on ground now occupied by the Hotel Cecil. This complaint was repeated by the singers of the Haymarket Opera against Powell, who established a thriving business under the east piazza of Covent Garden in 1711. In face of the protests he stayed there until 1715 or after. Charlotte Charke in 1737 opened her marionette theatre in the Tennis Court, James Street, near the Haymarket, and after its failure puppeteered for Russel in Hickford's Great Room, Brewer Street. Fantoccini—the name suggests that they were brought by Italians—were to be seen from 1763 on. Doctor Johnson and Goldsmith visited their performances, which were characterized by greater smoothness than had been seen in marionettes heretofore. In 1779 they held forth at the Patagonian Theatre at Exeter 'Change, Strand. Haydn, visiting London in 1791, attended the Fantoccini in Savile Row, doubtless in the auction room at No. 20 that had been converted into a private theatre by Lord Barrymore. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Joseph Leverege carried about his galanty-show from house to house at holiday time, giving time-honoured pieces like *Noah's Ark* and *The Prodigal Son*, while Piccini frequented the street corners with his famous *Punch and Judy*. Antediluvian as the last now seems, Maurice Baring noted a performance of it in progress amid the hubbub of Regent Street only six years ago. The street booths were outshone in 1852 by the Royal Marionette Theatre in the Adelaide Gallery, Adelaide Street, Strand. But this was the last of the permanent theatres. Private shows still flourish in the studios of Chelsea, and marionettes move into the regular theatres for short seasons at Christmas time; beyond that the marionette theatre in London is quiescent.

Paris has had even a longer and more distinguished succession of these theatres. Notice of them is first found about 1590. The busy Pont Neuf attracted them; at its end on the left bank, in the Place du Château-Gaillard, Jean Brioché showed Polichinelle and pulled teeth about 1649. His son François continued with the marionettes near the old stand until 1695 and after; it was he who entertained the Dauphin, son of Louis XIV, at Saint Germain-en-Laye in 1669. The Théatins, a religious order called to Paris by Cardinal Mazarin, gave sermons in their native Italian in their church on the Quai Malaquais, and illustrated religious history with marionettes, perpetuating the custom from the Middle Ages. In 1668 Jean-Baptiste Archambault (who became the son-in-law of Jean Brioché), Jérôme Artus and Nicolas Féron opened their show in the Cercilly Tennis Court at the sign of the Fleur de Lys. In 1676 La Grille set up his Théâtre des Pygmées in the Marais du Temple; the next year he changed its name to Théâtre des Bamboches. At the Fairs of St. Germain and St. Laurent marionettes were at home. Alexandre Bertrand, who founded a line of puppeteers, was driven from his booth in the former in 1690 because he had added to his attractions child actors; this was considered a usurpation of the regular theatres' privileges. He went to the Foire St. Laurent and there appeared till 1697, when he moved into the famous old Hôtel de Bourgogne, to stay only a few days before the authorities ousted him. Back the same year at the Foire St. Laurent, he built himself a little theatre with galleries in the style of the regular playhouses; it was on the main walk of the fair, facing the Rue Paradis. Beginning in 1701 his marionettes performed plays in the grand manner, with subjects drawn from classic legend. Bertrand's son-in-law, Bienfait, gave shows at the fairs until 1749, and was often called into private houses with his marionettes. This year he established his Petits Comédiens du Marais in the Rue Xaintonge; by 1752 he gave them up. But his son had marionettes at the fairs in 1773. The puppeteers of the fairs were generally rope-dancers too. One now was an Englishman, John Riner, whose marionettes in the

Rue des Fossés Monsieur le Prince, in 1726 gave Fuzelier, Lesage and d'Orneval's parody of the opera *Atis*. These were the days of parodies, and many a grandiose piece was deflated by the puppets. At the Fairs of St. Clair in the Rue St. Victor, and of St. Ovide in the Place Vendôme and later in the Place Louis XV (now de la Concorde), marionettes flourished also; the names of Fourré, Nicolet and Lévasseur were noted for them in the 1740's. By the second half of the century the amusements of the fairs began to find more permanent homes along the Boulevard du Temple. In 1760 the son of Fourré gave over his booth there to the elder son of Nicolet (the younger also was a puppeteer), who presented for four years harlequinades derived from the commedia dell' arte. In 1769 he opened a new theatre which he had built; rope-dancers still appeared with his marionettes. In 1792 the theatre, now presenting a variety of turns, was named the Gaieté. Audinot, who began at the Foire St. Germain in 1769 with marionettes that were caricatures of players at the Opéra Comique (including himself), established in the Boulevard du Temple a theatre called in 1770 the Ambigu-Comique, on account of its varied programmes. Both the Gaieté and the Ambigu-Comique saw nineteenth-century melodrama on their boards. They were pulled down in 1862 with the other theatres in the Boulevard du Temple to make way for new street plans. But existing theatres bear their names. This was not quite the end of the marionettes at the fairs, for Ernest Maindron saw them at the Foire de Neuilly about 1900.

In 1784 when the Petits Comédiens de Monsieur le Comte de Beaujolais moved in, the Palais Royal became the fashionable location for marionettes. This troupe played until 1786, and was for a short while resurrected in 1810. In 1785 Caron brought his Fantoccini thither from the Boulevard du Temple, and rechristened them the Théâtre des Pygmées. And in 1784 Dominique Séraphin had come to town from Versailles with his Ombres Chinoises. Ambroise had exhibited shadow-figures called the Théâtre des Récréations de la Chine in Paris in 1775, and the next year made an excursion to London with them. But Séra-

phin's had gained the royal favour and soon captured the popular; he and his successors stayed in the Palais Royal until 1858. There Mme. Montansier in 1810 showed Puppi Napolitani. Guignol booths in the public gardens, still found today, have come down directly from the fairs—although Guignol is a new-comer beside Arlequin and Polichinelle. In the middle of the century Anatole Cresigny and Louis Duranty had large booths, and Lemercier de Neuville began his long career in 1863. While Neuville generally played indoors, he had no fixed theatre. In 1862–3 a group of friends of artistic bent, including Neuville, operated a private marionette theatre at 54 Rue de la Santé (now Saussure). It was called Theatron Erotikon, and gave skits and parodies. The renowned shadow theatre of the Cabaret du Chat Noir, 12 Rue Victor Massé, was active from 1887 to 1897. Henri Rivière, Rodolphe Salis, Adolphe Willette and Caran d'Ache designed the figures for it. Some were cut out of zinc, so perforated as to leave mere outlines. Others were made of material to give varying degrees of grey, so that distance was suggested. Signoret's Petit-Théâtre in the Rue Vivienne ran from 1888 to 1892. Dicksonn (Alfred de Saint-Genois) had no special theatre for his marionettes, but John Hewelt (Charles de Saint-Genois, his brother) was established in the little theatre of the Musée Grévin, a waxworks exhibition, in the 1890's.

Other European cities can display as long a history of marionette theatres, and many today have established ones.

The eighteenth century's passion for marionettes caused many an aristocratic household to acquire its own little theatre. Not only curtain-hung booths for puppets of the favourite commedia dell' arte characters, but also marionette stages set behind elaborate screens, supplied with painted scenes and miniature furniture and properties, were installed at the ends of the high salons. In the Goldoni villa in the Marca Trevigiana, six leagues from Venice, such a theatre was ordered built by the father of little Carlo, ostensibly for the child's amusement. Goldoni writes in his memoirs, unconscious that he, aged four, was not the sole

person entertained, that his father, with the assistance of three or four of his friends, contrived to manage the show. This was about 1711. As a youth he accompanied his father to the estate of Count Lantieri in Vipack, Carniola. There he found a disused marionette theatre, "very rich in figures and decorations," which the count had refitted for him, and in which he presented Piero Jacopo Martelli's *The Sneeze of Hercules* for the assembled company. One Christmas Eve past the middle of the century, a little boy's grandmother gave him a puppet theatre. When he came to writing his memoirs, Goethe recollected the incident with keen pleasure. He became the director, amusing his family and neighbours at Frankfurt with popular plays of the time, classic dramas, and his own improvisations. The house in which Goethe passed his childhood is now a museum. It contains the original furniture and fittings; and the proscenium and floor of the puppet theatre (all that remain of it) are also there. Near the castle of Esterház at the south end of the Neusiedler See was an artificial grotto. It contained a brilliantly ornamented marionette theatre, furnished with large marionettes and complete scenery and appliances. Here Joseph Haydn conducted for Prince Esterházy five pieces of his own composition, as well as those of others. So well thought of was this company and its music that it was sent to entertain the Empress Maria Theresa with Haydn's *Philemon and Baucis* in September 1773. In the summer of 1777 the same troupe performed a Haydn operetta at Schönbrunn. The high-born continued in a love for marionette theatres for another century. Napoleon III invited Lemercier de Neuville to the Tuileries Palace, where the Pupazzi made rather daring allusions to contemporary politics. Just outside the palace Duranty had received permission to set up his booth. And the young heir who never came to the throne of France had his own nursery theatre. A note in regard to the sale of royal possessions at the Riding School of the Louvre, when France had for the third time become a republic, appeared in *Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine* (vol. lxxxv, p. 375, Philadelphia, October 1872). It said, "The Prince Imperial was

fond of marionettes. His Punch and Judy Theatre, the plaything that had seen most service, was beautifully got up. The *dramatis personæ* included the usual functionaries, who serve as butts for Guignol's witticisms, with the addition of kings and queens of imaginary states, and a talkative dentist serving as a laughing stock for all those sovereigns for whom he fetched and carried. A military subject, taken from the gallery at Versailles, dedicated to the glories of the First Napoleon, adorned the curtain. The sun of Austerlitz flanked by eagles gazing bodily thereupon, was repeated on many of the large theatrical toys."

When the Prince Imperial was playing with his theatre in the Tuileries, Tad Lincoln was managing a marionette theatre in the White House. Frank B. Carpenter, who was then at work on his well-known painting of Lincoln sitting with his cabinet, recounts this story: "Some photographers came up to the White House to make some stereoscopic studies for me of the President's office. They requested a dark closet in which to develop the pictures, and, without a thought that I was infringing upon anybody's rights, I took them to an unoccupied room of which 'Tad' had taken possession a few days before, and, with the aid of a couple of servants, had fitted up a miniature theatre, with stage, curtains, orchestra, stalls, parquette and all." Tad objected to this intrusion and locked up the room so that the photographers could not get at their chemicals. Only after a talking to by his father did he surrender the key.

But in the nineteenth century, with the advent of the "penny plain, twopence coloured" paper theatres, any child could make his own theatre. Stevenson lovingly recalls the romantic plays of his youth. A rhyme in *Fun*, London, 1868, expresses the same wistful recollection:

"Ah me! since first, long, long ago,
I learned to love the British stage,
It has—or I have—altered so,
It scarce receives my patronage!
Where are the villain's spangled tabs,
His cloak, his ringlets, and his belt?
Where are his scowls, his growls, his stabs,
As shown of old by Park and Skelt?"

Constantin Stanislavsky tells in *My Life in Art* (pp. 49–52, Boston, 1924) how his beginnings as an actor and director were rooted in the operation of such figures, with which he gave *The Corsair* and Pushkin's *The Stone Guest*.

Flat cardboard has not the satisfactory quality of solid wood, however, and many a boy preferred to whittle rather than paste. In 1816 the eleven-year-old Hans Christian Andersen, left to himself after the death of his father, sat in his room at Odense, Fünen, Denmark, rather than go to school, building a theatre, making marionettes and reading the plays of Holberg and Shakespeare. In the 1840's, at the rectory of Croft in Yorkshire, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, later to be known as Lewis Carroll, devised a miniature stage. "With the assistance of various members of the family and the village carpenter, he made a troupe of marionettes and a small theatre for them to act in. He wrote all the plays himself—the most popular being *The Tragedy of King John*—and he was very clever at manipulating the innumerable strings by which the movements of his puppets were regulated." (*The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll*, by Stuart Dodgson Collingwood, London, 1898, pp. 20–21.) And Edmond Rostand—whether he made his marionettes himself I cannot say—as a boy wrote his first play as a starring vehicle for Guignol.

Today the home marionette theatre is due to fulfil a recreational function, despite the movie and radio that compete with it in the living-room, despite even the entertainments that beckon one to leave the fireside. There is a satisfaction in making one's own apparatus and writing and choosing one's own plays, and then in being one's own actors—and audience; the radio and movies require only passive participation, and therefore give a pleasure largely negative. The child and grown-up, together engrossed, may materialize lands of fancy on the marionette stage. Grown-ups alone may enjoy a form of theatre which is parallel to chamber music; intimately they may perform satire and burlesque, nonsense and high tragedy, impossible on the regular stage.

During the past decade professional marionettes have taken foothold in America, playing almost entirely to audiences of children. There are no permanent theatres for them to play in; they must be constantly on the move to fresh fields, for novelty is their chief drawing factor, and not the plays they do or the finish of their productions. Sporadic attempts have been made in and about Chicago, New York, Cleveland and San Francisco to establish housed theatres, but audiences to give them constant support, whether they be for children or adults, have been lacking.

III: MARIONETTE PLAYS

In our western world, the marionette play of literary value has just been born; marionette drama scarcely exists in its own right.

The liturgy of the mediæval Church gave a clue for the action of the little articulated figures that made live again such incidents as the adoration of the Christ-child or the coming of the three Marys to the sepulchre. Secular puppets, in the minstrel's bag of tricks, danced or fought combats, but did no more. There were at first no real plays. When religious plays acted by men became the rage, marionettes took them up, and continued giving them until the original miracles and mysteries had long ceased to be played. This happened with the moralities too. In the days of the splendour of Elizabethan drama, puppet showmen were giving old-fashioned Biblical plays such as *The Garden of Eden* and *Jonah and the Whale*. Stemming from the moralities came such pieces, more spectacular, I feel, than moral, as *Sodom and Gomorrah*, *Babylon*, *The Destruction of Jerusalem* and *The City of Nineveh*. These pretended preachments in thunder, fire and gore even extended their scene, as to *Rome*, *London* and *The City of Norwich*. Historical plays of a newer style came in with the seventeenth century; *Julius Cæsar* (not, as has been stated, Shakespeare's), *The Duke of Guise* and *Gunpowder Plot* are examples.

Elsewhere than in England religious plays were inherited by the

marionettes, and historical and legendary were suited to their needs. In Italy and Spain especially were those of chivalrous exploits in vogue. Don Quixote had an encounter with the puppeteer Master Pedro, who was presenting *The Lovely Melisendra Freed from the Hands of the Moors by her Valiant Husband Don Gaïferos*. The knights of Charlemagne, indeed, may still be seen on the marionette stage in Flanders and Sicily.

During the suppression of the playhouses in England (1642–60) puppet shows were left unmolested. But in those years of puritanic rule discriminating taste in drama did not survive to encourage the marionette in taking up the great tradition of the English play. The Restoration brought back an amusement-loving court. Charles II commanded puppets to perform at Whitehall Palace, and his mistress Lady Castlemaine went to Bartholomew Fair to see them do *Patient Grizell*.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the marionette play, now patronized by fashion, made bold to parody what held the tragic and operatic boards. While *The Creation of the World* was still popular at the fairs, London thronged to the mock opera *Venus and Adonis, or the Triumphs of Love* in Covent Garden. French marionettes poked fun at the bombast of the classic tragedy then luxuriating. And they assimilated the masks and tricks of the commedia dell' arte. In the foreign travels of the Italian comedians, Punch had become naturalized in England not so many years before. He invaded the traditional Biblical plays, sat in the lap of the Queen of Sheba and popped his nose out of the ark to assay, "Hazy weather, Mr. Noah?"

In Europe marionette plays had been hangers-on of the regular drama, which they imitated and adapted. They reduced stage successes to their lowest terms for popular consumption, a function the movie of today fills. Happily encouraged by fashion, they now improved the mechanics of their composition, acquired scenic splendours, and struck out on their own in the field of parody. Thus were attracted the keen-minded and the literary.

The wave of marionette enthusiasm brought elaborately devised little theatres into the homes of the rich. These tempted a few men of letters to compose pieces for them. Piero Jacopo Martelli wrote *The Sneeze of Hercules;* Johann Friedrich Schinck composed several plays, and Goethe, *Junkdump Fair*. Haydn supplied the music for at least four marionette operettas and one parody, produced in the marionette grotto of Prince Esterházy. When these artists became interested in the popular genre, much was done to pave the way for the marionette playwrights of the nineteenth century.

A hundred years ago wandering showmen gave three sorts of plays before groups at street corners and crowds at fairs: (1) Biblical pieces like *The Prodigal Son;* (2) adaptations of old plays founded on history or legend, like *Doctor Faust*, and (3) survivals of the commedia dell' arte, like the familiar *Punch and Judy* and *Cataclysterium's Medicine* by Duranty. Now the marionette play was to receive new life from the private theatres in homes. Maurice Sand, to while away evenings in the country, invented burlesques of the then thriving melodrama; when these palled he turned to doing satires of life. For many years he gave these pieces before audiences of friends, and they achieved some fame. They are important because they are marionette drama purely, independent of anything on the regular stage. Lemercier de Neuville began his Pupazzi pieces in a photographer's studio before a circle of artists. He caricatured well-known Parisians, and commented on the art and politics of the time through the mouths of his figures. Most of his brilliantly written plays are so topical that they have lost their point today. None the less they are true marionette plays. Count von Pocci started writing for the little theatre in his castle, was invited to become playwright to Papa Schmid's theatre in Munich at its establishment and, with congenial Casper and fairy-tales, worked out in his own charming vein classics of marionette drama for children. Neuville gave most of his life to marionettes and to writing for them; Sand and Pocci produced their plays with love. Puppeteers had devised their own pieces, as they

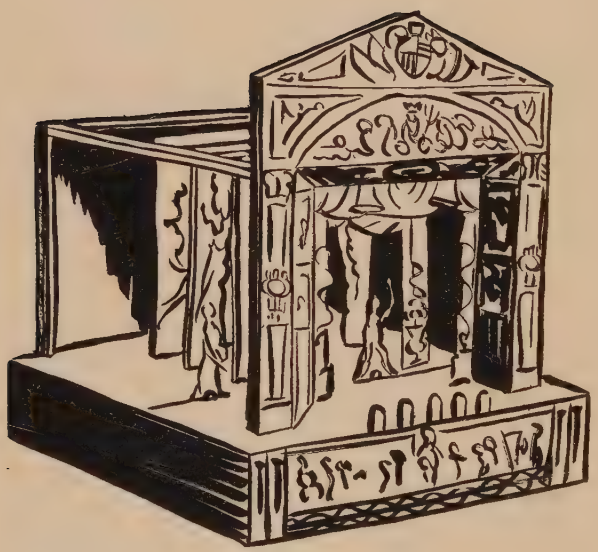
still do. But here were three playwrights of high calibre, contributing exclusively to the marionette stage and, incidentally, to literature.

After them comes Maurice Maeterlinck, whose early plays were intended, as a protest against the skill-less actor, to be performed by marionettes. Well suited to their chosen interpreters, these plays were more often—alas!—done by the skill-less actor. Maurice Bouchor, like Pocci, was attached to a special theatre for which he wrote his pagan, Biblical and Christian mysteries. Maeterlinck and Bouchor demonstrate that the highly serious play is as much within the marionette's realm as the burlesque and farcical.

Today the stage is set for the entrance of the marionette playwright. In the lull before he appears, the remarkable marionettes made by artists like Richard Teschner, William Simmonds and Fred Dana Marsh have the silence of pantomime enforced upon them. Other marionette makers, discontent with this limitation and the half-way measure of adapting material, are turning back for the nonce to the puppet play heritage. Of this, English has a slim share. There are scarcely half a dozen known texts of genuine marionette plays antedating 1830. The century since has added only about fifty to the number, most of these in the past six years. But other languages are richer. Italian, German, French and the Slavic tongues have a considerable body of popular and literary plays that translation may yield to us.

But the matter resolves itself to this. Marionettes must have plays written for their special abilities by marionette playwrights, not dramatists for the regular stage or literary men who occasionally dash off a piece, but writers trained to the profession. Plays intended for human actors may be adapted to marionette use; marionettes may be, indeed, a means of producing classic and revolutionary pieces which no large stage welcomes. Of course certain profound, fantastic and satiric plays that actors do badly, marionettes do better. There's no doubt that the Greek tragedies, the Elizabethan masques, the Italian harlequinades and the Restoration comedies, if performed by ordinary marionettes,

would come off better than if done by ordinary actors. But the marionette drama will not come to greatness through subservience. Marionettes will not be nourished by left-overs from the regular stage. Japanese drama flowed at high water when Chikamatsu, as great in his way as Shakespeare, turned from the regular stage to write masterpieces especially for beautiful and splendidly manipulated marionettes.



A MINIATURE STAGE OF PAPER, CARDBOARD AND WOOD

A REPERTORY OF

MARIONETTE PLAYS

THE SCOURGE OF THE GULPH

A PLAY FOR THE MINIATURE STAGE

BY JACK B. YEATS

* NOTE: This play, together with the author's *James Flaunty, or the Terror of the Western Seas* and *The Treasure of the Garden*, is in the tradition of those tabloid versions of actual melodramas of the early nineteenth century, concise in dialogue, full of tense situations, that have so long delighted the young heart in "penny plain, twopence coloured" sheets. His dramas are, of course, all his own invention; within the rigid limitations of writing for the cardboard theatre he has accomplished something of undeniable artistry. His designs, too, derive their spirit from the old engraved sheets, which in turn reproduced the expansive attitudes of the actors and the very painty scenes of the melodramatic stage. *The Treasure of the Garden* was issued in quarto, some copies with the plates coloured by the author, so that the pages might be mounted on cardboard, cut out, and with the figures, wings and backdrops thus made, performances be given on a miniature stage.

Miniature theatres with cardboard actors have been accumulating a repertory for over a century. In the Print Department of the British Museum are preserved many of the old English plays. This list has been furnished me through the kindness of Mr. Campbell Dodgson of the Print Department:

(*Published by W. West*)

The Council of Ten, or the Lake of the Grotto. 1811.

The Iron Chest. 1811.

The Lady of the Lake. 1811.

* Permission to perform this play must be obtained from Jack B. Yeats, 61 Marlborough Road, Donnybrook, Dublin, Ireland. All rights reserved by the author.

Macbeth. 1811.
Julius Cæsar. 1812.
Baghvan!—Ho. 1812.
The Secret Mine. 1812.
Valentine and Orson. 1812.
Ferdinand of Spain, or Ancient Chivalry. 1813.
The Broken Sword. 1816.
The Libertine. 1817.
Richard III. 1817.
El Hyden. 1818.
The Blind Boy. 1819.
Hamlet. 1819.
The Dervish of Bagdad. 1820.
The Vampire. 1820.
The Exile. 1822.
The Temple of Death. 1822.
The Tragedy of Bertram. 1824.
The Death of Christophe, King of Hayti. 1824.
Edward the Black Prince. 1824.
Henry IV. 1824.
Korastikan, Prince of Assassins. 1824.
Ivanhoe, or the Jew of New York. 1824.
La Pérouse. 1824.
Lodoiska. 1824.
The Miller and His Men. 1824.
Montrose. 1824.
Rob Roy. 1824.
The Tyrant Saracen and Noble Moor. 1824.
The Brave Cossack. 1825.
The Casket of Gloriana. 1826.
Malvina. 1826.

(*Published by J. H. Jameson*)

The Devil's Bridge. 1812.
Kaloc, or the Slave Pirate. 1813.
The Miller and His Men. 1813.
Remorse. 1813.
The Corsair. 1814.
The Ninth Statue. 1814.
Bertram, or the Castle of Aldobrand. 1816.
The Innkeeper's Daughter. 1817.
Brutus. 1819.
The Heart of Mid Lothian. 1819.

(*Published by Hodgson*)

Ali Pacha. 1822.
The Cataract of the Ganges, or the Rajah's Daughter. (?)1822.
Cherry and Fair Star, or the Children of Cyprus. 1822.
Edward the Black Prince. 1822.
Guy Fawkes. 1822.
The Imperial Secret. 1822.
Montrose, or the Children of the Mist. 1822.
The Miller and His Men. 1823.
Timour the Tartar. 1824.

This list contains popular successes on the stage of the day. The miniature-theatre publisher sent his artist, or went himself, sketched the scenes as they were played, jotted down the dialogue, as much of it as could be caught, engraved and printed his records, and sold them for a penny a sheet—twopence if hand-coloured—with the book of words, a pamphlet of perhaps twenty-four pages at most, thrown in when a complete play was purchased. The plates were in two sizes, 11 by 9 inches, and 8 by 6½ inches. A proscenium frame, a strip printed with an orchestra, and extra sheets of "effects" could be added for a few

pence more. A little pasting and cutting out, tacking scenes to light sticks, fixing figures on tin slides with wires to move them from the wings, and the rigging up of a lamp for illumination, made a workable theatre.

The miniature-theatre business flourished until well after the middle of the nineteenth century. Not only melodramas but pantomimes—the delight of holiday time—were reproduced in small. Park, Skelt, Fairburn, Green, Lloyd and Marks were other publishers. Gradually the new plays ceased to be engraved, and even the popular old ones sold slowly. Then Robert Louis Stevenson in 1881 wrote a magazine article praising these joys of his childhood. A couple of decades later Jack B. Yeats wrote new plays in the old vein, while Gordon Craig discovered that the old ones were still to be had, and brought the fact to the public's attention. There are still two shops in London where they are published and sold, those of H. J. Webb (who carries on the trade of his father, W. G. Webb) at 104 Old Street, E.C. 1, and of B. Pollock (successor to J. Redington) at 73 Hoxton Street, N. And the sheet still costs no more than a penny plain, twopence coloured!

Not only in England but all over Europe were miniature theatres of this species produced. Germany turns out many, with a repertory of classic and fairy-tale drama, today. Spain still has at least one representative of the old and honourable business, with plays and scenery quite up to date. (See Book Lists: English, German and Spanish Plays.)

Due largely to the enthusiasm of the British Model Theatre Guild, which advocates the use of miniature stages not only as toys and as scale models of scenery and lighting for the large stage, but also as a means of giving finished theatrical performances, paper actors are playing before such audiences as they never have before. Small adult groups find pleasure in the old stock melodramas, for their high-flown diction and romantic plot, but also in classic pieces not to be found on the boards of the every-day theatre. At Oxford University, a year or two ago, a group of this sort witnessed performances of Greek tragedy and

Restoration comedy on a miniature stage with *dramatis personæ* of cardboard. Mr. C. F. Upward, on the other hand, did *The Old Mill*, a one-act thriller, and *The Egyptian Relic*, a farce with music, by the same means at Hampstead.

Obviously, the small proportions and easily worked materials of these stages make them ideal for this specialized entertainment, and at the same time are factors limiting the size of the audience and the number of performances possible.

I recall a paper theatre of my own, unlike any I have since seen. It came complete in a folio, held together like a magazine with wire pins, ready to be cut out and set up. I remember there was no name to it, not even the designer's initials; I looked closely. On the last day in February one year when I was younger (the record is in the first diary I kept), I went visiting in Flatbush with my parents. Flatbush was then very suburban, full of open lots and trees. The children of our hostess took me for a walk, its objective a stationer's shop where something fine and cheap was to be seen. The bargain excited me when I examined it. I returned to the house and asked wherewithal to make a purchase. Ten cents got me the folio; no theatre before or since gave such value.

I have the impression that the sheets were large, no less than 12 by 15 inches. The cardboard cover of the folder, when cut out and pasted, made a decorated frame for the front of the stage. One sheet, mounted on brown paper to give it backbone, made the gold-roped, red velvet grand drapery to mask backstage activity. Other sheets had wings with trees and half-timbered houses, and backdrops with perspective scenes, to make settings of a wood or street. The characters, in bright and dashing costumes, I supposed were for something Shakespearean; they bore a resemblance to the illustrations in my Lamb's *Tales*. Underfoot there was no lettering to give a clue of who they were supposed to be. To this day I am no wiser about them.

After the red curtain had been pulled up (to reappear in the air above the proscenium frame) and the wood scene stood revealed with

figures in arrested motion, I gazed my fill—there was no point in shifting the characters about dramatically, or in inventing speeches, for that would have spoiled the illusion for me. Then down came the curtain, and presently it lifted to show the street. My labours as scene-shifter did not deprive me of surprise as a spectator out front to behold the new revelation. How I'd lie on my belly peering into the bright miniature scene, no diminished theatre, but a whole real world!

THE DECK OF THE "DISTANT LAND"

Drawing by Jack B. Yeats for Scene One

CHARACTERS:

Captain Carricknagat, *a Pirate, Captain of the schooner "Distant Land."*

James Broad, *Bosun of the "Distant Land."*

Joe Miles, *the Scourge of the Gulph.*

La Lolita, *the Belle of the Pacific, Wife of Captain Carricknagat.*

Crew *of the "Distant Land."*

SCENES

I. The deck of the "Distant Land."

II. Captain's cabin aboard the "Distant Land."

III. The Grove of Heads on Savage Island.

IV. The woods of the Isle of Plumes.

L.H. means left hand.
R.H. means right hand.

THE SCOURGE OF THE GULPH

I: THE DECK OF THE "DISTANT LAND."

CAPTAIN *L.H.*, LA LOLITA *in hammock L.H.*, BOSUN BROAD *with cat-o'-nine-tails R.H.*, MILES *R.H., and* CREW *discovered.*

MILES. She comes from the same street in Panama as I do.

CAPTAIN. Silence! Joseph Miles, you spoke saucy to the wife of Captain Carricknagat, the Wolf of St. Domingo. You have received but fifty lashes; think yourself lucky to escape with life. Now give him his coat, and put him ashore.

MILES. That's rough talk, Captain Carricknagat, but hear this: You have flogged me—me that's now nothing but a seaman, but was once known as the Scourge of the Gulph. Listen to this, Captain Carricknagat: You think life is a pleasant pasear; but one of these flaming days, or black nights, I'll settle your pasear—for ever!

Curtain.

II: CAPTAIN'S CABIN ABOARD THE "DISTANT LAND."

CAPTAIN *discovered at table.*

CAPTAIN. We landed on Savage Island to search for water, but savage natives, to the number of fifty score, came down on us; we fell away before them. The party who were with my wife (she being in a litter), by my orders made a rush for the coast; while I with twenty of my steadiest men stood up to the natives, till seven of us were all that were left, and we ran for the sea. Not to the bay where the longboat had been left, for my wife was to be taken in that to the schooner; but to a point nearer to where the schooner lay. We reached the beach, we hailed, and three men put off in the small boat. It was the mate

and the two men left on board when we started away that morning. My sweet wife had *not* returned. That was two days ago; since then we have searched the woods and shores of this island, but have seen nothing—no natives, none of my wife's guard, nor her own dear self. (*Sound without.*) Who's that? Any news?

Enter BOSUN.

BOSUN. 'Tis I, Captain; and I bear a horrid tale here in a letter from the lady, written on these pieces of bark before—before—

CAPTAIN (*takes letter and reads*). "This is good-bye, Paul. In a few moments now I will have gone. I have one request: After they have killed me they will burn my poor body, but my poor head they will hang at the mouth of the cave, on the middle tree of seven. I write this letter, dear heart, because I want you to take my head from that tree, and bear it away in my box with the silver hinges—away to our Island of Plumes, and there bury it on the round hill. When you find my head 'twill be nothing but a little white skull. I send this letter by James Broad, if he live to deliver it. They have saved his life that he may teach them to cook their meat, and to tattoo their cruel faces. God be with you, heart!"

Oh! Jim, this thing has not happened! Oh, tell me I am mad! tell me you gave me no letter! Oh! tell me—tell me—the truth!

BOSUN. The lady, my Captain, is dead. She must have hardly felt it, her lips still smiled. They cut my bonds, and told me to throw more wood on the fire; but I leapt through the flames. They feared to follow—all but one, he came on. He got up to me, he took off my arm at one hack; but I ran faster still. I reached the coast; and I am here to lead you back again to that cave.

CAPTAIN. Let the surgeon bind you up; then I will take the "Distant Land" to the nearest point to the cave, and I will land with all that are left of my crew, and you will lead us.

Curtain.

III: THE GROVE OF HEADS ON SAVAGE ISLAND.

Enter CAPTAIN *and* BOSUN.

CAPTAIN. None of my brave crew are left; and how bravely they went through the savage men that came down on them in myriads—they went through the first pack of them like the shuttle through the loom; but we were penned in at last and only you and I got through, Jim. My ship is sunk; though it was no one's fault but my own. I piled her on the coral, and now she lies in thirty fathoms with 50,000 pieces of eight in her. You'll get no share of this run, Bosun; but the blessed head shall yet be mine. I see the middle tree of seven; I have the box she wishes it carried in. In the darkness, while they lie around the fires that burn my bully men, we will crawl to the coast; search along it till we find some canoe, then put to sea, and the roaring flame within me will keep me living till I reach my own Isle of Plumes.

Curtain.

THE ISLE OF PLUMES

Drawing by Jack B. Yeats for Scene Four

IV: THE WOODS OF THE ISLE OF PLUMES.

CAPTAIN *discovered.*

CAPTAIN. I am left alone to do her bidding. How gladly poor Jim would have worked to the end; though, if all my crew were alive again and now around me, not one would I allow to bury this sad piece of ivory but myself, and I would not even let Jim do it. No, I must do it by myself, making the grave with my useless sword. For what is a free-trade captain without a ship, without money, and without a crew? How terribly lonely it was when the last of them, my poor Jim, turned over on his side and died of the black thirst within sight of this island. We were twenty days in the canoe, seven without water—and then to die in sight of all he wanted—water!

Enter MILES.

MILES. At last! there he stands before me with the money in his arms. How long he has been a-coming; but now he's in my power! I will settle him with the old piece! break open the box, go back and find his crew, let them see a little of it; and then the people who thought him a buccaneer will laugh at him when they see what I'll bring him to. Oh, what a fierce revenge! I have waited for him, living on what I could pick up in the woods, and many a gaudy parrot fell to my gun —here goes for a gaudier! (*Fires*, CAPTAIN *falls.* MILES *goes over, and presently is seen on his knees at wing, with box open, holding up skull.*) An empty skull, a black box, a dead skipper! Have I done anything or nothing?

Curtain.

SCHOOL

OR THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT

AN INTERLUDE FOR MARIONETTES

BY TOM FOOL

* NOTE: Tom Fool, the author of this interlude, is a prolific playwright. In a periodical called *The Marionette Tonight at 12:30*, published at Florence in 1918, appeared four more of his dramas, *Mr. Fish and Mrs. Bones*, *The Tune the Old Cow Died Of*, *The Gordian Knot* and *The Men of Gotham*. In fact, that periodical says of Mr. Fool's work, "The *Drama for Fools* contains 365 Scenes and Interludes. . . ."

Better known under the pseudonym of Gordon Craig, Tom Fool is a true-born Englishman. The picture of English manners and morals here presented in *School* may therefore be valued. For a "Roosian, a French or Turk or Proosian" to intimate that the English Character has a lack would be bad taste; for an American to do so would be bad manners. (Many Americans will indignantly point out that Mr. Fool has attributed to the English a prerogative they have long felt uniquely their own, to "question the questioner.") But for an Englishman to say what he thinks of Englishmen is decorous, amusing to the English and foreigner alike, and quite harmless. Have not Englishmen, from Swift and Defoe to W. S. Gilbert, been proclaiming Awful Truths about themselves, and do not the English still remain imperturbable and changeless? The itinerant American marvels at this stability. He almost admires it, as he admires the famous bell tower at Pisa. But this is a long curtain lecture for a short interlude.

* Permission for performing this interlude must be obtained from Sir Edward Gordon Craig, in care of The Society of Authors, 11 Gower Street, London, England.

Not only for Mr. Fool's dramas will one want to see the volume of *The Marionette* I have mentioned. Like Charles Magnin's *Histoire des marionnettes en Europe*, it was the first book in its language to be so informative. It gives translations of many important articles for the reader of English only, and it is full of rare pictures of puppets. *The Mask*, a journal put out by the same publishers, also devotes much space to marionettes and their history, especially in volumes V and VI, 1912–14. If these are not found elsewhere, a few copies are still to be had from The Mask Publishers, Box 444, Florence, Italy.

Under the name Gordon Craig, Tom Fool first expounded his ideas about the Uebermarionette a score of years ago. So perfect and workable was this sort of actor to be, that the actors on Broadway and Shaftesbury Avenue rose up in alarm and denounced Gordon Craig in order to defend themselves.

Tired of being a bootless prophet, Gordon Craig, in the black days of 1918, turned to the mere untermarionette to cheer himself up. The War may be blamed, for wars are good scapegoats; he had lost his School of the Theatre in the Arena Goldoni at Florence; *The Mask* had lost most of its subscribers. Puppets with their engrossing history, their lack of pretence and their vivacity, kept Tom Fool from being sadder. And so he managed to turn out some light and rambunctious interludes.

A PEEP-SHOW ON THE SANDS

Wood-engraving by Gordon Craig (1908)

CHARACTERS:

MASTER.

BOYS.

A BEE.

A BULL.

All are hand-puppets except the Bee and the Bull, which are hung on wires.

SCENE

Near London. A schoolroom; with rostrum, blackboard, water-bottle and glass.

SCHOOL

OR THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT

A SCHOOLROOM.

MASTER (*lecturing from the rostrum*). From the highest in office to the veriest stable-boy, to be non-committal is the whole duty of the Englishman. When . . .

NEW BOY. Please, Master, what is a veriest stable-boy?

MASTER *drinks a little water from his glass.*

ANOTHER BOY (*in a whisper*). Sit down, Jack, he's given you his answer.

NEW BOY. I didn't hear any answer.

ANOTHER BOY STILL (*in a whisper*). Sit down, you fool! Don't you know that a tip-top non-committal answer has no sound?

NEW BOY. You don't say! (*He slips slowly down into his seat.*)

MASTER. The slight interruption . . . due, as I suppose we all know, to causes beyond our desire to control . . . was, if not an error, a lapse as insignificant in its consequence as it was innocent in intention. It is not the duty of the teacher to mark each little failing of the pupil . . . rather is it his duty to disregard such, while correcting real offences. But to proceed. You come here to learn to fit yourselves for the arduous task of living in England. I have said that to be non-committal is the whole essence of the Englishman's duty, his life, his daily actions. When a year can pass without any one of you having committed anything, then indeed you may say of that one, "He is an English Gentleman." I shall now touch lightly on a few practical everyday rules, which can be safely followed and put in daily use.

The most serviceable are the following: To hum and to haw, to

hesitate, to doubt always, to question the questioner . . . I need not say that you must never give a direct reply. The non-committal answer is for use at all times, and the more you employ it the fresher it becomes. We will now consider a few examples of the non-committal answer. I will put a question to each one of you in his turn. I will begin with Ponsby senior. (*Pause.*) Why are you called Ponsby?

PONSBY. I don't know.

MASTER. Tut, tut, tut! That is probably an answer springing from some source other than that which is known as the right one.

PONSBY. But why am I called Ponsby?

MASTER. It is for the teacher to ask, not to answer questions. I may or I may not know why you are called Ponsby, but if I do I shall certainly not commit myself so far as to show you that I know . . . and if I do *not* know I shall *feign* so that you will not be able to know one way or the other. Feigning is not to become a habit with any of you, or you will sink to the level of the mummer, which would be a grievous pity now that the conscience of the nation has been awakened . . . but if you should ever have occasion to feign . . . to posture . . . the best, the most non-committal attitude is that of the fool: an inane drawl with expressionless eyes should prove most useful to you. Now try again, Ponsby. Why are you called Ponsby?

PONSBY *squints, puts back his head slowly, and whistles indifferently, like an escape of gas.*

MASTER. That's better, my boy.

ANOTHER BOY (*jumping up in an ecstasy*). Please, Sir, ask me why I'm called Smiff. I can do something much funnier.

MASTER (*standing up and becoming rather too tall*). Silence, Fabian Smythe. . . . Silence.

The BOY *sits down.*

MASTER (*resuming his former proportions*). Ponsby, the answer you have just given, though it would by no means qualify you to enter the village

debating society, would not disgrace a member of the House of Commons. (*Raising his voice.*) Asked when the Government would decide upon the question of enlarging Printer Alley, the late Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, before his death happily raised to the peerage, so far committed himself as to reply, "Wait and See." The exaggerated directness of this unguarded and passionate utterance drew down upon his head a torrent of criticism. You will all copy these words into your notebooks. Have you your pencils ready? Now then . . . "Wait and See." (*Spelling it out.*) W-A-I-T, yes? . . . A-N-D . . . S-E-E. Under it write . . . "This is not an example of non-committal reply such as we expect from a quite well-bred Englishman." (*After a pause.*) Have you got that down? (*Reads it over again.*) Ah! you can insert the word "alas" after the word "this." Now, Smythe, as you showed a guarded desire a short while ago to endeavour to make answer to a question, I shall put one to you . . . a question which, though it differ but slightly—I may even without exaggeration say *very* slightly (although I regret that I should be obliged to employ any superlative)—though it differ so very slightly from the question which I put to Ponsby, deserves an answer as static and dignified as that which the young Englishman Ponsby has just delivered. (*Sharply.*) Now then, Sir. Why are you called Smythe?

Very slow and soft music. SMYTHE *stands on his head on his desk and moves his feet slowly in the air; music dissolves.*

MASTER (*nodding his head*). Faintly reminiscent of the temperate style of the late Sir Plunkett Plank in his answers to the Corn Scandal Commission. You have not done badly, Smythe. Such a position, however, should only be held for the fraction of a minute. You may resume your normal attitude.

Soft music. SMYTHE *turns down into his seat again. A* BEE *here comes through the window and, after buzzing round the room once, it alights on a pot of flowers, where it buzzes now and again.*

MASTER (*continuing without regarding the* BEE, *to the students who all turn their heads and look at it*). Having successfully shown by experiment of what the non-committal answer consists, I should wish you to understand that you are to employ it, exercise it, apply it and, may I say, use it, whenever you find yourselves in an embarrassing situation . . . when maybe your very fate hangs trembling in the balance. I do not wish to beguile you with any false assurance that, in the mercenary sense, it will be profitable to you; but always and at all times it will serve to impress those with whom you may come in contact, whether in pleasurable or in painful experience. Remember, therefore, in your merrymaking or your lachrymation, in prank or antic, lark or spree, in plague, in visitation or chagrin, remember to non-commit.

The BEE *has, during this, winged its way towards a* FAT BOY *and, settling on him, now stings him thrice.*

FAT BOY (*yelling and making frantic and manly dabs for the* BEE). Damn! (*He misses it and falls flat, the* BEE *flying out of the window.*)

MASTER. What is this, Marcus? What was that, Marcus? What was the reply I heard you give to the certainly unwarranted and deliberate provocation of an enemy not only to you, Marcus Proof, but to the very principles of culture?

PONSBY. Please, Sir, he only quoted from a noble and most moral poet.

MASTER. Poet? What poet so far committed himself as to utter such wild language?

PONSBY. Please, Sir, Mr. Masefield.

MASTER. I never heard the name before. Is he a bolshevik? Don't answer me, lest you commit yourself and eke your friend Marcus Proof, whose tranquillity you have already sadly jeopardized by your rash words.

A noise of galloping is heard afar off, coming nearer and nearer, and the snorting of an enraged animal. The BOYS *turn their heads towards it and show a restlessness in crescendo.*

MASTER. I heard . . . I saw . . . I became aware of the presence of the intruder. I was not blind to his circumbendibation. But I also remembered what you, alas! did not. I recalled the fact that the buzzing of the bee has always been a warning-bringer . . . when it buzzeth in a room it surely indicates the advent of a stranger. (*A* BULL'S *head slowly rises behind the window-sill.*) Should any one of *you* ever be a stranger thrown upon a far-off land, ply the non-committal answer. (*He drinks once more some water. The* BULL'S *head has disappeared, but his snorting and galloping are heard coming nearer.*) As you float upon a sea of doubt, tossed upon the horns of a dilemma, oh! how you will remember the words I now speak to you. We will now pick up the thread of our discourse where it was so rudely broken in upon by the insect. The non-committal . . .

A BOY (*pointing out of the door*). Teacher! Teacher! There's the big black bull from Giles's farm coming charging up the garden path. What answer shall we give him if he comes through the door, teacher, and sees your red tie? (*The noise comes nearer and nearer.*)

MASTER. A timely query, Rumblestone junior, and one to which I can give you three prompt replies. You will answer as follows . . . you will say, "If you are there, as I have some reason to believe, or, to be more exact, as I am led to suppose, if—and when I say if, it is not to cast any doubt or slur upon the moral significance of this advent, which, as it may prove later necessary to admit, or at any rate possible to presume has been a surprise to some of us—*if* this be so, and if moreover . . ."

Here the BULL *enters like a tornado and tosses* MASTER *and* PUPILS *all over the place . . . some out of the window . . . while the rest bolt out of the door.*

Curtain.

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY

A FARCE

BY MATHURIN DONDO

* NOTE: When an earlier version of this farce, under the name of *The Washtub*, was given by the Columbia Marionette Players at Earl Hall, Columbia University in May 1922, the setting and costumes were distinctly mediæval. The situation in it would of course be unthinkable for the present age. Like Professor Dondo's *Pathelin et autres pièces* (Heath and Company, 1923) and *The Pie and the Tart* and *Two Blind Men and a Donkey* (D. Appleton and Company, Modern Plays Series, 1925), this play derives in spirit from the old French farces, and was written for performance by his own marionettes.

The mechanism of these is distinct and interesting. They belong, like Henri Signoret's figures, to the class of marionettes manipulated from beneath. A support passing through their body rests on any one of a number of metal bars parallel with the footlights, and extending back from them at equal distances. This support may be slid over the bars, carrying the marionette from one side to the other of the stage. Three wire controls move the arms and tilt the head, and may be managed in one hand of the manipulator. The first two fingers of his other hand are passed through loops in strings attached to the marionette's feet. While not so mobile as marionettes suspended by strings, Professor Dondo's are easy to control and, when well manipulated, less stiff than the Punch and Judy type. Their arm motion especially is good. A full description of them may be found in *Popular Science Monthly* for April 1922, page 47.

* Permission to perform this play must be obtained from the author, 60 Tamalpais Road, Berkeley, California. All rights are reserved by him.

CHARACTERS:

JACQUINOT.
HIS WIFE.
HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.
PIERRE, *a Neighbour.*

SCENE

An old-fashioned French provincial kitchen. The cold grey light of early dawn shows a huge fireplace at the back, and an orderly line of bright copper kitchen utensils on the wall. A door to the left leads into other parts of the house. To the right another door gives access to the street. On one side there is a table and chair, on the other stands an enormous washtub, a pile of laundry beside it. Sheets and linen are strewn pell-mell about the floor.

JACQUINOT'S MOTHER-IN-LAW

Showing the steel bar on which the Dondo rod-marionettes slide across the stage

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY

A FRENCH PROVINCIAL KITCHEN.

Enter L. JACQUINOT, *with an armful more of laundry. He is of rather small stature, thin, frail, with a wan face and a mop of red hair. In the indistinct light and general confusion of the place, his feet get tangled up in some sheets and he falls prone on the floor. Muttered ejaculations and distinct references to the place of everlasting punishment.*

PIERRE (*calling from outside*). Jacquinot! (JACQUINOT *is still struggling half buried in the laundry.*) Jacquinot, are you up?

JACQUINOT (*at last reaches the street door and opens it. He speaks in grunts, like a man who has had to get up too early for his natural disposition.*). 'Lo, Pierre! Come right in.

Enter PIERRE, *a jovial-faced, rotund man, endowed with health and a happy disposition.*

PIERRE. Good morning!

JACQUINOT. Morning.

PIERRE (*looking about*). Wash day today, I see. (JACQUINOT *grunts.*) I thought I heard someone stirring about in the house, so I just came to say good morning.

JACQUINOT. Well?

PIERRE. Oh, nothing. You're too busy anyhow, so I'd better be getting along.

JACQUINOT. Sit down.

PIERRE. No, thanks, I must be going. (*Moves toward door. Then, in the understanding low tone of a confederate:*) Are they up?

JACQUINOT. Not yet.

PIERRE. I thought I'd tell you something, but I see there's no use. . . .

JACQUINOT (*exasperated*). The devil! Out with it!

PIERRE (*with commiseration*). Too bad you have this wash, today of all days.

JACQUINOT. Hang this wash! What's up?

PIERRE. Nothing to fuss about. Only I thought this was a pretty good day for fishing. . . .

JACQUINOT. I haven't the time. Besides, I don't believe there's even a minnow in the river. When were we there last? Monday, wasn't it? Why, I didn't catch enough to feed my cat.

PIERRE (*warming up*). Look here, old boy. Last night I saw the baker's son coming home with a stringful of trout, bully ones.

JACQUINOT (*incredulous*). Trout? Minnows, you mean.

PIERRE. The trout are just coming up the river. I know what I'm talking about. Now listen. The fish warden is sick in bed. I went there last night to make sure. He's sick enough, all right, for another day at least. I'm sure of that. So you see, today . . . But what's the use of talking? (*Makes a move to go.*) Well, good-bye. I'll see you later.

JACQUINOT (*holds him back, stirred by an irresistible urge*). Are you serious? The warden is sick?

PIERRE. Never mind. You'd better tend to this wash.

JACQUINOT (*exploding*). Damn this wash! I'm going fishing!

PIERRE (*quieting him*). Now, now, old boy, don't get excited. Think what your wife . . .

JACQUINOT. To the devil with my wife! Damn this whole married life! My heart's tormented out of me. My wife cries, fumes and threatens. My mother-in-law whines, grumbles and complains. Here I stand between the two of them as between the devil and the deep sea. I haven't a moment of quiet. Nothing but storms and squalls. Day and night they peck at me so viciously that I think I'll go mad. (*In a paroxysm of rage he pounds on the table and raises his voice to a scream.*) This has got to stop right here and now! I'll be master in my own house!

Footsteps are heard approaching.

PIERRE (*growing more and more uneasy*). Well, I'll see you later. (*Quickly slips out* R.)

Enter the WIFE, *followed by the* MOTHER-IN-LAW. *The* WIFE *is tall, vigorous, imposing; her rasping voice is worn out by harsh commands. The* MOTHER-IN-LAW, *an insignificant shrunken body, derives all her strength from the stick she leans on and from her confidence in her daughter.*

WIFE. What are you fussing about, you goose? Keep quiet. It would be wiser for you.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. What's the matter with him now?

WIFE. The fool's raving mad this morning.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. You haven't any reason to complain, my son. Remember that a good husband must obey his wife and serve her, and that if now and then she uses the rod to enforce her commands, you must endure her.

JACQUINOT. Endure her? Upon my soul, even the devil couldn't endure her!

MOTHER-IN-LAW. And why not, by Saint Mary? Don't you know, if your wife reprimands you and thrashes you from time to time, that it is for your own good, that it is a sign of love?

JACQUINOT. Love indeed! A dog wouldn't stand for such love.

WIFE. Enough, Jacquinot! We have too many things to do this morning to stand here talking. I want you to help me with the laundry. We have a big wash today. Look at this pile. If you hadn't loafed so much, everything would be done already. You must help me soak the clothes and wring them out. Did you put enough hot water and soap in the tub?

JACQUINOT. There's enough water in there to drown a horse.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Jacquinot, when you are through with the laundry, you will have to skim the milk and churn the butter.

WIFE. And don't forget this is baking day. You must sift the flour, knead the dough, and heat the oven. And then . . .

JACQUINOT. Is that the work for a day or a month?

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Don't be silly, Jacquinot. You must do all that today, and a few other things besides.

JACQUINOT. I'm tired of doing all the work here. I won't be bossed by anybody! I'll do as I please in my own house.

WIFE. Listen to the fool! Did you ever hear such nonsense? Jacquinot, remember you are my husband. The church commands you to respect your wife.

JACQUINOT. The church and you command too much. There are so many things to do, I can't remember half of them.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. You can't remember, you say? Then suppose you write down your duties.

JACQUINOT. By all the saints! I won't write anything. It's bad enough as it is.

WIFE. Get pen and paper and write down what I say. Then you'll know your duties without my having to remind you of them all day long.

JACQUINOT. I will do nothing of the kind!

WIFE (*arms akimbo, leaning forward as if to devour him*). Do you want me to lose my temper? Get pen and paper, I say, and write this. . . .

JACQUINOT, *trembling all over, retreats out backward* L.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Tell him once for all.

WIFE. I can't be bothered telling him to do this and that. I get a headache shouting at him from morn till night. Perhaps he'll leave us in peace hereafter.

Enter JACQUINOT *with a quill pen and inkstand and a scroll of paper. As he writes it unrolls, falls from the table and finally hangs over the footlights.*

JACQUINOT. I won't write down anything that isn't reasonable.

WIFE. You'll put this down or you'll be sorry. (JACQUINOT *sits down and gets ready to write.*) First article: you'll always be the first to rise.

JACQUINOT. I object! Why should I be the first to rise?

WIFE. To warm my chemise by the fire.

JACQUINOT. I'll be damned if I will! It's foolish to expect a husband—

WIFE. It's the fashion of the town.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Write it down, Jacquinot.

WIFE. And don't argue. Second article . . .

JACQUINOT. Hold on. Don't rush me. I'm still on the first word.

WIFE. Second article: When the baby cries at night, you'll get up to feed him, rock him, quiet him, walk him and dry him at any hour or season.

JACQUINOT (*getting up in protest*). I'll be hanged! I don't know anything about taking care of babies.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Write it down, Jacquinot.

WIFE. Will you write it down?

JACQUINOT (*sits down again*). 'Pon my soul, I've written enough. The paper's full of writing.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Go on, Jacquinot. Third article: you must tend to the baking: sift the flour, knead the dough, heat the oven, make the bread.

WIFE. Fourth article: you will wash the clothes, soak, rinse, wring, dry and iron them.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. And take the grain to the mill.

WIFE. You will fetch and carry, and do errands.

JACQUINOT (*flinging his pen on the table and raising his arms in supplication*). Enough! Enough! Have pity!

WIFE. You will make the beds every morning.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. And light the fire, and set the table, and cook the breakfast.

JACQUINOT. Hold on! If you want me to write all that down, say it word for word.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Go on, Jacquinot, write it down.

WIFE. Bake.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Cook.

WIFE. Rinse.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Soak.

WIFE. Wash.

JACQUINOT. Wash what?

WIFE. Pots and dishes.

JACQUINOT. Wait, not so fast. Pots and dishes . . .

MOTHER-IN-LAW. And cups and pans.

JACQUINOT. Cups and pans. I can't begin to remember all this.

WIFE. Write it down. That'll make you remember. Write, do you hear?

JACQUINOT. Yes, yes!

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Put this down, Jacquinot. You'll wash the baby's diapers.

JACQUINOT (*rising with indignation*). I'll be damned if I will. That's no work for a man.

WIFE. Put it down, you lazy brute. Are you ashamed of it?

JACQUINOT. I won't, I say. This is too much. There's a limit. I'll wash no diapers.

WIFE. You stubborn pig! I'll make you do it. (*Threatens him with the stick used to stir laundry in the tub.*)

JACQUINOT (*resuming his position*). All right, wife, I'll do it. I don't want to fight. I'll do it.

WIFE. One thing more. You'll keep the house in order—sweep, dust, scrub and rub.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Remember, and don't you dare grumble about it.

JACQUINOT. I never grumble.

WIFE. You always do. You grumble fifty times a day.

JACQUINOT. Fifty times! That's not true. Two or three times at most.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. I never saw such a lazy, hang-tail dog!

JACQUINOT (*getting up, holding the list at arm's length and scowling at it*). Do

all these things I've written down? I'll be hanged if I will! If I follow these instructions word for word, I'll never have a moment to myself.

WIFE. You'll follow 'em every bit, I'll see to that. Now sign it. Put your signature to the paper.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Sign the paper, Jacquinot.

JACQUINOT. Well . . . (*He signs.*) There, it's signed. Take it. Be careful you don't lose it. I'll be hanged if from now on I'll do a blessed thing but what is written on this paper.

WIFE. You'd better keep it. You need it more than I do. (JACQUINOT *hangs the list on a nail in the wall.*) Mother dear, go back to your room and lie down again. This fool woke you with his fussing and fuming. Go back to bed, mother. I'll make him do the work. (MOTHER-IN-LAW *goes out.*) Now, Jacquinot, hustle. This washing has got to be done right away. Wake up and get busy. Help me wring this linen.

JACQUINOT. I don't know how. You do it first and show me.

WIFE (*threatening*). I'll slap your face.

JACQUINOT (*defiant*). This isn't on my paper.

WIFE. It is, I say.

JACQUINOT. It is not.

WIFE. I'll show you where it is. Here, look. Can you read that? Now get busy, you dolt. (*Threatens him.*)

JACQUINOT. Yes, yes! I see. You're right, quite right. I won't contradict you another time.

WIFE (*takes a sheet by one end and gives the other to* JACQUINOT). Here, take this. Pull.

JACQUINOT. This is no work for a man.

WIFE. Come on, pull. Don't jerk it. Pull gently, the way I do.

JACQUINOT. Everybody in town is making fun of me. I can't stand it.

WIFE. Stop that gibbering. I'll teach you to hold your tongue! (*She lets go the sheet and tries to slap him.*)

JACQUINOT. Don't! For mercy's sake, don't touch me! (*He takes shelter*

behind the tub. His WIFE *pursues him, bends over to strike across the tub, and falls in head first. From time to time her feet are seen wriggling desperately.*)

WIFE. Help! Help! Jacquinot! Help! For God's sake, give me your hand. Pull me out or I'll be drowned.

JACQUINOT (*goes deliberately to consult his list on the wall*). It's not on my paper.

WIFE. Jacquinot, my dear husband, help me, I'm dying!

JACQUINOT (*calmly reading*). Bake, cook, rinse, soak, wash . . .

WIFE. Save my life, Jacquinot!

JACQUINOT. Fetch, carry, do errands . . .

WIFE. Have pity on my soul!

JACQUINOT. Light the fire, put on the kettle, sweep the kitchen . . .

WIFE. You haven't the pity of a dog!

JACQUINOT. Take the grain to the mill, make the beds . . .

WIFE. Mother, mother!

JACQUINOT. Keep the house in order . . .

WIFE. Call the priest, the priest!

JACQUINOT. I've gone over my list carefully. To save my wife from drowning isn't one of my duties.

WIFE. Jacquinot dear, call someone to help me out.

JACQUINOT. It isn't written on my paper.

WIFE. Have pity, sweetheart! Give me your hand!

JACQUINOT. Sweetheart, be patient. I'm taking a little rest from my endless duties.

WIFE (*shrieking*). Help, help, I'm choking!

Enter MOTHER-IN-LAW.

JACQUINOT. How do you do, mother?

WIFE. Mother! Help!

MOTHER-IN-LAW. What's this? What has happened?

WIFE. Mother, your hand!

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Where are you, daughter?

WIFE. In the tub. I'm drowning.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. You scoundrel, what have you done?

JACQUINOT. She fell in the tub while bending across it to kiss me.

WIFE. Help, dear mother, for God's sake!

MOTHER-IN-LAW. I'm coming, my dear, I'm coming. Jacquinot, give her your hand.

JACQUINOT. It isn't written on my paper.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. You low rascal, do you want her to die?

JACQUINOT. She may for all I care. (MOTHER-IN-LAW *pulls in vain.*)

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Help me, Jacquinot.

JACQUINOT. It isn't written on my paper.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Jacquinot dear, pull her out, for pity's sake!

JACQUINOT. 'Pon my soul, I'll do nothing of the sort unless you promise first that I'll be master here.

WIFE. Pull me out, dear husband, pull me out and I'll be your slave for ever!

JACQUINOT. Will you do the work hereafter?

WIFE. I'll do all the housework, I promise. I'll promise to do anything. And I won't order you about any more.

JACQUINOT. But will you keep your promise?

WIFE. My love, I will!

JACQUINOT. What pledge do you give?

WIFE. I swear by the salvation of my soul.

JACQUINOT. Very well, then. This time I'll pull you out. (*He pulls her out.*)

WIFE (*very humble*). Dear, I've been unreasonable. I've treated you harshly. I beg your pardon.

JACQUINOT (*triumphant*). Every dog has his day!

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Jacquinot, you may tear up the list of duties.

JACQUINOT. Do it for me. (PIERRE *is heard singing outside.* JACQUINOT *rushes to the door* R. *and flings it open.*) Ho, Pierre! Pierre! Wait for me, will you? I'll be with you in a minute. (*To the women.*) I'm going fishing.

Curtain.

LAURENT MOURGUET

1769–1844

THE COQ BROTHERS

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

EDITED BY JANIS ONOFRIO

AFTER LAURENT MOURGUET

* NOTE: This play is considered a masterpiece of the Lyonnaise Guignol repertory. The Lyonnaise Guignol is the true Guignol; the Parisian is merely an imitation, colourless in character. The Lyonnaise Guignol speaks with the broad Lyonnaise dialect, which I have not endeavoured to reproduce; Somersetshire or Alabama English might approximate it to a degree. He is a hand-puppet, and his features, according to tradition, are a portrait of the showman Laurent Mourguet who first made this play.

The plot, simple and stagy enough, is derived from Mercier's once popular piece, *L'habitant de la Guadeloupe;* but the treatment and the characters of Guignol and his crony Gnafron are original. The Lyonnaise judge Janis Onofrio's *Théâtre Lyonnais de Guignol*, first published in 1865 and reprinted in 1890 and 1910, was selected from the prompt-books used by Mourguet's children and successors. *The Coq Brothers*, contained in this collection, shows touches of Onofrio's refining editorial hand; the tag spoken to the audience by Guignol, beginning, "Gentlemen, we're all rich now," seems to be his; but the basic fabric goes back to Mourguet.

Born in 1769, Laurent Mourguet was a silk worker at Lyons, then a merchant at fairs from 1793 to 1797, an ambulating dentist in 1798, and from 1804 onwards, a marionette showman. In 1808 he abandoned the

* Permission to produce this piece must be obtained from the translator, Paul McPharlin, addressed in care of the publishers.

character of Polichinelle for his own creation, Guignol; Gnafron, patterned after his friend Lambert-Grégoire Ladré, better known as Father Thomas, had come into existence somewhat earlier. With other stock characters, harking back more or less directly to those of the commedia dell' arte, a company capable of performing any piece was assembled. About 1840 Laurent Mourguet established his theatre in Vienna, where he died 30 December, 1844.

His son Etienne in 1838 had founded a permanently housed theatre in the Café du Caveau, on the Place des Célestins in Lyons, where he was joined by his brother-in-law, Louis Josserand. Josserand went to Paris in 1847, and Etienne the next year gave over the theatre to his son Jean-Jacques. He in turn sold it to Charles Grandjean in 1850, when it was moved to the Croix-Rousse.

Returning from Paris, Louis Josserand in 1852 founded another theatre in the Rue Ecorchebœuf, in a café owned by Jean-Antoine Condamin, with his junior son, Laurent (born 22 September, 1825), and his friend Vuillerme-Dunand as partners. He died 21 May, 1855. Laurent, his son, on 29 November of the same year, married Anne-Jeanne, the daughter of Vuillerme-Dunand, and together the family gave performances until 1866, when Laurent, like his father, was seized with the desire to try his fortune in Paris. Leaving the Lyons show in the hands of his elder brother Louis, he fared forth to the capital city. There he may have done his share in winning Guignol's way into the hearts of the Parisians, but his success was anything but brilliant. Upon his return, he resumed playing in the Rue Ecorchebœuf (now Rue Port-du-Temple), and Vuillerme-Dunand went back to the original stand in the Place des Célestins. When the two Josserand brothers left Condamin's café, he took their place in 1870, dying six years later.

Condamin sold out to Pierre Rousset in 1878, and the Guignol showmen then ensconced in the café, Delisle, Minne and Henry, went to the Passage de l'Argue, where a theatre had been started about 1850, to take the place of the disorganized one of the Place des Célestins.

There Louis Josserand, Laurent's elder brother, had played about 1866, and Laurent himself, his wife and his daughter, Eléonore, joined Delisle, Minne and Henry shortly after they had taken possession, forming an excellent company. Eléonore married Henri Delisle, who in 1886 became owner of the theatre. He died 27 July, 1891, followed next year by his father-in-law. The theatre then passed to François Lamadon and, after a short interruption in 1922, reopened under the direction of Dupré. It is now defunct.

Meanwhile, Pierre Rousset himself provided Guignol shows at his café in the Rue Port-du-Temple, until his building made way for a new structure in 1888, when he found quarters on the Quai Saint-Antoine. In 1898 he gave over the theatre to Joseph Mercier, who in 1907 sold out to Pierre-Benoît Neichthauser—he had in 1903 become Eléonore Josserand's second husband—whose company to this day plays in the same location, with occasional tours and trips to Paris.

This theatre is designated the official theatre of the Société des Amis de Guignol, a social organization that sprang up from the work of a committee in charge of placing a monument to Laurent Mourguet in the Place du Doyenné in Lyons. The monument, a pylon of marble surmounted by a portrait bust, was publicly dedicated 21 August, 1912. The society not only stimulates interest in Guignol by writing and printing new plays, attending the official theatre and encouraging home theatres, but also preserves the old Lyonnaise patois and traditions. Its yearly banquet is an important local event.

CHARACTERS:

GASPARD COQ, *a Notary.*

CLAUDE COQ, *called* GUIGNOL, *a Cobbler.*

JEROME COQ, *a Planter.*

LOUISETTE, *Guignol's Daughter.*

GNAFRON, *a Cobbler, Guignol's Friend.*

VICTOR, *Jerome's Friend.*

SCENE

A public square in Lyons. The house of Gaspard Coq to one side, Guignol's cobbling stall to the other.

GNAFRON AND GUIGNOL

Hand-puppets of Lyonnaise stock figures

THE COQ BROTHERS

A PUBLIC SQUARE IN LYONS.

GUIGNOL (*alone*). At last, for once in my life, I'm in luck. My friend Laramée, a brigadier in the mounted cavalry, has just got me the job of chief shoemaker for his regiment. That's something good! Chief shoemaker! Me that's never done anything but cobble, to see myself at the head of a regiment of pairs of boots! It's a pretty nice little thing, and I'd like to go drink a bottle with Pa Gnafron to celebrate my good fortune. . . . But there's a slight drawback: a security of five hundred francs * has to be put up when the position is taken, and I haven't a single sou. . . . Only my brother Gaspard can lend it to me. He's a notary and doesn't lack wherewithal. . . . But would he want to? He's so hard. He says that I disgrace him, and he's forbidden me to set foot in his house. He's even given me three hundred francs not to bear his name any more. My name was Coq, and now I call myself only Guignol; it was the name they gave me when I was little. It's vexed me a lot to change names like that, but I had to let things be. . . . Would he listen to me now? . . . Oh, well, if he gave me three hundred francs not to bear his name, maybe he'll give me five hundred when he knows I'm going to leave town to be chief shoemaker for a regiment. . . . Go on, booby, a little backbone! . . . We'll rap at his door. (*Raps.*)

GASPARD (*comes out*). What is it? Oh, it's you, Mr. Guignol? And yet I've forbidden you to come near me.

* This sum, and others mentioned in the play, have an even greater value than like sums in pre-war francs, for when the play was first performed, the purchasing power of francs, as of pounds and dollars was much greater than at any time in the twentieth century.

GUIGNOL. Listen, brother Gaspard—

GASPARD. I've forbidden you to address me by the first name, or to call me brother.

GUIGNOL. Nobody's within earshot. And anyway, it's rather a nice name, brother. . . .

GASPARD. I forbade you to call me that. I even gave you three hundred francs for it; that was dear enough.

GUIGNOL. That's so . . . but listen . . . tell me, Mr. Coq . . . could you—If it would be possible to do me a little favour, I'd be much obliged.

GASPARD. Is it money that you came to ask for again?

GUIGNOL. Yes, but for the last time. I've a fine position I'm going to take, chief shoemaker to a mounted cavalry regiment, so you won't see me again. . . . But security of five hundred francs has to be furnished—and no wherewithal!

GASPARD. Five hundred francs? How do you expect to get it? Five hundred francs don't grow on trees! And what did you do with the three hundred francs I gave you two months ago?

GUIGNOL. Well, I had a bill at the baker's that was a little overdue; that took a hundred.

GASPARD. Yes, debauchery, debts—I know you.

GUIGNOL. Then I owed the wine-shop keeper too.

GASPARD. Of course—drunkenness!

GUIGNOL. Then the other hundred francs . . . what did I—? Louisette bought a hat. I needed a leather apron. . . . And my friends—Sunday, Monday—a bit to the Red Cross—

GASPARD. No, Sir; no! I won't give you five hundred francs to use like that. With your habits you won't last three weeks as chief regimental shoemaker. They'll fire you. You'll come back here and my five hundred francs will be thrown away. You're incorrigible, and you'll never be anything but a vagabond.

GUIGNOL. Gaspard! (*Aside.*) Oh, how hard he is!

GASPARD. It wasn't by living as you do that I made my money and became a notary. It was by sobriety, order, economy and work. Don't mention this again. Take yourself off and may I never see you again!

GUIGNOL. But, Gaspard—— Mr. Coq, let me say——

GASPARD. Not another word. Go ask your wine-shop friends for five hundred francs. And if you ever set foot in my house again, I'll have my people throw you out of doors. (*Goes in and shuts the door.*)

GUIGNOL (*alone*). Yah, yah! in with you, blockhead, miser, pinch-penny! Just let 'em come and touch me, your *people!* I'll wet the gutter with soup for 'em, and onion soup, too! I'd like to pitch some stones through his window-panes. . . . Flunkey, you won't be so brave when you jump the puddles for your master, Mr. Skinflint. . . . Just come and borrow some whacks so I can give 'em back to you . . . then—you can say mama forgot to give you your dinner, and you ate half of mine. . . . Yah, puny heart, you call yourself Coq, but you're nothing but a big chicken. . . . Strut! . . . Just let me see you come out here with me and account for yourself!

LOUISETTE (*running up*). Why, papa, what possesses you to yell like that in the street?

GUIGNOL. Hold me back, Louisette, hold me back; I'm going to do something rash!

LOUISETTE. But what's the matter with you?

GUIGNOL. I—your uncle—no, he's not your uncle, that's so—you're no niece of a scoundrel like that—Mr. Coq just refused me five hundred francs that I had to have to get a fine job—and besides, he called me a lot of names—vagabond, drunkard—— Me a drunkard! Never did wine make me d—— Never! Do you hear, windbag, false alarm!

LOUISETTE. Come, papa, come to work.

GUIGNOL. Me! Can I work when I'm in a rage? I'd murder the footgear. Go to the wine-seller and get me a bottle, a big one, mind you, a gallon at least.

LOUISETTE. But, papa, the wine-seller won't give us any more credit; he says yours is used up.

GUIGNOL. Already? Why, you run up accounts in no time at all. I'd like an account like a greased pole. . . . Well, give this drink-diluter money.

LOUISETTE. But, papa, I haven't any more.

GUIGNOL. You haven't, you little cheat? What about that eight sous yesterday?

LOUISETTE. And your dinner with your friend Gnafron?

GUIGNOL. You haven't any change? Well, break this bill. (*Strikes her.*)

LOUISETTE. Papa, you struck me . . . without any reason! I'm not to blame because you're angry and haven't any money.

GUIGNOL. It's so, I was wrong. Ah, it's that rascal of a bad notary! I'll get you some day, you scoundrel! You made me strike my Louisette; I'll lay that at your door. Louisette, take the post-boy's boots that were brought in to be resoled this morning to the pawn shop.

LOUISETTE. We've already so much there.

GUIGNOL. They'll buy me a drink, anyway. Tomorrow I'll work to get them out.

LOUISETTE. But what if the post-boy comes and wants them?

GUIGNOL. Tell him they're in soak to get moistened.

LOUISETTE. You mean, in soak to get you moistened.

GUIGNOL. She's a bright one, Louisette! Well, run along now and come right back. I'm perishing; my throat is like parchment. (*They go out.*)

Enter JEROME, *dressed like a poor traveller, and* VICTOR.

JEROME. Let me stop a little, my dear Victor. I can't master my emotion. It's thirty years since I left Lyons, and a rush of memories comes back to me! Many things have changed, but I still see my old Fourvière tower, and the street corners where I used to run around with my brothers. . . . It all makes me sad and joyful at once.

VICTOR. But, my dear benefactor, tell me, why this disguise?

JEROME. The time has come to explain to you. My father, Antoine Coq,

was an honest workman of this city, who brought up a large family by much difficulty with his labour. Three boys were left him, of whom I was the eldest, and he had each of us learn a trade. I finished my apprenticeship with a locksmith, but the work never appealed to me; I had a quarrel with my master one day and left him. I always had a certain liking for commerce. I asked my father's permission to go to Marseilles to look for a merchant ship to embark on as cabin boy; he consented; I kissed my father and mother good-bye—I never saw them again—and went away. That was thirty years ago.

VICTOR. You had no money?

JEROME. I had twenty francs in savings and a little something that my mother slipped into my pocket. I wanted to make something out of my trip: I bought thread, needles and almanacs that I sold along the way, buying other merchandise in turn. Well, when I got to Marseilles, my little business had kept me through the trip and I had sixty francs besides.

VICTOR. It was a good omen.

JEROME. At Marseilles I sold matches and notions in the cafés. I often walked along the docks, always longing to set sail. At last one day I met a captain of a merchant ship whose good, open face gave me courage to broach my plan to him. I asked him to take me aboard, offering to be his servant all the trip, with no other wages than my board. He accepted, and I must say that during the voyage he didn't ask any personal service from me. On the contrary, he taught me, made me learn figures and book-keeping, and gave me advice about what I could do in the New World.

VICTOR. A very fine man!

JEROME. Having put in at Martinique, he placed me with a rich planter who had vast lands under cultivation. My energy and fidelity soon gained me the trust of my master: I became the overseer of all his property. I had the good luck to put down an uprising of slaves in

which his life and fortune ran the closest of dangers; and five years ago, at his death, as he had no children, he made me heir to all his fortune, which amounted to three millions. I've increased that, even, by five years of work. But the desire to see my native land again, to know what had become of my family, made me take a dislike to the brilliant and lonely position I held at Martinique; I converted my fortune into money, sold my plantations, set sail and here I am!

VICTOR. But when I met you at Marseilles, Sir, you were wearing something better suited to your condition. Why did you just put this on at the hotel we came from?

JEROME. You are young, my dear Victor, and you don't yet know men. I left my country and my family thirty years ago; many things happen in thirty years. My father and mother are dead. But how will my relatives and friends receive me? I know that they'll welcome with open arms Jerome more than a millionaire; but how will they receive Jerome poor, Jerome a workman, Jerome come back from a long voyage with nothing but his infirmities? That's what I'd like to know, and that's why I'm wearing these clothes.

VICTOR. I understand.

JEROME. Heaven has not given me a child, and I'm a widower. Of course I have a son in you, Victor. You saved my life at Marseilles when I was attacked by those bandits who had got wind that I had things of considerable value about me. You will never leave me. But I'd like to know what has become of my two brothers. They were very different in character: one industrious, frugal, even a bit stingy; the other carefree, always happy, pleasure-loving, but with a heart of gold. . . . You must help me look for them. We're in the section where my father used to live, the Grande-Rue St. Georges. They must be remembered here. Stay there. If you can strike up a conversation with some passer-by, question him.

VICTOR. Gladly, Sir.

JEROME. I'm going to go all through the section. I'll drop in at the baker's, grocer's and butcher's, and I'll certainly get to know something. . . . Wait for me here.

VICTOR. Don't leave me alone too long; I don't know the town.

JEROME. I'll be back with you within an hour. (*He goes out.*)

VICTOR (*alone*). I'll do my very best to find out the information that Mr. Coq wishes. I wouldn't want to let him think that I'm hankering to come into his fortune or keeping him from his family. (GNAFRON *is heard offstage singing*, "When'll we leave off our drinking?" *or some other bacchic refrain.*) There's a man who looks like a good-liver. I think I can talk to him.

GNAFRON (*enters without seeing* VICTOR). And yet I haven't sniffed a glass of wine since yesterday evening. I'm certainly reforming. Ah, my pipe and my purse are alike, both dry . . . I sing, but I am sad. (*He starts to sing again.*)

VICTOR. My friend, pardon me for interrupting your song. . . . I'd like—

GNAFRON. Don't let it bother you, Sir; I'll start again presently.

VICTOR. I'm a stranger in town; would you render me a little service?

GNAFRON. Ah, Sir, one can see you don't know the people of Lyons. There are no strangers with us. What can I do to oblige you? Would you accept a glass of wine?

VICTOR. Thank you. It's some information I'd like to have.

GNAFRON. You couldn't have asked a better person. Pa Gnafron has never been out of this section—and I know everybody, from the shops to the garrets.

VICTOR. Did you once know the Coq family?

GNAFRON. Coq! Nothing but! The father was a fine, hearty citizen; he's dead, and the mother, too. She had one of the best tongues in the section. She could be depended upon to dress anyone—coat, waist and breeches—when she had passed him, without having to go

to the Rue Impériale; he wouldn't lack a thing. . . . Fine woman, besides! . . . They had three sons I used to run around with when I was little; we played trick-track together—a good game! . . . They've forbidden it now. . . . They claim that it sometimes tricked passers in their tracks. . . . It's a pity!

VICTOR. Are the sons of Coq still alive?

GNAFRON. One of them went away to the South Seas, where they say he was eaten by savages; it was even the king that ate him, because he was plump. . . . The two others are still here. One of them is comfortably off; he's a notary.

VICTOR. Notary?

GNAFRON. Yes, Sir. You can see his sign from here, all gilt: Coq, Notary.

VICTOR. Is he a good man?

GNAFRON. Certainly, for nerve! . . . If you have some goods to dispose of, you can place them in his office and rest easy. . . . But we don't go to him. He's a little high-and-mighty, although you know him well enough at times. . . . He doesn't see little applicants any more.

VICTOR. Are you an applicant?

GNAFRON. Yes, Sir, for the favour of serving you.

VICTOR. And it's by his own labour that Mr. Coq came to this position?

GNAFRON. Yes, indeed; his father placed him as errand boy with an old bewigged body who was there before him. He became third clerk, then second and then first; finally he bought the place.

VICTOR. And the other?

GNAFRON. Ah, now, he's no notary! . . . I know him very well: we drink together. . . . A good chap! He never gets a nickel without calling me to have a bite with him. . . . We are colleagues.

VICTOR. Colleagues! And may I ask in what line?

GNAFRON. We're jewellers.

VICTOR. Jewellers! That's a good line. It requires taste.

GNAFRON (*aside*). Taste! Stomach, when you have to clean out the

tanning vat. . . . (*Aloud.*) You mustn't misunderstand. Jewellers in iron.

VICTOR. Jewellers in iron! I don't know that kind.

GNAFRON. We don't set diamonds in silver and gold; we put nails in leather. You know the song:

> He's got to pull out with his tee-eeth
> Leather all covered with wa-ax.

VICTOR. Oh, I understand! Shoemakers!

GNAFRON. You're very good; shoe remakers.

VICTOR. Cobblers?

GNAFRON. Yes; educated people call us that, but here in Lyons common folk call us *gnafres.*

VICTOR. And how is his business?

GNAFRON. Nigh unto nothing. Trade is so slow, and skins are so dear! . . . But he's a splendid workman. . . . I often bring him my work, because my eyesight is beginning to be a little woozy.

VICTOR. Thank you for all these particulars, friend. Can I do something for you?

GNAFRON. Oh, Sir, I ask nothing of you!

VICTOR. No, no; I made you spend your time; oblige me by taking this to drink to my health.

GNAFRON. Ah, Sir, you are very good. Thank you, but it's only not to disoblige you. . . . It's too much. . . . Gold! I'm not used to— Tell me, please, how much this is you've given me.

VICTOR. Sixty francs.

GNAFRON (*aside*). Sixty francs! Why, this stranger is an English lord! I'm going to buy a barrel for all this money. . . . (*Aloud.*) May I ask your name, Sir?

VICTOR. It wouldn't mean anything.

GNAFRON. As you wish. . . . It's only, you see, that I'm going to have two glasses put down and filled. Then I'll say, "To your health, Mr.

Jules, or Mr. August, or Mr. George!" "To yours!" I'll reply. I'll clink glasses, drink mine and then yours. . . . It's very pleasant.

VICTOR. My name is Victor.

GNAFRON. Ah, Victor is a pretty name! It almost rhymes with liquor. Pardon me, Sir, if I ask your business.

VICTOR. I'm a landlord.

GNAFRON. There's a famous business! . . . You don't happen by any chance to have need of a partner?

VICTOR (*laughing*). No, thanks! . . . But tell me where does your friend Mr. Coq live?

GNAFRON. Look, Sir: see that booth at the corner of that street? . . . That's where he lives. . . . The hanging shoes are the pendulum of his clock. Can I be of further service, Sir?

VICTOR. Thank you, friend.

GNAFRON. If you need anyone to show you about town . . . I'll take you to the slaughter-house, the rooster at St. John's, the fountain of the Three Conch-Shells—there's more than one like it, but no matter—the iron grille in the Rue de Gadagne, and the dome of the poor-house with the lizard.*

VICTOR. Thank you, I must rest; I'll see the town later.

GNAFRON. Well, Sir, I'm always at your service. My name is Gnafron. I'm going to drink your health, Mr. Victor. (*Aside.*) What if I should have a third glass for Guignol? . . . Yes, I'll have three. . . . (*Aloud.*) Good-bye, Mr. Victor.

* Note by Onofrio in the 1890 edition of the *Théâtre Lyonnais de Guignol:* The cock of the old astronomical clock in the cathedral is much visited by the people from the countryside about Lyons, especially on great festival days when it may be heard at noon.

The fountain of the Three Conch-Shells was in the Rue St. Georges. It was not monumental, but it had the reputation of having excellent water.

An iron grille which covers one of the copings of the Hôtel de Gadagne is celebrated among the builders who visit it as a masterpiece and a sort of enigma of locksmith's work. It is described and pictured in *Recherches sur l'architecture, la sculpture, etc., dans les maisons du Moyen-Age et de la Renaissance à Lyon,* by P. Martin, Paris, 1851.

The stuffed crocodile suspended inside the great dome of the Hôtel-Dieu has only a much contested popular history. It is recounted that this creature came up the Rhone from the Mediterranean and committed ravages on the banks of the river. Several persons were devoured before it was vanquished and killed by a man condemned to death, who was pardoned after this heroic action. From time to time it is retouched, so that it arouses great public curiosity.

VICTOR. Good-bye, Mr. Gnafron. (GNAFRON *goes.*) Well, I've had luck; I talked to the right person. That good Mr. Gnafron is a whole newspaper.

JEROME (*enters*). There you are! I made you wait, but I didn't lose my time. My two brothers are alive. One is a notary, the other a cobbler. All that remains is to know their address.

VICTOR. Well, I've done even better than you. I know their address; you are very near them. Here's the notary and there's the cobbler.

JEROME. Are you sure?

VICTOR. See the notary's sign.

JEROME. That's so. I'll begin with him; to all the great, all honour! . . . Go back to the hotel and order our meal; it's probable I'm going to have a family dinner. I'll be with you presently. (VICTOR *goes.* JEROME *knocks at* GASPARD'S *door.*)

GASPARD (*coming out*). What is it? . . . Oh, another beggar! . . . My good man, I give no alms here. In the city there are establishments for the needy, to which I contribute something every year. You must apply to them; they'll look into your case.

JEROME. You're mistaken, Sir; I'm not asking alms.

GASPARD. Then what do you want of me? Speak, but be quick about it: I'm a notary; my business takes all my time, and I can't waste any in conversation.

JEROME. I come, Sir, to bring you news of someone very near you. You had a brother Jerome.

GASPARD (*brusquely*). Yes, a good-for-nothing who caused my father a lot of trouble. He could never learn any trade; he went off to America. They believe that he died of the yellow fever, or that he perished in some foolhardy expedition.

JEROME. It's an error, Sir. . . . Jerome is alive.

GASPARD. Ah! . . . And doubtless he's still the same, changeable, lazy and dissolute—he hasn't been able to save a penny.

JEROME. There you're mistaken again, Sir. He has made a fortune of over a million.

GASPARD. Eh? I beg your pardon?

JEROME. I said that Jerome made a fortune of over a million, and that he wants to return to his country and his own, because he has no children. He landed at Marseilles a few days ago, and he'll arrive today very shortly, on the next train.

GASPARD (*aside*). Over a million! No children! (*Aloud.*) I'm sorry, I didn't understand at first; my mind was wandering. Jerome, my brother, great, noble fellow! That's just like him, I know. He had an adventurous spirit, but a level head, a real genius for business! . . . Pardon me, Sir, but I must go to meet him; he isn't acquainted here; our town has undergone such changes. . . . (*Calling offstage.*) Lafleur! François! Hitch the horses to the carriage; we're going to the railroad. Quick, quick! One of my brothers is arriving.

JEROME (*aside*). It isn't I he's going to meet; it's my millions.

GASPARD. Just a moment, Sir!

JEROME. Perhaps you are in too much of a hurry. I haven't yet told you everything. Jerome, as I said, made a fortune of over a million at Martinique; but he hasn't it any longer. The vessel that was bringing him to France was shipwrecked. With great difficulty did he save himself, and everything he possessed was lost. He was able to get here, but he is almost destitute.

GASPARD. Botheration! (*Calling offstage.*) Lafleur! François! Wait; don't hitch up! My brother isn't coming yet. (*To* JEROME.) I compliment you, Sir; you tell a tale very well. You are able to give your narrative interest and arresting charm; but I understood you. Jerome is coming back as wretched as ever. He's learned that I laid up a little fortune by my labour, and he sent you on ahead to find out what he could get out of me. Well, tell him that I don't wish to receive him, and that I have enough members of my family to make me blush already, without his coming here and exposing the spectacle of his misconduct.

. . . I'll advance him some money, once and for all . . . providing he leaves town. . . . Above all, don't let him show himself here. . . . If he comes I'll have him thrown out.

JEROME. He's your brother, Sir!

GASPARD. Not another word! If he comes, I'll have him thrown out. (*He goes in abruptly.*)

JEROME (*alone*). Splendid success with the notary! It doesn't encourage me to face the rest of my family visits! If the one with education and manners, a quite proper man, received me thus, how will the cobbler do it? I believe all I'll have to do is pack up my luggage and go off. . . . Anyway, let's finish. One more attempt. (*Knocks at the other side.*)

GUIGNOL (*inside*). Coming, coming! (*Enters.*) Good day, Sir. Resoling, Sir? I can do it for you right away. . . . (*Aside.*) Not an affluent-looking individual.

JEROME. Thank you. It isn't for that I come.

GUIGNOL. And what then? A stitch? Do your uppers leak?

JEROME. Not that either. . . . I'll tell you. Is your name Coq?

GUIGNOL. That is . . . it was Coq once . . . but now it's only Guignol.

JEROME. How's that?

GUIGNOL. My brother the notary gave me three hundred francs not to go under his name any more.

JEROME (*aside*). Our father's name!

GUIGNOL. Even though they laugh at me in this part of town; it riles me . . . but I got the money, and I ate. . . . Have to keep my word. . . . If only he would have given me five hundred francs this morning to get the place of chief shoemaker for a regiment, I would have pulled up and packed off from town. . . . But what's all that to you, buddy?

JEROME. Did you have a brother called Jerome?

GUIGNOL. Oh, yes! Poor Jerome, he was a good child, he was! We were very fond of each other. . . . He gave me a thrashing now and then;

but all the same, I loved him. When he had a biscuit or a crunshel or an apple, he always gave me a piece . . . and I did the same.

JEROME. It's been a long time since you saw him?

GUIGNOL. Indeed. He went off to America or Martinique, I don't know which. There aren't any trains to those places. . . . And then they're full of man-eating savages. . . . Poor Jerome! He's probably dead—how else could it be?—eaten by a cannibal or crocodile.

JEROME. But he isn't devoured or dead. I saw him not so long ago.

GUIGNOL. It's not so?

JEROME. He told me to give you news of him and to tell you that he'll soon be here.

GUIGNOL. Really? . . . And he must be . . . quite changed?

JEROME. Oh, so changed that, do you know, if he were before your eyes you wouldn't recognize him!

GUIGNOL (*touched*). Heavens, what are you saying? . . . My poor Jerome! . . . I didn't recognize you! I'm beside myself! . . . Let me look at you again. . . . It's his nose, his eyes, his talk. . . . Don't hold off. . . . Jerome! . . . Blockhead that I am! . . . Brother, it's you! . . . (*He throws himself into* JEROME'S *arms. They have a long embrace.*)

JEROME. My good brother!

GUIGNOL. How you really have changed. You aren't any younger.

JEROME. It seems to me you aren't either. But I recognized you right off anyway. . . . Why, you've kept the same country accent.

GUIGNOL. Ah, what can you expect? I haven't travelled like you. But tell me, what have you to report about your America? It seems you didn't make your fortune over there.

JEROME. Alas, no, brother! I've had great misfortunes. I made a little money, but I lost it all.

GUIGNOL. What of it? There's a bit of bread for you here until you find work; don't worry.

JEROME. But I didn't come alone.

GUIGNOL. I understand. . . . Over there you married a black lady; you're bringing her with some kids that aren't white. Come, come, we'll settle that and clean it all up. We'll put them in the tanning vat.

JEROME. No, brother; I have no children; but I'm here with a young man, a friend who saved my life one day when I was about to be killed by brigands. I adopted him, since I was well-to-do; I can't abandon him now.

GUIGNOL. Oh, the fine fellow! I'd like to hug him.

JEROME. But you? You're married, you have children?

GUIGNOL. I'm a widower. My Madelon has been dead these three years. But I have a daughter, Louisette. You must see her, she's a pretty girl for you! I'll call her. Louisette, Louisette, come here, come, honey!

LOUISETTE (*inside*). Here I am, papa! (*Enters.*) Oh, a gentleman!

GUIGNOL. You know your uncle Jerome I talked to you about so often . . . Well, here he is! Give him a kiss.

LOUISETTE. Ah, uncle! (*Hugs and kisses him.*)

JEROME. I compliment you. Your Louisette is very nice.

LOUISETTE. And you're very nice, uncle. Father spoke of you to me very often. He told me about the pranks you played together when you were little; and when they said that you were dead, he never wanted to believe it.

JEROME. Fine brother!

GUIGNOL. Louisette, we must make soup for four.

LOUISETTE (*whispers*). Papa, I haven't any butter.

GUIGNOL (*also whispers*). Put in some of my glue; that'll flavour it.

JEROME. I'll leave you for a bit, dears. I'm going to look for my trunk at the inn where I'm stopping, and I'll bring you back my friend Victor. (*Goes.*)

GUIGNOL. Don't be long. I'm going to have dinner got ready. (*Calling offstage.*) Watch out for the buses! Walk on the sidewalks. That's it,

good! There's a baker stopping him with a dun. . . . Watch what you're up to, dough-mauler! He's my brother.

LOUISETTE. It's easy enough to say, "I'm going to have dinner got ready." But what with? I haven't any money.

GUIGNOL. How much did they give you on the post-boy's boots?

LOUISETTE. Thirty sous; and you've drunk a pint on it already.

GUIGNOL. Ah, good heavens! Would that we might buy a quarter of salt pork . . . four mutton-heads. . . . Ah, I recall how well he liked tripe. Up there I have an old table cover of quite oily leather; it's no use any more—cut it up into little pieces. Cooked with an onion, two sous' worth of white suet and plenty of vinegar, that will make a savoury dish.

LOUISETTE. Do you think so, papa? It'll certainly be a little tough.

GUIGNOL. Put white linen on the table.

LOUISETTE. Where should I find it?

GUIGNOL. Use the shirt that I took off Saturday.

LOUISETTE. But, papa, it's all soiled.

GUIGNOL. Soiled! . . . Turn it inside out and tuck the sleeves beneath.

LOUISETTE. That'll be nice!

GUIGNOL. Quick, away with you! . . . Oh, by the way, Gnafron must be invited.

LOUISETTE. I don't know what your Gnafron has to . . . He's been drinking ever since this morning, and can't see straight any longer.

GUIGNOL. All the more reason! He's charming when he's orry-eyed. He's the life of a party: he knows lots of songs, and has a superb voice. We'll get him to sing "Where could you be better?"

LOUISETTE. But where's the money to be found?

GUIGNOL. Oh, well! Down with stinginess and long live joy! I've still a blanket. . . . Whisk! Off with it to the pawn shop! . . . Tonight I'll cover myself with scraps. It's for my brother! . . . I'll go while you make the stew. (*Exit.* LOUISETTE *goes in.*)

Enter GASPARD.

GASPARD. I'm ruined, dishonoured, lost. . . . The Krakenfeld mines have just gone under. . . . I had a big sum tied up in them. . . . If I don't find two hundred thousand francs yet today, I'll have to take flight. Who would have thought it? An enterprise so well spoken of! And the engineers sent such good reports. What shall I do? Good heavens, what shall I do? (GNAFRON *is heard singing.*)

Enter GNAFRON *drunk.*

GNAFRON. Dear me, I don't see very well: there's a fog today. (*Bumps into* GASPARD.)

GASPARD. Look where you're going, drunkard!

GNAFRON. Oh, it's you, Mr. Coq! Pardon, excuse me; didn't see you; it's the fog. . . . Shouldn't be cross with poor folks. . . . Ah, your brother Jerome isn't like you; he put something in my hand.

GASPARD. Jerome! Then he's here?

GNAFRON. Ah, he certainly is; and he's as rich as you. He's got money, he has! He's stuffed with it. . . . His friend who came with him gave me a gold-piece for drinking; I carried out his commission pretty well. . . . I didn't let that gold-piece get dull; since morning I've been at it guzzling away.

GASPARD. Can it be? . . . Oh, fool that I am! It was Jerome who came to me this morning; it was a test. . . . And how did I receive him? . . . Every misfortune falls upon me at once. . . . He's rich, he's come back from America; nobody but he can save me. . . . But how can I make up for the way I acted? First of all, how can I find him again? I must have that money today.

GNAFRON. He's seen your brother Guignol. They hugged each other.

GASPARD. And where is that dear Jerome at present?

GNAFRON. Ah, I don't know; but he told me he was going to come back to Guignol's. . . . Mr. Coq, might one offer you a glass of wine? . . . See, all the gold hasn't gone into my gizzard yet.

GASPARD. No, no, thank you. (*Aside.*) I must speak to Guignol.

GNAFRON. Good-bye, Mr. Coq. I'm going to drink your brother's health . . . and yours too, hic! . . . to the health of the whole Coq family! . . . Long live the Coqs! (*Exit.* GASPARD *knocks at* GUIGNOL'S *door.*)

GUIGNOL *comes out.*

GASPARD. Guignol, tell me, please—

GUIGNOL. Now he's calling me by my first name. What is it, Mr. Coq?

GASPARD. Did you see our brother Jerome?

GUIGNOL. Then I'm your brother for the time being?

GASPARD. Let bygones be bygones; I was in the wrong. You've seen Jerome?

GUIGNOL. Yes, I've seen him; he's going to have some of my soup. Will you take dinner with us?

GASPARD. Thank you, I'm a little rushed. . . . Where is he?

GUIGNOL. I don't know; he went to his inn; he's going to bring his trunk. I don't think it can be very heavy. Poor fellow, he's in the same boat with me; his pockets are empty.

GASPARD. But you're mistaken, Guignol. Jerome is rich, very rich, a millionaire perhaps.

GUIGNOL. Oh, that really isn't so.

GASPARD. I just heard, and I'm certain.

GUIGNOL. They pulled your leg; it isn't so. If he was rich, he'd not have his hearty way as in the old times. If he was rich, he'd not have called me by my first name or called me brother. If he was a millionaire, he'd have done as you did; he'd have cast me some money not to bear our father's name; or rather he'd have dropped it, to be able to give himself airs. . . . He'd have forbidden me to show myself at his door, threatening to have his people throw me out. . . . Go on, I tell you he's poor; he flung his arms around me with a will, and even wept. . . . You don't cry like that; you're rich.

Toward the end of this speech JEROME *in fine clothes appears at the back with* VICTOR.

JEROME (*coming forward*). You're wrong, Guignol. Wealth hardens only the proud and wicked. When heaven bestows prosperity on those who have a heart, they still recognize their relatives and their true friends. . . . Yes, dear brother, I am rich; I'm a millionaire and more, and I want you to share my happiness.

GUIGNOL. My word, what a beautiful overcoat you have! . . . And a cocked hat!

JEROME. Well, Mr. Notary, do you allow me to bear the name Coq?

GASPARD. Forgive me, brother, for not having recognized you this morning. Business worries disturbed me; I didn't know what I was doing. Take pity on me; you see before you the most miserable of men. I'll be ruined unless you come to my aid. I just suffered no trifling loss, and if I can't find two hundred thousand francs to borrow before the day is over, I am lost.

JEROME. Did you have pity on me when you thought that I was suffering? And this morning did you lend Guignol the five hundred francs that would have delivered him from his misery?

GUIGNOL. Jerome, he's our brother! We three all had the same father and mother. You know, he was quite nice when he was little. He had little blue breeches with a green . . . patch behind. He's unfortunate! You don't lack the yellow stuff. Lend him a little! Do lend him a little!

JEROME. You gave him three hundred francs never again to bear the name of our father; I'll give you three hundred thousand never again to dishonour it.

GASPARD. Brother, thank you! (*He goes.*)

JEROME. Come, now we must make merry.

LOUISETTE (*comes in*). Papa, dinner is ready.

JEROME. Listen, brother. . . . Your shop is a little small for us to dine in comfortably. I'm going to take you out to a restaurant, especially since, if you're willing, Guignol, it's going to be an engagement dinner.

GUIGNOL. How so?

JEROME. I want to ask the hand of your daughter Louisette for Victor, my adopted son.

GUIGNOL. Mr. Victor that saved your life! Oh, I give my consent.

JEROME. How about you, Louisette?

LOUISETTE. I'm only a poor uneducated girl, uncle. How could I be the wife of a well-brought-up young man?

JEROME. I'll see to the dowry; as for education, that won't be a long matter. I'll get you some tutors; in six months you'll be an accomplished young woman.

VICTOR. I'd be the happiest of men, Miss, if you're in agreement with Mr. Jerome.

GUIGNOL. Come, children, take hands and give a kiss. . . . Young man, see that you make her happy!

JEROME. We'll make the rest of the arrangements at table. . . . You, Guignol, will live with us and never leave us.

GUIGNOL. Outside of cobbling, I'm not much good at anything.

JEROME. Well, you'll make shoes for all the poor in town. I'll give you an annual subsidy for the work.

GUIGNOL. Fine, I'll be chief shoemaker after all! It's not the same regiment, but I'll be sure never to get out of practice. . . . And Louisette, don't forget to get the post-boy's boots out of pawn. (*To the audience.*) Gentlemen, we're all rich now, but we still lack one thing. We've talked so much nonsense that we're quite ashamed of it. But if we were sure of having given you pleasure, we'd be as proud as Coqs.

Curtain.

CATACLYSTERIUM'S MEDICINE

A PIECE IN ONE ACT

BY LOUIS EMILE DURANTY

GIVEN IN HIS MARIONETTE THEATRE IN THE TUILERIES GARDEN IN PARIS DURING THE SECOND EMPIRE

* NOTE: This is one of two dozen pieces contained in the *Théâtre des Marionnettes du Jardin des Tuileries*, printed at Paris in 1863. Louis Emile Edmond Duranty, their author, made stiff little illustrations of his puppets (they are lithographed in colour), wrote moralizing preambles to each play, and dedicated the volume to George Sand, for the puppets at Nohant were already famous.

Duranty's booth stood in the Tuileries garden. The palace of the Tuileries, where lived Napoleon III, was burnt down in the turmoil of 1871; but on fine days a puppet booth belonging to some successor of Duranty may still be seen in the same garden, or near by under the alleys of trees in the Champs Elysées, with its group of enthralled young Parisians. Guignol, animated by three fingers like Punch, has given his name to these shows; but in Duranty's day he had not yet become popular outside of Lyons, where, having been created as a type by the puppeteer Laurent Mourguet, he edged in upon Polichinelle's favour from 1808 onward.

The characters in Duranty's pieces stem from the Italian masks that France made its own: Arlequin, Columbine, Polichinelle, Pierrot and Cassandre. Their comic "business" comes straight from the slapstick

* Permission to produce this play must be had from the translator, Paul McPharlin, who may be addressed in care of the publishers.

foolery of the commedia dell' arte; it was the humorous convention in these improvised farces for the Doctor to be a scheming quack like this Cataclysterium.

Duranty writes in his introduction: "Parrot voices, whistling, sharp clarinet-like sighs, hard resounding shocks of wood on wood, wild cries and explosions, furious battles, fantastic liberty of appearances and disappearances, immobile masks, crude violent gestures, living beings all out of proportion with the things about them; the big shrunken, the little swollen, uninhabitable houses, dwarf trees, Procrustean beds, microscopic mountains, but giant bottles, colossal saucepans, pots, guns and sabres and monumental umbrellas: all that makes up the charm and fascination of this spectacle, vanquisher of melancholy."

About Duranty's Pavilion

Having obtained permission to set up his booth in the Jardin des Tuileries in 1861, Duranty went about having it designed. He wrote, "An architect made me the design of a little Greek temple. As Polichinelle would have been much out of place in this antique setting, and since he never shared the artistic ideas of M. Gérome anyway, the project of a temple was promptly discarded.

"After the temple, I had designs made by other architects, but I was soon disgusted with them, for, upon seeing them, everybody said, 'Why, those are designs for mausoleums.'

"I turned elsewhere and got a superb project. Unfortunately, all that I showed it to thought that it was too much like a stove.

"Without becoming discouraged, I sought in still another direction, and this time got a very pretty model for a clock. So the general opinion went.

"I had lost two months in getting from the temple to the tomb, from the tomb to the stove and from the stove to the clock without finding what I wanted.

"So I decided to be my own architect, and settled upon the little building covered with a small pavilion that may be seen in the Tuileries. I thought I was safe from all odious comparisons when one day I heard a soldier cry out, 'Ah, there's a fine sentry-box!'

"It goes without saying that no architect could conceive that I had preferred the traditional box covered in soft silky blue with ornaments of birds and creatures painted in high relief, that I had preferred this quite Polichinelle-like and fresh little decoration to the sketches of tomb, stove, clock and Hellenic temple."

DURANTY'S PAVILION IN THE JARDIN DES TUILERIES, PARIS

CHARACTERS:

CATACLYSTERIUM.

BIFFINGTON.

MRS. BIFFINGTON.

THEIR SERVANT.

SCENE

A bedroom in the Biffingtons' home. Necessary furniture: three beds with mattresses and bolsters, a chair, a table with a dinner on it, a cupboard with three bags of money in it. Properties: a large mortar and pestle, a syringe, and two whacking implements such as a broom and an umbrella.

CATACLYSTERIUM'S MEDICINE

A BEDROOM.

BIFFINGTON. I've never in my life felt so well.

SERVANT. Sir, the illustrious Dr. Cataclysterium to see you.

BIFFINGTON. What does he want here? We don't need him.

Enter CATACLYSTERIUM.

CATACLYSTERIUM (*to the* SERVANT). You're very sick, my poor fellow!

SERVANT. Me? Of course not!

CATACLYSTERIUM. I tell you you're very sick. Nowhere short of death.

SERVANT. Me? Good heavens, isn't there something to help me?

CATACLYSTERIUM. Why, if there's something to help. Be calm, and I'll tell you what's wrong presently. It's frightful!

SERVANT. Oh, but, doctor—

BIFFINGTON. Well, well, illustrious doctor, so it's for my servant that you came. Away with you! (*Exit* SERVANT.)

CATACLYSTERIUM. Remember, presently! Oh, but you too are very ill! Hm, hm, then everything's going to be fine.

BIFFINGTON. There's nothing to be glad about!

CATACLYSTERIUM. Let's diagnose. Knock your head against that wall a little.

BIFFINGTON. But that *will* make me ill!

CATACLYSTERIUM. Come, knock, knock; we must see what's wrong.

BIFFINGTON (*gently bumps his head against the wall*). I did.

CATACLYSTERIUM (*roughly hits the head against the wall for him*). Like that!

BIFFINGTON. Ow!

CATACLYSTERIUM. Yes, tightness and congestion in the head: that's evident.

BIFFINGTON (*whacking the* DOCTOR'S *head and knocking him over*). It's my nervousness!

CATACLYSTERIUM (*getting up*). Hm, let's consult at a distance.

BIFFINGTON. What's wrong with me?

CATACLYSTERIUM. Hm, we must ponder. . . . First, wrap your head with cot—

SERVANT (*coming in*). Doctor, tell me my trouble, pl—

BIFFINGTON. Will you get out! (*Exit* SERVANT.) You were saying—

CATACLYSTERIUM (*taking a stick*). Wait, we must have a little auscultation. Don't move! (*Raises the stick.* BIFFINGTON *makes a movement and gets the blow on his head.*)

BIFFINGTON. Ow, doctor!

CATACLYSTERIUM. Very good, very good! A nasty symptom.

BIFFINGTON. But really, now! . . . Tell me what's wrong.

CATACLYSTERIUM. Hm, you have—

SERVANT (*coming in*). Doctor, my trouble?

CATACLYSTERIUM. That's right, a trouble.

BIFFINGTON. You imp, you're not having this consultation. Get out! (*Exit* SERVANT.)

CATACLYSTERIUM. You are ill!

BIFFINGTON. Don't I know it!

CATACLYSTERIUM. Not the first thing about it. Nobody but me can really know.

BIFFINGTON. What, I don't know?

CATACLYSTERIUM. No, you don't.

BIFFINGTON. I don't know if I'm sick or not?

CATACLYSTERIUM. No, knowing nothing of medicine.

BIFFINGTON. Oh! ! ! Well, then, what have I?

CATACLYSTERIUM. Hm, something dreadful: a— You've got to get to bed right away.

BIFFINGTON. Get to bed?

CATACLYSTERIUM. Without a moment's delay if you want to live!

BIFFINGTON. And here I was counting on treating myself and having a good time today!

CATACLYSTERIUM. At any rate you can be glad I stopped you.

BIFFINGTON (*lying down*). Oh, doctor, now tell me what it is.

CATACLYSTERIUM. Hm, hm! I should say—

SERVANT (*opening the door*). Doctor, I've got to know my trouble . . .

CATACLYSTERIUM. Hyperperipatholomorbipituipepsy.

SERVANT. Oh, how bad off I am!

BIFFINGTON. Not you, fool! It's me.

SERVANT. Oooh, it's me, it's me!

BIFFINGTON. Don't you dare wrangle about my ailment!

SERVANT. I've got it, and I won't give it up!

BIFFINGTON. Are such things for people of your sort?

SERVANT. I certainly feel it, every inch of it.

BIFFINGTON. I'll fire you if you've got it!

SERVANT. Anyway, ask the doctor.

CATACLYSTERIUM. He might have it: like master, like man.

BIFFINGTON. Then couldn't he take the medicine both for himself and me?

CATACLYSTERIUM. I told you once, fellow, I'd examine you presently. Out! (*Exit* SERVANT.)

BIFFINGTON. What must I do?

CATACLYSTERIUM. I'm going to send you some medicine. By the way, how's your wife?

BIFFINGTON. Oh, she's pretty well.

CATACLYSTERIUM. Hm, she must be ill. I'd like to see her.

BIFFINGTON (*calling*). Wife! wife!

Enter MRS. BIFFINGTON.

MRS. BIFFINGTON. What is it?

CATACLYSTERIUM. Oh, oh, she's in a very bad way!

MRS. BIFFINGTON. I? Not at all!

CATACLYSTERIUM. Indeed you are! Nowhere short of death.

MRS. BIFFINGTON. Death! But what's wrong with me?

CATACLYSTERIUM. Hepathicatapneumotherapeugastroneurosy.

BIFFINGTON. Merciful heavens, she's got something with a syllable more than mine!

MRS. BIFFINGTON. And I'm going to die?

CATACLYSTERIUM. Perhaps, unless you get to bed in a jiffy. Come, quick! draw up a bed beside your husband's.

MRS. BIFFINGTON. But I have a good appetite, and I was just getting ready to dine.

CATACLYSTERIUM. Oh, never, never! It would be your death. Get to bed, get to bed quick!

MRS. BIFFINGTON. But—

CATACLYSTERIUM. No whys; they're fatal!

MRS. BIFFINGTON. I'll get a bed.

BIFFINGTON. Really, you have a frightful ailment!

CATACLYSTERIUM. As if you'd never noticed it!

MRS. BIFFINGTON. Wait, I'll get things ready. (*Exit.*)

CATACLYSTERIUM. If I hadn't come you'd all be goners.

MRS. BIFFINGTON (*comes back with a folding cot and mattresses that the* DOCTOR *arranges*). Here you think you're in the best of health and you're in the shadow of the grave! (*Gets into the bed.*)

CATACLYSTERIUM. Good, good, that's right! (*Enter the* SERVANT.) You've got to get to bed, fellow, and right away!

SERVANT. Is my holotolomonopolepsy worse already? Ooh, ooh!

CATACLYSTERIUM. Come, come; to bed with you!

SERVANT. I'm hurrying.

CATACLYSTERIUM. By the way, at the same time you can bring your employers' dinner.

SERVANT. Right away. (*Exit.*)

BIFFINGTON. But nothing makes me sick, doctor!

MRS. BIFFINGTON. Or me either.

CATACLYSTERIUM. My children, it's all from a dreadful fever! The symptom scares me.

SERVANT (*bringing in the table and the dinner*). There.

CATACLYSTERIUM. Now, rush to bed.

SERVANT. Oh, oh, are you going to cure me?

CATACLYSTERIUM. Don't be afraid! (*Exit* SERVANT.)

BIFFINGTON. Doctor, would you please repeat the name of what I have? I don't remember.

MRS. BIFFINGTON. Or I mine.

CATACLYSTERIUM (*aside*). Or I either of 'em! (*Aloud.*) Hum! hum! You, Madam, have an enteripalpiticongestiopulmosciaticochloric ague.

MRS. BIFFINGTON. But I thought I heard another name a little while ago.

CATACLYSTERIUM. You did. That's what you both have.

MRS. BIFFINGTON. How can it be that such big things to say get into you and—

CATACLYSTERIUM. Aren't announced. And that things you can't see and hear can have a name so nice and complicated!

BIFFINGTON. And I, illustrious doctor?

CATACLYSTERIUM. You? Well?

BIFFINGTON. Say what I have again.

CATACLYSTERIUM. Ca-ta-plas-mo-se-rin-guo-diatheso-cachexi- (*Faltering*) meningitoperpuericerebroscarlatine.

BIFFINGTON. Ca-ta-plas-mo—

MRS. BIFFINGTON. Mingito-carabo—

BIFFINGTON. No, no, it isn't that! Clystero-purgati—

MRS. BIFFINGTON. Never, never!

BIFFINGTON. I tell you it is!

MRS. BIFFINGTON. I tell you it isn't!

BIFFINGTON. Don't exasperate me!

MRS. BIFFINGTON. I never saw such a stubborn beast!

BIFFINGTON. You'll be sorry you contradicted me! (*Throws his nightcap at her head but strikes* CATACLYSTERIUM.)

CATACLYSTERIUM. Hold, hold! My friends, the fever!

MRS. BIFFINGTON. The coward! (*Throws her bolster at him but strikes the* DOCTOR.)

CATACLYSTERIUM. But this raging fever—

BIFFINGTON. Clystero-purgati— (*Throws his mattress at the* DOCTOR.)

MRS. BIFFINGTON. Mingito-carabo— (*Does likewise.*)

CATACLYSTERIUM (*throwing everything he can put his hands on at them*). You ninnies, you! You're going to be sick in good earnest! You'll get your death! Beware of apoplexy! (*Puts* BIFFINGTON *back to bed.*) A little quiet, now!

BIFFINGTON. She irritates me with her ignorance of medicine.

MRS. BIFFINGTON. Doctor, don't I know more than he does?

CATACLYSTERIUM. You both know as much as I. (*Makes* MRS. BIFFINGTON *get back to bed.* SERVANT *enters carrying his bed.*) There, now. I want to have you all under control.

SERVANT (*sneezing and coughing*). What a lot of dust there's here!

CATACLYSTERIUM. Never mind; rest and don't say a word. Quiet is good for invalids. (SERVANT *goes to bed.*) Sh! Now we're going to be cheered up. (*Sits down to eat.*)

BIFFINGTON. But, doctor, I assure you I'm hungry—

CATACLYSTERIUM. Acute inflammation! Don't talk, I beseech you!

MRS. BIFFINGTON. Really, doctor, I could eat—

CATACLYSTERIUM. Poor woman, don't say that; you'll break my heart. You're delirious.

SERVANT. But I'd like to be looked after. Some liquid nourishment—

CATACLYSTERIUM. Sh! Poor fellow, it isn't wise. Let the doctor get his strength together! There, that's done. Now I'm going to get you some medicaments. Where'll I find a little money in the house?

What? Nobody answers? You've got to talk; I can't cure you without medicaments, and we need money for——

BIFFINGTON. You told us not to talk.

CATACLYSTERIUM (*opening a cupboard*). So it's here the money is.

MRS. BIFFINGTON. But, Doctor Cataclysterium——

CATACLYSTERIUM. Sh! Madam, sh! (*Takes a bag of money.*)

BIFFINGTON. But—is medicine so expensive?

CATACLYSTERIUM. When you have such ailments. (*Exit.*)

BIFFINGTON. There goes—— He took a lot. Wife, where do you feel sick?

MRS. BIFFINGTON. Why . . . I don't . . . anywhere.

BIFFINGTON (*to the* SERVANT). And you?

SERVANT. Why . . . I . . . I'm like Madam.

BIFFINGTON. And me, too. Are you quite sure we aren't sick?

SERVANT. Anyway, the ailments is so awful you can't feel 'em.

BIFFINGTON. That's funny. I'm going to get up. (*Gets up.*)

MRS. BIFFINGTON. I, too. That can't do any harm. (*Gets up.*)

SERVANT. I'll stay in bed. It isn't so often I can be lazy mornings.

BIFFINGTON. You're going to get up, do you hear?

SERVANT. But I don't want to die. The doctor forbid it.

VOICE OF CATACLYSTERIUM. Here I am! Don't get impatient, friends.

BIFFINGTON. Oh, the doctor! (*Jumps back into bed.*)

MRS. BIFFINGTON. What'll he say? (*Jumps back likewise.*)

CATACLYSTERIUM (*enters with a big mortar and a syringe*). Ah, that's good, you haven't moved! (*Aside.*) They really are good! (*Aloud.*) I brought you some nice little remedies. . . .

SERVANT. Ah, now I'm going to enjoy myself!

CATACLYSTERIUM (*pulverizing in the mortar*). What's the news?

BIFFINGTON. My wife says she doesn't feel sick anywhere.

CATACLYSTERIUM. That's because she's sick everywhere. Come, we'll start with her. (*Gives her the mortar to drink from.*)

MRS. BIFFINGTON. Uh, uh, don't raise it so high!

CATACLYSTERIUM (*crowning her with the mortar*). Heavens, you're too greedy! You put your whole head in!

MRS. BIFFINGTON (*struggling*). Pooha! pooha! I'm choking. . . . (*She pulls it off.*) Ah! Ooh!

SERVANT. There isn't any left for us!

CATACLYSTERIUM. What a pity! There isn't. I've got to go back and get some more. (*Goes to the cupboard.*)

BIFFINGTON. Say, there, Mr. Cataclysterium!

CATACLYSTERIUM. We need more money to buy more medicine.

BIFFINGTON (*getting up and running to him*). Maybe you don't buy cheap enough.

CATACLYSTERIUM (*struggling with him*). You're going to catch a third disease, and I warn you you won't recover. (*Whacks* BIFFINGTON.) Calm yourself. (*Puts a bag of money in the mortar and carries off the whole thing.*)

SERVANT. Do you think he's a good doctor?

BIFFINGTON. So far he's only lanced my cupboard and bled my purse. Wife, what was the medicine like you had to drink?

MRS. BIFFINGTON. It seemed a lot like plain water to me.

SERVANT. It wasn't a certain kind of water? . . .

BIFFINGTON. I'm beginning to mistrust this Cataclysterium. He ate our dinner and carried off my money. And as for me, since he's been here I'm really feeling sick: my stomach is light from hunger, and my heart's heavy from seeing him rifle my cupboard. . . .

CATACLYSTERIUM (*coming back with his mortar*). I've made up for the mishap. . . . What, you still up? Do you want to obey me, yes or no? (*Beating him with the syringe.*) To bed, to bed, and don't let me see you raise a finger without my permission!

BIFFINGTON (*getting back into bed*). But if you beat us up, no wonder that we get sick!

CATACLYSTERIUM. If you don't have confidence, you're going to die.

MRS. BIFFINGTON. Mr. Cataclysterium, I swear that the medicine you gave me cured me of every ailment right away.

CATACLYSTERIUM. Very surprising.

MRS. BIFFINGTON. I assure you it did.

CATACLYSTERIUM. Impossible!

MRS. BIFFINGTON. I'm all well.

CATACLYSTERIUM. No, no, not so soon!

SERVANT. But I'd finally like to have some medicine.

CATACLYSTERIUM. First your master, my boy. (*Going to* BIFFINGTON *with the mortar.*) Drink, but be careful.

BIFFINGTON. Hold, don't raise your arms so! Medicine is so dear that to get along, I'd rather get along without it.

CATACLYSTERIUM (*crowning him with the mortar*). There now! You went and made a movement. It's all lost again. We'll have to begin all over. (*Going to the cupboard.*) It's going to cost something, but we'll have to get you out of this bad condition.

BIFFINGTON. It's too much! I'm sure you're stealing from us! Wife, servant, help me! (*Arms himself with the syringe and jumps on* CATACLYSTERIUM.) Scoundrel, you're just taking us in!

CATACLYSTERIUM (*helping himself to another bag of money*). You'll pay for this ingratitude!

BIFFINGTON. So I see! (*Strikes him; in struggling they fall down together and roll under the* SERVANT'S *bed.*)

SERVANT. What sort of a treatment is this? I don't want it! (*Gets up.*)

MRS. BIFFINGTON (*coming to her husband's aid*). Ah, Cataclysterium, you wretch!

CATACLYSTERIUM *runs all around the room, chased by the others in a line.*

BIFFINGTON (*knocking* CATACLYSTERIUM *over with a whack of the syringe*). Scamp, you'll confess your sins or we'll clyster you to death!

CATACLYSTERIUM. Please, good friends, don't hurt me; it was all a mistake!

MRS. BIFFINGTON. What did you put in that mortar of yours?

CATACLYSTERIUM. Oooh!

BIFFINGTON (*beating him*). Speak, or you'll get physic by the pound!

CATACLYSTERIUM. Oooh, it was poison!

SERVANT. Hooray, I'm glad I didn't drink any!

BIFFINGTON. Poison!

CATACLYSTERIUM. Nobody but me can save you.

BIFFINGTON. You've poisoned us, have you, you robber! Very well. (*Beats him.*) You'll die with us!

MRS. BIFFINGTON. We'll all die together. (*Also beats him.*)

CATACLYSTERIUM. Ouch, ouch! It wasn't poison, just good clear water!

SERVANT. Well, I'm just as glad I didn't drink any.

BIFFINGTON. So, you cheat, you made us pay a thousand gold pieces for each jug of water!

CATACLYSTERIUM. Oooh, that was to make my reputation!

BIFFINGTON. Where is my money?

CATACLYSTERIUM. In my room.

MRS. BIFFINGTON. Quick, let's go get it back.

BIFFINGTON. Along with you, rascal, and take us there! No, the servant can go find the money.

SERVANT. And I'll come back in time to thrash him to my heart's content! (*Exit.*)

BIFFINGTON (*to* CATACLYSTERIUM). So, you pretended we had ailments when we didn't?

CATACLYSTERIUM. Yes, Sir.

BIFFINGTON. You made us all go to bed so you could better eat, drink and pilfer?

CATACLYSTERIUM. Yes, Sir.

BIFFINGTON. We put a stop to your scheme?

CATACLYSTERIUM. Yes, Sir.

BIFFINGTON. You lied to us, passing yourself off as a good doctor?

CATACLYSTERIUM. Yes, Sir.

BIFFINGTON. I want you never again to try your hand at medicine.

CATACLYSTERIUM. Yes, Sir.

BIFFINGTON. Why do you keep on saying "Yes, Sir," to everything instead of justifying yourself?

CATACLYSTERIUM. So you'll let me go sooner.

SERVANT (*coming back*). Here's the money!

BIFFINGTON. All right! Let's all see this rogue on his way!

All three go along beating him.

Curtain.

CATACLYSTERIUM

Called "Glyserobobolus" by Perry Dilley: his hand puppet

MR. GOODMAN AND MRS. GRACIOUS

A MARRIAGE REQUEST IN ONE ACT

BY LEMERCIER DE NEUVILLE

FIRST PLAYED 14 AUGUST, 1867, AT THE HOTEL DE LA PLAGE, CABOURG-SUR-MER, FRANCE

* NOTE: This play, which Lemercier de Neuville called *Les fourberies de M. Prudhomme*, first appeared in his collection *Paris-Pantin* (*deuxième série des Pupazzi*) under the imprint of Lacroix et Verdeckhoven, Paris, 1868. The following version is taken from *Le Théâtre des Pupazzi*, Scheuring, Lyons, 1876.

In August 1867 the long-famous manipulator of the Pupazzi (which were hand-puppets) was at the seashore at Cabourg-sur-Mer. There he encountered Henri Rochefort, Adrien Marx and Ernest Blum, three Parisian celebrities of the day who represented "criticism, indiscretion and vaudeville." Marx having to leave, the other two begged Neuville to give a performance for them, and he complied. Rochefort said of the piece and its comment upon men of letters, "You merely bark; you should bite." Blum said, "The literary people won't pardon you for having scratched them; why sail into Sardou and annoy Feuillet? You won't have them when you need them. And then, if I were you, I'd pad out the piece; it's too slight." Neuville remarks that he followed their advice, half of it, and padded the piece by adding the dance scene, which was always effective in the many repetitions of it he gave.

As it stands, this witty trifle, with no more plot than is necessary to

* Permission to perform this piece must be had from the translator, Paul McPharlin, who may be addressed in care of the publishers.

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make literary commentary into the semblance of a play, is very much of the polka and Sardou period. I have thought it better to preserve all the allusions, even though some be meaningless today, than to modernize the piece. This one might be tempted to do, for fashionable Mrs. Gracious and polite Mr. Goodman still exist—what has happened to manners and marriage arrangements since the sixties notwithstanding. The people and places, the dances, books and plays they mention, may be ancient history, but Neuville's descriptions would still fit their modern counterparts sufficiently well to make substitutions interesting.

The two characters in the play were both manipulated by Neuville, one on each hand, and I presume that some obliging lady played the piano for the dances and song.

Born in Laval, Mayenne, on 2 July, 1830, Lemercier de Neuville inaugurated his famous Pupazzi in 1863, and continued with them almost until his death at Nice in 1918. He has left a gay record of his activities in *Souvenirs d'un montreur de marionnettes*, Maurice Bauche, Paris, 1911. This volume contains the list of pieces—one hundred and six of them—that he wrote and played up to 1893.

THE BOOTH OF THE PUPAZZI

The stage is framed with a painted decoration of dolphins, urns and cupids holding masks against vine-covered treillage. The fabric covering is a flowered brocade

CHARACTERS:

MR. GOODMAN.

MRS. GRACIOUS.

SCENE

The drawing-room of Mrs. Gracious, comfortably furnished. A piano *L.*, an arm-chair *R.*, a covered table at the *R.* back, on which the tea tray is placed.

A PUPPET OF LEMERCIER DE NEUVILLE

On thin board, painted by Etienne Carjat

MR. GOODMAN AND MRS. GRACIOUS

A DRAWING-ROOM.

MR. GOODMAN (*enters*). Mrs. Gracious . . . (*Bows.*) Madam, I— No one here? Why, she's gone out. . . . Anyway, I announced myself. Ah! here she is. (MRS. GRACIOUS *enters. He bows.*) Fair lady!

MRS. GRACIOUS (*bowing*). Mr.—Mr. Goodman?

MR. GOODMAN. The same. . . . Joseph—Joseph Goodman, ex-professor of penmanship, pupil of Brard and Saint-Omer,* expert about courts and—on the bench.†

MRS. GRACIOUS. I'm aware . . . Let's skip titles.

MR. GOODMAN. And why, lovely lady? . . . For you have title to my admiration!

MRS. GRACIOUS. You're gallant, Mr. Goodman!

MR. GOODMAN. Not at all. I'm sincere, Madam.

MRS. GRACIOUS (*seating herself and offering a chair*). Won't you please . . . ? And to what do I owe the honour . . . ?

MR. GOODMAN. Madam, I come to you to carry out a mission fraught with delicacy . . . (*Dwelling upon the words.*) fraught with delicacy. . . . Madam, you are a mother and understand me!

MRS. GRACIOUS. Dear me, Sir, I haven't the slightest idea what your visit is for, but after this beginning—

MR. GOODMAN. Yes?

MRS. GRACIOUS. I see something's up.

MR. GOODMAN. Up! . . . Why, yes, my anticipation. I come to speak of the heart, fair lady.

* I fail to be able to identify these names.
† Allusions to former pieces, such as *The Belenfant-des-Dames Case,* in which Mr. Goodman appeared.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Pretty enough. But let's get down to business. . . . Have you samples?

MR. GOODMAN. Samples? Pardon me, but I don't quite . . . understand.

MRS. GRACIOUS. It's quite simple. When one makes a proposition, he offers samples.

MR. GOODMAN. Samples of . . . (*Aside.*) I came to ask the hand of her younger daughter for my junior son. She takes me for a marriage broker.

MRS. GRACIOUS. You seem stupefied.

MR. GOODMAN. Stupid-eyed! . . .

MRS. GRACIOUS. Stupefied! . . . But, my dear Mr. Goodman, you should realize that no modish trifle has come out without being brought straight to me, or without my having tried it. I wore the first Gracious gown, the first Gracious chain—I don't refer to my husband—the first Gracious slippers; Gracious hats have adorned my head, Gracious gloves encased my fingers. I've eaten Gracious cutlets. All these tasteful marvels have borne the stamp of my approval. Ah! people wonder that I am always out, but, dear Sir, what would become of my good taste if I stayed at home?

MR. GOODMAN. I'm sorry, but I haven't yet had the opportunity to express myself clearly and directly. Is it Mrs. Gracious, the mother, to whom I have the honour of speaking?

MRS. GRACIOUS (*rising; with dignity*). Sir! Mother is too much!

MR. GOODMAN. And why, Madam? I am too, and I don't blush. I've come to speak to your heart, to your soul. . . . You are a mother. I have a son.

MRS. GRACIOUS. A son! Poor young man!

MR. GOODMAN. Madam! Poor is too much. Isidore Goodman will bring a dowry of thirty thousand francs, which comes to him chiefly from his mother, and a supernumerary place connected with the Droits-Réunis, besides the gifts of education, wit and heart which come to

him chiefly from his father. All this together forms a respectable whole. I have the honour to ask the hand of your younger daughter for my junior son. . . . I bring the fact to your attention that the request is official. I have put on my gloves before entering in.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Ah, I was far from expecting *that!* How, Mr. Goodman, did your son Isidore come to set eyes on my younger daughter? And where did they see each other?

MR. GOODMAN. Shall I tell you? (*Hesitating.*) It was at Mabille. Not that my son is accustomed . . . but . . . and besides Mr. Glais Bizoin goes there.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Yes, it seems the younger generation must know everything. . . . Well, let's look into this. But first let's get to know each other a little better. The young people know each other already. As far as we're concerned, we've nothing to tell them. . . . Would you like a cup of tea? Let's chat. Come, say yes! . . . Splendid! My people have gone to the show. Don't stir, I'm going to serve the tea myself. (*She goes out.*)

MR. GOODMAN (*alone*). That woman is charming! She'll be my son's mother-in-law. What pleases me about her is her simplicity, her spontaneity. . . . There she's gone to serve the tea herself. When my servants are out I don't offer tea, and heaven knows I'm simple enough! But it's a chance to be economical.

MRS. GRACIOUS (*offstage*). Mr. Goodman, Mr. Goodman, a hand if you please!

MR. GOODMAN. Coming, fair lady! (*He goes out and comes back with* MRS. GRACIOUS; *they carry the tray with tea things.*)

MRS. GRACIOUS. Ah, thanks so much. I didn't think I could manage it. . . . A little tea?

MR. GOODMAN. To please you!

MRS. GRACIOUS (*serves; they drink*). I'm at home so little that I rarely have the chance to speak with a man of wit and heart like you, Mr. Good-

man. I don't know if your moments must be counted but, dear me, if they are, so much the worse for you. . . . Since I have you, your visit is my stroke of good fortune.

MR. GOODMAN. Really, you're too good, fair lady.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Now I'm a little giddy, dear Sir, as you perceive: I skim the papers, the books: I've read the *Odours of Paris*, *Monsieur de Camors;* I go to the theatres, the balls, the races. But I've only a vague notion about it all, because my outfits mean taking endless pains and cause me perpetual distraction. And so I won't be offended if I'm given ready-made ideas about the people and things of the hour. . . . What do you think of Sardou? Tell your opinion without fear of wounding me. I adore him!

MR. GOODMAN. To tell you the truth, Madam, and since you ask me how I feel, I consider him a tinter of pictures with much talent.

MRS. GRACIOUS. A tinter of pictures! Charming!

MR. GOODMAN. He takes a handful of sketches from hither and yon, some well finished, others merely blocked in, and colours them; sometimes he copies them, changing the costumes; again, he changes the period; most often he redecorates vacant rooms. He's an interior decorator, an interior decorator of letters, it's true! . . . But Poquelin,* who was also an interior decorator, had no need of accessories to set his figures in motion, while Sardou can't make them move without the aid of keys, doors, balconies, handkerchiefs, letters, jewels—in a word, all the bric-à-brac most ingenious and most puerile: the work of Sardou is stage-setting set into prose.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Oh, how *naughty* you are! But I like you that way. . . . And Dumas the younger, what do you think of him? I detest him.

MR. GOODMAN. He's another matter. If I were a woman, I'd have him guillotined.

* Jean Baptiste Poquelin, called Molière.

MRS. GRACIOUS. How cruel you are! And why?

MR. GOODMAN. How, Madam, can you not detest that man who pries into the subconscious of women and tells them, here's what you think, there's what you're going to do!—who, in the masquerade of life, recognizes the face under the domino, and tells you brutally: Milkmaid, you are a duchess; I know you, lovely mask!

MRS. GRACIOUS. But he's mistaken sometimes.

MR. GOODMAN (*mysteriously*). Only women say so, Madam.

MRS. GRACIOUS. How naughty you *are!* But I like you that way. . . . And Octave Feuillet, what of him?

MR. GOODMAN. A little tea, fair lady, if you please.

MRS. GRACIOUS (*serving him*). With rum?

MR. GOODMAN. Thanks. Octave Feuillet is tea without rum.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Oh, charming, delicious! . . . But since I'm being instructed, I won't tarry over my lessons. What do you think of Emile de Girardin?

MR. GOODMAN. Him! Madam, he's a toy cannon with a blank charge. He makes a lot of noise in short order, but he doesn't kill anyone.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Ravishing! . . . One last question . . . the most delicate . . . (*Modestly.*) Oh, I don't dare!

MR. GOODMAN (*aside*). Good heavens, what can it be? (*Aloud.*) I beg you, Madam!

MRS. GRACIOUS. Well . . . Oh, but really, I don't dare!

MR. GOODMAN. Please! . . . No one can hear you.

MRS. GRACIOUS. All right. . . . Have you heard . . . *Thérésa?* (*She turns quickly and hides her head with her hands;* MR. GOODMAN *does likewise; a silence for some moments.*)

MR. GOODMAN. Madam, that question demands another, and I beg your pardon beforehand.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Oh, say it, say it!

MR. GOODMAN. Have you ever, Madam, drunk absinthe?

MRS. GRACIOUS (*raising her head indignantly*). Mr. Goodman!

MR. GOODMAN. Well, *Thérésa* is the absinthe of song.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Ah, charming, delicious! I'm enchanted to know you, Mr. Goodman.

MR. GOODMAN. Madam, the enchantment is mine.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Pardon me, but now one question more: from the standpoint of knowing literature and art you are perfect. Oh, quite perfect, perfect, perfect! But in matters of Society? Do you know Social Points? Oh, with me, one *must* know Social Points; Society is *for* me, that's all. Now at the moment Society decrees that we dance "on a volcano." Do you know how to dance "on a volcano"?

MR. GOODMAN. Heavens, Madam, I've never had occasion to dance on a volcano; but on a dance floor, I dare flatter myself, I can acquit myself with honour.

MRS. GRACIOUS. I'm not curious, but I'd like very much to make sure.

MR. GOODMAN. Nothing easier, Madam, if there's a polka tune . . .

MRS. GRACIOUS. With pleasure! (*They polka and sit down again.*) How light you are!

MR. GOODMAN. Of foot, yes, but not of heart.

MRS. GRACIOUS. So agreeable. . . . Do you happen to know the varsovienne?

MR. GOODMAN. I think so, I'm so fond of Poland. (*They dance the varsovienne.*)

MRS. GRACIOUS. Why, you're perfectly precious! You know how to dance everything. You remind me of Bridid i . . . but you don't dance exhibition pieces like him?

MR. GOODMAN (*with malice*). Do you think so, Madam? Would you like to try?

MRS. GRACIOUS. Why not? (*They dance a quadrille figure from Offenbach's* Orpheus in the Underworld.) Why, it's second youth, Mr. Goodman; you're irresistible!

MR. GOODMAN (*aside*). I could please the mother, my son can please the daughter. (*Aloud.*) Madam, like father, like son. To show his portrait I present myself. . . . Isidore is twenty-four; he is light-complexioned and well-bred, has a smattering of *belles-lettres*—and has even composed, to a tune I gave him, a few stanzas for your younger daughter.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Ah, really? Couldn't they be heard? . . .

MR. GOODMAN. Madam, the words are the expression of his most ardent desires; the music belongs to my youth. Do you know *Rose Bud?*

MRS. GRACIOUS. *Rose Bud?* Offenbach's?

MR. GOODMAN. No. Perhaps he has appropriated it since, but it isn't his. . . . (*Singing.*) Ta dum ti tum, ti dum ti dee . . .

MRS. GRACIOUS. Oh, I know it! That was my cradle song.

MR. GOODMAN. Roses are friends of the graces.

MRS. GRACIOUS. You're gallant. Well, sing me the verses and I'll accompany you on the piano. What's the name of the song?

MR. GOODMAN. A strange title, Madam—but I don't know why Isidore didn't choose another.

MRS. GRACIOUS. But what is it?

MR. GOODMAN. *I Ask Myself and I Reply*, a proposal in three verses.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Oh, ravishing, ravishing! It's really actual? Are you ready?

MR. GOODMAN. Excuse my organ; I'll begin. (*He sings and she accompanies at the piano.*)

Air: Rose Bud (*Bouton de Rose*).

I ask myself and I reply,
  Dare I pass perusal?
Proposing thus is bold, say I;
  What of her refusal?
I ask myself and I reply.

I ask myself and I reply,
  Have I seen her equal?

Sad my tale of love, say I;
What will be its sequel?
I ask myself and I reply.

I ask myself and I reply,
Not without a shiver,
Will she take my heart, say I,
All that I can give her?
I ask myself and I reply.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Oh, charming, ravishing! No doubt of it, the one who made those verses will make my daughter happy.

MR. GOODMAN. Yes, fair lady. And now that I am assured my plea will not be repulsed, permit me, in taking leave of you, to thank you for your most gracious reception.

MRS. GRACIOUS. Indeed, dear Sir, it's I who congratulate myself upon having made your acquaintance and enjoyed your charming wit.

MR. GOODMAN (*aside*). I haven't said a word about what I really think, but it's for my son! . . . Madam, I have the honour. (*Bows and makes to go.*)

MRS. GRACIOUS (*bows*). Sir . . .

MR. GOODMAN (*coming back*). Ah, I was forgetting. I have the approval of Mrs. Gracious. But Society's? What will Society say? Suppose I ask it.

To the audience

(*Same tune.*)

I ask myself and I reply,
Did you like our programme?
Will you clap or not, say I,
Expressing yes or no, ma'am?
I ask myself and I reply.

Curtain.

THE CANDIDATE FOR TREPAGNY

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY MAURICE SAND

PLAYED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT CHATEAU NOHANT
NOHANT-VIC, INDRE, FRANCE, 28 NOVEMBER, 1874

* NOTE: This is a translation of one play in a volume of fourteen, *Le Théâtre des Marionnettes de Maurice Sand*, Paris, 1890. The pieces were a selection of the best composed by the son of George Sand. At his mother's suggestion he made fair copies from the old and fragmentary manuscripts that had been used during the productions, and these were published in the above volume the year after his death.

Maurice Sand's Théâtre des Amis was started in 1847 at his mother's country house (it had been his great-grandmother's) at Nohant, in the department of Indre in France. He was then a very young man, studying painting with Delacroix. His chum Eugène Lambert, afterwards known as a painter of cats, also in the studio of Delacroix, was visiting at Nohant and helped him produce his first puppet play. The friends roughly whittled pieces of fire-wood into heads, dressed them in rags, and gave a lively dialogue with them held up behind the back of a chair. So successful was this performance that a puppet booth was made, covered with flowered calico, and equipped with seven actors carved from a piece of limewood and a Green Monster, made by George Sand out of a bluish sleeve with a pair of red-lined slippers for its maw. The plays were all improvised. Since this first booth was found to be too

* Permission to perform this piece must be had from Mme. Aurore Lauth-Sand, Château de Nohant, Nohant-Vic, Indre, France.

small, a realistic stage fire was started, and the Théâtre des Amis rose from its ashes doubled in size.

In the season of 1848 were made the puppets Rose, Céleste and Ida that have small parts in this play. While someone read aloud evenings, George Sand sewed the puppets' clothes and Maurice and his chum carved the faces and hands and painted scenery. The stage was equipped with footlights and border lights—perhaps oil lamps; in writing of the theatre George Sand is not precise. From 1854 to 1872 as many as 120 puppets were in the company. Now installed in a separate room, the booth was again enlarged. Edouard Cadol, a friend of Maurice, was given the old one and some of the first puppets, which his family treasures. The last theatre and the large collection of actors for it is still at Nohant.

This ideal theatre and repertory company, the whole conceived and operated by one person with occasional sympathetic help from others, was of the Punch and Judy type: the figures were moved by the thumb, fore and middle fingers thrust up through the bag of the body into the arms and head. Maurice Sand thought out many devices to improve this sort of puppet. Since a small booth holds only two operators, and since they can hold only four puppets, he set up a line of sticks like the teeth of a rake on which crowds or files of figures could be held. Later he put a wire with one or two coils in it through his figures, and this could be slipped into holes on various bars across the stage when the puppet was not actually speaking, but had to be a bystander. The spring gave a little movement that took away a dead stiffness. And if this bystander had a line to say, a hand could be slipped into its sleeves for the moment that it was to gesticulate. A further improvement was a cardboard chest and shoulders that gave the figures less of a bag shape and helped them not to sag when they stood by themselves. The puppeteer's fingers entered only the forearms of the actors, which then swung from the elbows instead of the shoulders. When the puppet had

to sit in a chair an eyelet concealed in the hair at the back of its head fastened into a hook and kept it upright.

The effect of distance could be given by passing a very small puppet across the back of the stage. As soon as it was off a slightly larger one just like it entered from the same side and recrossed the stage. So the figure grew until it reached the usual size downstage. The scenery was arranged in a series of terraces with balustrades like an Italian garden, and this zigzag progress fitted it naturally. Many of the puppets were not legless; the operator's hand was concealed behind one of these balustrades while the legs hung in front of it. But where running and jumping were not necessary to the action, the figure concealed from the waist downward by the stage frame was enough to be very expressive.

In *The Candidate for Trépagny* Coqenbois and Eloa, who are in tights, will require legs. The parade and the crowd of townspeople can be managed on a "rake" arrangement.

MAURICE SAND'S FIRST THEATRE DES AMIS

A Puppet Booth

CHARACTERS:

BALANDARD, *Director of a Company of Actors on tour.*
COQENBOIS, *a Mountebank.*
PIQUENDAIRE, *an Innkeeper.*
TRINGLET, *the Labour Candidate.*
CHALUMEAU.
GRELOT, *an Actor, and Manager for Balandard.*
COMBRILLO, *an Actor.*
HIS HONOUR THE MAYOR.
A BILL-POSTER.
TWO POLICEMEN.
TWO FIREMEN.
ELOA, *a Mountebank.*
IDA
CELESTE } *Actresses.*
LA POTASSIN
ROSE, *a Maidservant in the Inn.*
ALDERMEN.
TOWNSPEOPLE.
MUSICIANS OF THE ORPHEUS SOCIETY.

SCENE

The action takes place at Trépagny-les-Mèches, France, in 1874. The courtyard of an inn. The inn with steps at the spectator's left. At the right an arbour and a shed. Upstage a wall with a carriage gate open upon the public square. At the back a town.

THE CANDIDATE FOR TREPAGNY

THE COURTYARD OF AN INN.

THE BILL-POSTER (*sticking up an advertisement for* MANANDAR *on one side and for* TRINGLET *on the other, sings*).

I post the bills of every man
Without discrimination;
I disregard political
And class affiliation.

PIQUENDAIRE (*coming out of his inn*). Ah, there's the poster of the famous Manandar, our candidate and future deputy. I don't know him, but I know that he's a family man who has some regard for decency. The timely electoral committee at Paris is sending him to us to represent the good principles of Trépagny-les-Mèches. Stick 'em up, bill-poster, until he gets here to save us from demagogues. But what're you doing, posting another?

THE BILL-POSTER. Yes, Mr. Piquendaire, Citizen Tringlet's.

PIQUENDAIRE. A radical, a strike-leader, a worker with a carriage and four of his own! If he's elected it'll be a disgrace to our town. Tear down those posters that're dirtying my walls, or I won't answer for what I'll do!

THE BILL-POSTER (*sings*).

I stick up bills for every man
Without discrimination;
It makes no difference to me
Who manages the nation.

PIQUENDAIRE (*tearing off the Tringlet posters*). No, I won't any longer permit the stench of radicalism to pollute the length of my wall.

THE BILL-POSTER. Go easy, Mr. Piquendaire.

PIQUENDAIRE (*boiling*). Go easy when you go right on putting 'em up! . . . Wait! (*Seizes a broom and beats him, singing*).

You may stick, but I can stick
With great immoderation,
And paste you one to send you off
Post-haste in agitation.

THE BILL-POSTER. Calm down, I'm going, I'm going! (*Exit.*)

By the wall COQENBOIS, *dressed like Hercules,* pulls out a table and gets up on it.* ELOA, *wearing a fireman's helmet, in tights with a feather skirt, beats the drum. Several spectators form a circle around them.*

ROSE (*appearing at the inn door*). Who's beating a summons?

PIQUENDAIRE. Who knows? At election time you've got to listen to everything. Maybe it's a revolution.

ROSE. Don't, Mr. Piquendaire! You're only teasing to make me afraid. As if there was ever a revolution at Trépagny-les-Mèches!

PIQUENDAIRE. Well, maybe it's the candidate. . . .

ROSE. Oh, no, it's a mountebank! Sh! He's going to speak.

COQENBOIS (*at the back*). Hi! Hi! Here he is, the genuine foremost wrestler in France, Coqenbois, called the Pitiless, king of Herculeses, the very one that's gained the most brilliant successes in the principal arenas of France, England and Germany. His glorious shoulders have never touched the dust of the ring. Here's Mademoiselle Eloa, called Pittypat-My-Heart, a wild girl, the beautiful and ancient descendant of a drum major in the third regiment of Zouaves. She is beating the ancestral drum. Her mythological poses have merited her the approval of all the academies, including the French. We are going to commence with Roman sports, or the recreation of strong men; firstly, the wheel of fortune, of which the iron band weighs not

* And wearing a tinsel paper crown.

less than one hundred pounds. Observe it, gentlemen, on the tip of my nose. (*Rolling of drum.*)

ROSE. He's strong, just the same, to hold a cartwheel on his bare nose.

PIQUENDAIRE. It's his nose that's strong—a matter of balancing!

ROSE. You could never do it!

PIQUENDAIRE. Oh, if I'd been brought up to . . .

COQENBOIS (*jumping down from the table*). Now, gentlemen, I'm going to lift to a height of three feet above the terrestrial shell, four voters seated on this solid oak table, by the strength of my glorious shoulders only. It's what we call the lever of Archimedes. Get up, gentlemen. . . . Are you a voter? Yes, be seated. . . . Three more. There's room for four. . . . Little fellow, you aren't old enough or heavy enough; they'd think I was cheating. Are you ready? Hold on to each other. Union makes strength! Allez, oop! (*Rolling of drum.*)

ROSE. He's a rugged fellow! . . .

COQENBOIS. Now, gentlemen, we come to the hardest thing of all, the passing of the plate. Eloa, make the rounds of the company.

ELOA (*who has put down her drum, comes forward with a wooden bowl*). Come, Gents, Miss, don't forget the modest artists.

PIQUENDAIRE (*giving her a sou*). We ought to encourage the arts.

ELOA. A sou? The gentleman'll kill himself with kindness. (*Goes to the back.*)

PIQUENDAIRE (*aside*). She's got some eyes!

COQENBOIS (*at rear*). Eloa, no idle conversation with the public. . . . Let's continue our exercises in the town. (*They go out, followed by the crowd.*)

Enter CHALUMEAU, *out of breath.*

CHALUMEAU. Mr. Piquendaire, a post chaise coming to town! It's him, Manandar, the only, the real one, our candidate; he told me his name; he talks through his nose. He's got a cold in the head.

PIQUENDAIRE. Run, Chalumeau, bring him here to me at the "Grand Monarque"! He's a gentleman after my heart. Hurry up!

CHALUMEAU. I'll fly! You won't forget our little agreements when he's deputy: that place of inspector of street cleaning. . . .

PIQUENDAIRE. Rely on me, when I'm his friend and I've got what I want, I'll think of you.

CHALUMEAU. I'll run. (*Exit.*)

PIQUENDAIRE. Rose, you must get the rooms ready. Scour 'em up, and use water all over, not the way you usually do. Today I'm expecting our candidate, the great and celebrated Manandar with his suite.

ROSE. His suite? . . . Is he a prince?

PIQUENDAIRE. I mean his companions, his family.

ROSE. Tell me, Mr. Piquendaire . . . Is he good-looking?

PIQUENDAIRE. What's that to you? You aren't a voter. Go make the beds.

ROSE. They're coming! Heavens, they're coming! (*Exit.*)

PIQUENDAIRE. I'm all of a twit. . . . (*The rolling of a carriage is heard. He dashes to the gate and shouts out.*) Driver, come in, come into the court!

BALANDARD (*offstage*). Never mind. (*He enters.*) Have you rooms?

PIQUENDAIRE. All the house is at your disposal! (*Aside.*) I imagined he was taller, but what a fine head, what an intelligent eye!

Enter IDA *and* CELESTE.

IDA. That was a tiresome day's journey! . . .

PIQUENDAIRE (*to* BALANDARD). Your daughter, of course!

CELESTE. Ah, how good it is to get out of that coop! I've a frightful headache.

PIQUENDAIRE (*to* BALANDARD). Your wife, I suppose?

BALANDARD. It's not important. Give us some rooms and get dinner ready. . . . I'm expecting some others.

PIQUENDAIRE. I'll do my best. (*To* ROSE.) Show Number One and Number Two to these ladies and take the baggage.

BALANDARD (*picking up a valise.*) Oh, don't trouble. . . .

PIQUENDAIRE (*throwing himself upon the valise*). Ah, I wouldn't think of it! . . . (*He takes the bag and goes into the inn with* ROSE.)

BALANDARD. Obsequious, that innkeeper. His bill will be steep. Ida, Céleste, go get unpacked right away. This evening we'll play *The Recalcitrant Corpse*, *The Bald Spectre* and *The Hermit of the Rising Tide.** Total: fifteen acts.

CELESTE. Oh, my poor Balandard, what a business!

BALANDARD. Céleste, you lack philosophy.

CELESTE. If it was only that I lacked!

BALANDARD. And what I lack most just now is Grelot, my manager, Combrillo, my villain and La Potassin, my duenna. What are they doing?

IDA. They stopped to drink at the last posting house as usual.

BALANDARD. I'm afraid they'll play me the same trick as yesterday, when I had to give up the performance for want of actors. Well, my little pussies, have dinner served. I'm going to the town hall and I'll be back right away.

CELESTE. Don't worry . . . I'm starving. . . . (*They go out left.*)

PIQUENDAIRE. You're looking for something, Sir?

BALANDARD. Yes, the town hall.

PIQUENDAIRE. If you'll permit me, I'll take the honour of conducting you there.

BALANDARD. You're too good!

PIQUENDAIRE. I'd like to recommend myself to you . . . for a little seat. . . .

BALANDARD. Two, if you want, my dear Sir.

PIQUENDAIRE (*aside*). My dear Sir—that's promising. (*Aloud.*) Are you speaking this evening?

BALANDARD. Well, rather! For at least four hours.

PIQUENDAIRE. What a man you are! Your success is assured.

BALANDARD. Fine! But first of all, the town hall. Certain formalities to be gone through with about the posters.

* All these were parodies of melodramas played about 1854 in Maurice Sand's Théâtre des Amis.

PIQUENDAIRE. Posters, I know all about 'em, and I'm in good with the mayor. Don't bother. I'll go myself.

BALANDARD. But I don't want to give you this trouble.

PIQUENDAIRE. None at all, none at all; it's my pleasure. At the same time I'll tell all the town that you've arrived. Go in my house, rest, dine well; you must gather your strength. You'll have to jolly 'em hard this evening. (*He goes out at the back.*)

BALANDARD. There's a friend of the artists for you! (*Exit left.*)

Enter COQENBOIS *with a wheel and a table,* ELOA *with her drum and a basket, and a* POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN. Enough of disturbing the populace with your drumming! You make as much noise as a candidate, mountebank!

COQENBOIS. Mountebank! Candidate! All men are brothers.

POLICEMAN. You block the public way. Get into the inn and break up your show!

COQENBOIS. All right, officer, I'll do it.

POLICEMAN. And no remarks! (*Exit.*)

ELOA. What a misfortune! I wonder if they'll take us at the inn?

COQENBOIS. If we pay we've a right to as much regard as a minister of finance. . . .

ELOA. Pretty our finances are!

COQENBOIS. Eloa, how much did we collect?

ELOA. Not much. Fourteen sous.

COQENBOIS. Fourteen sous! With that we can sup without fear and without reproach. Put down the properties. (*They settle themselves near the arbour at the right.*) That wheel . . . isn't the wheel of fortune. Let's make ourselves comfortable in this arbour. Like this we won't have to pay for a room. Fix the table—not with its legs in the air. . . . That's better. I'll take off my crown. . . . It's light enough. . . . Let's have supper.

ELOA. The price butter is, we won't get indigestion.

COQENBOIS. Indigestion's a bad thing, and as temperance goes hand in hand with good health, we've nothing to complain about.

ELOA. If only that property chicken I made that looks good enough to eat was real!

COQENBOIS. You'd eat up all the property of the government. You're not economical, my daughter. . . . What's the bill of fare?

ELOA. First course, bread. Cheese for the roast. Dessert, an artichoke.

COQENBOIS (*sitting down on the ground, sings*).

Come, join me at table;
This good vege*table*,
So cold and so staple,
Looks very eat*able*.

BALANDARD (*coming out of the inn left*). Who's parodying my poetry?

COQENBOIS (*eating without disturbing himself*). You're the author of it?

BALANDARD. Yes, if you don't mind.

COQENBOIS. I don't; it's all the same to me.

BALANDARD (*aside, studying* COQENBOIS). Funny nose! Good comic face. . . . Head perfectly bare. He'd be excellent in the rôle of the bald spectre, and he'd be good to replace Combrillo who hasn't put in his appearance.

COQENBOIS. What are you looking at me like that for? I'm Coqenbois, called the Pitiless, the king of Herculeses, and my glorious shoulders—

BALANDARD. Yes, I know that line. I'm an artist too.

COQENBOIS. You're a wrestler, Sir?

BALANDARD. With success, but not otherwise; I'm the director of a company of players on a tour of the provinces.

COQENBOIS. If I might, I'd like to offer you a little something, Sir.

ELOA. If the gentleman plays indoors, he's used to better than bread and cheese.

BALANDARD (*looking at her, aside*). She's amusing, this little girl. She has lively eyes. . . . She'd make a saucy soubrette.

ELOA. You're staring at me as if I was the artichoke. Do you want to give me an engagement?

BALANDARD. I don't say no. Mr. Coqenbois, is this young lady your . . . ?

COQENBOIS. Eloa, she's my niece. If you want her, I give my consent, if she does too, of course. She'll be much happier with you than with me.

BALANDARD. And how about you? What if I asked you to come into partnership with me?

COQENBOIS. Partnership? That's good! I've nothing. Don't laugh at poor people, it isn't nice. But I understand; you're a delicate man and you're afraid of hurting my pride. Oh, you can talk straight out to me. I'm hardened body and spirit. Former soldier in the African service, seven years of campaigning, two wounds, a military medal and two for saving life. You needn't be a coward, even if you're a mountebank.

BALANDARD. And why are you one?

COQENBOIS. Perhaps for the same reason that you're an actor. For a love of art and a taste for seeing the world. I was born a wanderer. I don't know my father or mother, whether they were crowned or barefoot.

BALANDARD. Will you have supper with me? We'll talk things over.

COQENBOIS. If I refused your invitation, you'd say I was proud; perhaps you'd think I misunderstood you. After all, we're both on the same artistic plane. There isn't any difference but rank.

ELOA. As for me, I only want to climb, so I accept gladly. I'll wrap up the cheese; it'll go better tomorrow.

COQENBOIS. Permit me to lay off the livery of the thespian for the coat of a man of the world. (*He puts on a ridiculous coat with a triple shoulder-cape and an old shiny high hat.*) Eloa, take off your helmet, give yourself a combing and put up your hair in a knot.

BALANDARD (*aside*). I think I've put hands on two precious objects!

Enter PIQUENDAIRE.

BALANDARD. Ah, you're back already! Lay two covers more for this lady and gentleman.

PIQUENDAIRE. Why, it's the mountebanks! (*Aside.*) He's electioneering for himself. He's right, you can't be proud in that work. (*Aloud.*) You're a man of spirit, I see that, and you'll carry it off, my dear candidate.

BALANDARD (*correcting him*). No! Balandard. . . . What's this innkeeper expect to get by putting on the flattery so thick?

COQENBOIS (*to* BALANDARD). Sir, we await your orders.

BALANDARD (*aside*). They're perfect! (*Aloud, to* ELOA.) Miss, may I offer you my arm?

ELOA (*confused*). Oh, Sir . . . it's too great an honour. (*Aside.*) He's perfectly splendid, this man.

COQENBOIS. He seems to be a good sport. (*They go into the inn.*)

Enter GRELOT, COMBRILLO *and* LA POTASSIN *at rear.*

GRELOT. Hey, porter! There's nobody here to take our trappings.

LA POTASSIN. Don't get out of patience, my dear Pa Grelot!

COMBRILLO. Ma Potassin, we've got to find out where Balandard is stopping; we're late.

LA POTASSIN. That's the white wine's fault, Mr. Combrillo.

COMBRILLO. It doesn't wet down your thirst one bit.

GRELOT. It makes you drier. I'm dying for a drink. (*Calls.*) Hello!

LA POTASSIN. You've drunk enough along the way; you're lit up already.

GRELOT (*pinching her nose*). You've found that out all by yourself, Potassin of my dreams.

LA POTASSIN (*angrily*). That's not etiquette! You've got the manners of a brick-layer.

COMBRILLO (*calling*). Oh, boy! . . . Barmaid! . . .

ROSE (*coming out of the inn*). Coming, coming! (*Aside.*) Is it more Herculeses still?

GRELOT. A little closer, young provincial of Trépagny-les-Mèches; we'd like three glasses of your best.

LA POTASSIN (*to* ROSE). Don't listen to him. He abuses his faculty of drinking without being thirsty.

ROSE. Come in, Madam, and I'll serve you. (*The two women go in.*)

BALANDARD *appears at the door of the inn.*

GRELOT (*to* BALANDARD). There you are! Not so unlucky!

BALANDARD. I suppose I'm the one that's late? . . .

GRELOT. I s'pose so. . . .

BALANDARD. So, there he is, completely under the weather! I made a fine choice with such an assistant! . . . Get to bed, right away!

GRELOT. You're sending me to bed? Balandard, you're ungrateful!

BALANDARD. Combrillo, you're a sober man; how did you let him get into such a state?

COMBRILLO. But I drank more than he did!

BALANDARD. Well, then, you can't play *The Recalcitrant Corpse.*

COMBRILLO. Maybe not the corpse . . . but always the recalcitrant.

BALANDARD (*about to go in*). I wash my hands of you. We've got to change the make-up of the programme. . . . Coqenbois, old fellow, would you like to take the part of the bald spectre?

COQENBOIS (*at the door*). It isn't my hair that makes me hesitate. I'll try it.

ELOA (*to* BALANDARD). My dear Sir, I'm entirely at your disposal.

BALANDARD. Good. We'll replace *The Hermit of the Rising Tide* by drum solos and plastic poses by Mademoiselle Eloa.

ELOA. I'm going to make my debut at last! . . . How happy I am! I must kiss you! (*She kisses* BALANDARD.)

COQENBOIS. Eloa, restrain yourself in public!

BALANDARD. Let's finish dinner and then we'll be off for the theatre!

GRELOT. Before I go to bed I'm going to have a bite of supper. Come, Combrillo.

COMBRILLO. I'm ill; I haven't any appetite. (*All go into the inn.*)

Enter CHALUMEAU, TRINGLET *and* PIQUENDAIRE.

CHALUMEAU. I've fixed up everything fine; the whole town is for our candidate.

PIQUENDAIRE. Fine, fine! He's going to talk for four hours this evening. He promised me. Oh, what a gift of speech! His success is assured.

TRINGLET. Is it? I'm running too and I represent the workers. They outnumber the innkeepers, Mr. Piquendaire.

PIQUENDAIRE. You'd do better, in the interests of your health, to stay with your workers that drive around in carriages than to canvass for the popular vote.

TRINGLET. Maybe; we'll see by and by! Meanwhile, I'd like to see what my fellow-candidate looks like. (*Goes toward the window.*)

PIQUENDAIRE. Let him eat in peace! No butting in!

TRINGLET. So there are ladies with him?

PIQUENDAIRE. Of course, fashionable ladies.

TRINGLET. I suppose that young lady wearing a fireman's helmet is his daughter?

PIQUENDAIRE. I don't quite know, but of course she's in the latest style.

TRINGLET. Be quiet, you bumpkin! I'm on to your tricks this past hour. That Manandar is a comedian and those clowns he's treating are mountebanks. I recognize that caricature of a Hercules. I'm going to give it all away. There's going to be a big laugh!

PIQUENDAIRE. Hold your tongue! Here come the mayor and the people carrying his scarf, his authorities, the police, the brass band, the firemen and everything else to welcome the delegate of the electoral committee in Paris!

TRINGLET. Paris! Bah!

Enter the MAYOR, *two* POLICEMEN, *two* FIREMEN, *badges on their arms, three* MUSICIANS, *and several* TOWNSPEOPLE.

POLICEMAN. Make way, gentlemen, make way!

THE MAYOR. Mr. Piquendaire, we've come ourselves to conduct the

candidate to the banquet. . . . We hope that you will be our guest, since it's to you we're indebted for having him within our walls, and our gratitude—

PIQUENDAIRE. Very kind of you, your honour. (*Aside.*) After election I'm going to be an important man, and I'll get myself nominated for a seat in the municipal council. (*Aloud.*) I'll bring out our man. (*Exit* L.)

THE MAYOR (*to the crowd*). Beloved citizens, I'd recommend the calm befitting to a free people. . . . No seditious cries, no noisy demonstrations; but calm, citizens. The triumph of our cause rests in the ballot box. Opportunism, gentlemen, is the only state reason that can save the republican townspeople in these times of financial and social crisis that we are going through. Energy! Yes, we need it; but don't forget that we must govern prudently. An iron fist in a velvet glove, as one of our fine ministers so rightly says!

ALL (*cheering*). Hooray for fine ministers!

Enter PIQUENDAIRE.

PIQUENDAIRE. He's coming, he's coming!

THE MAYOR (*to* MUSICIANS). Orpheus Society, ready! (*They play the* Marseillaise.)

Enter BALANDARD, COQENBOIS, GRELOT *and* IDA; ELOA *stays in the door of the inn.*

THE MAYOR (*with emotion, to* BALANDARD). Great citizen! We'd be happy —ahem, ahem—and honoured . . . if you'd accept—ahem!—our invitation to a fraternal repast, tendered officially, as the present circumstances warrant—ahem!—

ALL (*cheering*). 'Ray for our deputy!

BALANDARD (*aside*). Me, their deputy? What sort of a practical joke—?

GRELOT. What a pretty barmaid! I needed her to get sobered up.

ALL. Speech, speech!

BALANDARD (*aside*). If that's all they want to amuse them! (*Aloud.*) Your honour the Mayor, aldermen, electoral board, citizens, officers of the

police, firemen, musicians of the Orpheus Society and inhabitants of Trépagny-les-Mèches, long accustomed as I am to speak in public, I can satisfy you. You ask for a speech. Very well. But what about?

THE MAYOR. It doesn't make any difference. Just talk!

BALANDARD. All right. Permit me first of all to thank you for the marks of friendship that you have shown me. I am not unworthy of them, I assure you. . . . But before according me your support, are you certain that you're not mistaken?

PIQUENDAIRE. No, no!

BALANDARD. So be it! I allow that you are not mistaken. Up till now, how have I acted for you?

THE MAYOR. You'll act splendidly.

ALL. He will! He will! Hooray for Manandar!

BALANDARD. My name's Balandard, not Manandar—

ALL. 'Ray! 'Ray for our deputy!

BALANDARD (*aside*). No way to show them their mistake! (*Aloud.*) Since you wish it, then I'll do everything for you that I can. My influence isn't great. Still, within the limit of my means, I promise to make you as happy as possible. For in the circumstances we are in, in the crisis more or less political that we are undergoing, what is better than seemly amusement and gaiety, and laughter, gentlemen, good, hearty laughter that disarms the gloomiest, and good comedy that instructs and delights? That's why, you fine people, I'm inviting you to come to hear me this evening, when I'll put forth all my efforts to strike joy in your hearts and elevate your spirits. If you please, dear fellow-citizens, there's an error. You're mistaken.

THE MAYOR. The people is never mistaken.

ALL. 'Ray for the people!

BALANDARD. That may be; but you can be misled about your candidate. (*Low, to* COQENBOIS.) I'll pass the job on to you. (*Aloud.*) Voters, your candidate is really here with you! He's hiding under the modest

clothes of a first-rate wrestler. He's this gentleman, the illustrious and celebrated Coqenbois.

THE MAYOR (*to* PIQUENDAIRE). Then why did you call our candidate Manandar when his real name is Coqenbois?

BALANDARD. It's a pseudonym! Mr. Piquendaire read it wrong; it's a *quid pro quo*.

THE MAYOR. Fair enough! That explains everything. Citizens, let's give our support to the illustrious Coqenbois.

PIQUENDAIRE. 'Rah for Coqenbois!

TRINGLET *bursts through the crowd.*

TRINGLET. You can't fool me! He's a mountebank, a circus Hercules!

COQENBOIS. Listen, you over there! I'm an old soldier in the African service; two wounds and a military medal. What've you done for your country, you idle rider in a carriage!

THE MAYOR (*to the crowd*). Citizens, the modesty that characterizes our candidate militates in his favour; that iron fist in a velvet glove I spoke of a little while ago I've recognized in the bronzed heart of the celebrated Coqenbois. He's the man we need! Let's make the vote unanimous for him!

ALL. 'Ray for Coqenbois! To the town hall!

TRINGLET (*furious*). Well, maybe we've all gone crazy, but I can't believe that we rank workers with townspeople! Bah to all of you!

COQENBOIS. I think you're rather vulgar the way you express yourself.

TRINGLET. I've reason to be! I'm not afraid of anybody, not even of the Hercules of an academy! You'll juggle the votes on your bare nose like you do the bumpkins of the town. I'm a candidate too, my name's Tringlet and I'm the strongest man in Trépagny-les-Mèches!

COQENBOIS. Then I'll attend to you; you seem interesting.

TRINGLET. How much do you weigh?

COQENBOIS. If you want to know, come on!

THE MAYOR. Gentlemen, enough of this!

TRINGLET. It's a matter of pride to me. I'll stake my running against his, with the permission of his honour the Mayor.

THE MAYOR. Go ahead, you have it!

COQENBOIS. All right with me.

PIQUENDAIRE. Better decide it this way than at billiards.

CHALUMEAU. The betting's open; I put five francs on the Hercules.

THE BILL-POSTER. I take you up for Tringlet.

TRINGLET. The fight's on! Mountebank, are you insured for breakage?

COQENBOIS. Have you ever jumped over a carriage gate?

TRINGLET (*shrugging*). You make me laugh! (*He puts his hand on* COQENBOIS' *shoulder, and* COQENBOIS *puts his on his.*)

COQENBOIS. Have you made your will?

TRINGLET. I have no family or property.

COQENBOIS. In that case, you won't be any loss to the world. (*They struggle.* TRINGLET *is lifted into the air and thrown over the wall into the square. All run out.*)

CHALUMEAU. Ah! He fell hard. His back is broken.

THE MAYOR. To the hospital with him!

ALL. 'Ray for Coqenbois! 'Rah for our candidate. To the town hall! Forward, music! (*The band plays the* Marseillaise. *The spectators carry* COQENBOIS *on their shoulders.*)

COQENBOIS. Mr. Balandard, I entrust Eloa to you if I succumb in the struggle! Dear fellow-citizens and voters, whenever you wish I'm yours! (*They go out.*)

BALANDARD. And that's how deputies are made. Whew! A lucky escape for me!

Curtain.

WINTERGREEN

Showing pedal controls of a Petit-Théâtre figure

WINTERGREEN

Showing disc base supported in slot of Marionette Fellowship figure

NOËL

OR THE MYSTERY OF THE NATIVITY

BY MAURICE BOUCHOR

*NOTE: This play is dedicated to the author's godson, Jacques Richepin. It was written especially for the marionettes of Henri Signoret's Petit-Théâtre in Paris. The aim of this theatre had been to present with marionettes the dramatic masterpieces of the world, particularly those seldom seen on the stage. Its first play, given in June 1888, was Aristophanes' *Birds*. Literary people and the critics, led by Anatole France, were enthusiastic over what they saw in the little hall in the Galerie Vivienne, just behind the Palais Royal and the Bibliothèque Nationale, but the public did not flock there. It was decided to try pieces not intended for the regular stage, but for puppets. Maurice Bouchor, who had translated Shakespeare's *Tempest* for the Petit-Théâtre, thereupon wrote *Tobias*, drawn from the Old Testament story. Having made use of Hebrew lore, he turned to Christian and composed a play on the birth of Christ. (It was the mediæval nativity play, produced with little moving figures, which gave rise to the word marionette: little Mary.)

Noël, or the Mystery of the Nativity opened in the autumn of 1890, and became at once the talk of all Paris. It might have played on for a very long run, had not the operators grown weary of repeating it night after night. The theatre, not being commercial, could rest before the last possible penny had been extracted from the public.

* Translated by Paul McPharlin with the permission of the author and by special arrangement with the publisher, Ernest Flammarion, 26 Rue Racine, Paris, of whom permission for production must be obtained.

For subsequent plays given in the Petit-Théâtre, Maurice Bouchor went to still other religions for material. Two volumes, *Mystères païens* and *Mystères bibliques et chrétiens*, contain them, the latter *Noël*. The earlier volume *Trois mystères* has, besides, *La légende de sainte Cécile*, while two short pieces, *Le songe de Khèyam* and *La dévotion à saint André*, are published separately, all by Ernest Flammarion. These kept the Petit-Théâtre supplied with script until it came to an end in the spring of 1893, and the marionettes were divided among the collaborators who had been its life.

The type of marionette used had its effect on these placid, serious plays. The figures were fairly rigid, their few crisp gestures, such as the raising of the arm and the turning or bowing of the head, controlled by six keys under their standard. Therefore, as Maurice Bouchor writes in his introduction to the *Mystères païens*, "Nothing quick or violent was their province; neither horror nor terror was their field; they could do nothing too dramatic, too impassioned or too realistic, at least visibly. . . . With all that, emotion, even the most profound and human, was not impossible to them; they could excel in tenderness and grace, adding if they wished delicate irony, humour, fantasy and spirited drollery."

The author suggests that Joseph, Mary and the Archangel Gabriel be made to resemble the traditional figures in art, but that the shepherds be common folk, such as might live near us today, were Bethlehem a village a few miles off.

"The musical element is of the utmost importance," he says. "It would be better not to do this piece, if one has no means of playing adequately Paul Vidal's delightful score." This may be obtained Au Ménestrel (Heugel & Cie.), 2 *bis* Rue Vivienne, Paris, either in piano extraction or the original parts for violin, 'cello, flute, oboe, harp and celeste.

The angel choir need consist of only three voices, soprano, mezzo-soprano and contralto. The Star has a high clear soprano, the Virgin Mary a soft contralto. The Archangel Gabriel and Wintergreen, thinks

the playwright, might be spoken by women. The Ass, the Indian King and 'Zekiel would probably be tenor; the Chaldean King, St. Joseph and Holly, baritone; and the Ox, the African King and the Master of the animals, bass. Six voices altogether, then, will suffice for all the parts.

In the Petit-Théâtre productions the musicians and readers were out of sight backstage. The marionette operators did not speak lines. This arrangement was followed in the Marionette Fellowship production in Evanston, Illinois, 4 and 5 January, 1929. Since there were never more than two figures in motion at once, and the others on stage were supported in slots cut into transverse wooden beams (the marionettes were worked from below with rods) two manipulators sufficed, even to open and shut the folding panels, used instead of a curtain, that gave the stage the effect of a shrine. A mirror placed three feet before the front edge of the beam-stage, and inclined at an angle of fifteen degrees out of vertical, so that its bottom was nearer the line of the stage-front than its top, enabled the manipulators and readers under the stage to see every phase of the action.

CHARACTERS:

The Virgin Mary and the Christ Child.
Saint Joseph.
The Archangel Gabriel.
Choir of Invisible Angels.
The Three Magi.
The Star.
The Ox and the Ass.
Their Master.
'Zekiel, *a rich miserly Farmer.*
Wintergreen, *his Son.*
Holly, *an old Shepherd*
Marjolaine, *a young Shepherdess* } *hired by* 'Zekiel.

SCENES

I. A stable in Bethlehem.
II. A farm near Bethlehem.
III. A barren place.
IV. The stable, as in Scene I.

NOËL

OR THE MYSTERY OF THE NATIVITY

I: THE STABLE AT BETHLEHEM.

The curtain goes up a little before the end of the prelude. When this is finished the ARCHANGEL GABRIEL *enters* R. *and advances between the* OX *and the* ASS, *that face front,* R. *and* L. *respectively, at either side of the stable.*

THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL (*to the audience*).

Friends, for you alone I left the sky.
I come with trust and gladness from on high;
I just set foot to earth. You see, my wings
Give proof I come from fair eternal things.

Tonight, pitying man, Jesus, it will pass,
Will here be born between the ox and ass.
You are to see a scoundrel harsh and base,
All of a sudden touched by holy grace,
Receive Saint Joseph and the Virgin here,
With smiles of a God to light it bright and clear.
Then, in moon-blue meadows, gliding from above,
I, the poor world's friend, and wanting its love,
Shall tell the shepherds watching all night through,
The Child long promised them at last is due.
Guided by a fresh young voice in song,
Seeking the manger, all will start along,
Their minds made up, for one grows hungry nights,
When they get back to sup with festive rites.
The Magi's golden star will sing to draw
Both kings and shepherds on to kneel in awe,

And praise the splendid Mother and her Son
While good Saint Joseph, the most wondering one,
Filled with joy, but troubled—simple heart!—
Will welcome them from where he stands apart. . . .

Listen, all of you, as children should:
Be meek of heart, would you be very wise.
A child laughs out in happy parts, but tries
To sit until the end, quite still and good.
(*Music.*)
I am off to the shepherds in the hills
That my celestial brothers' music fills;
And then I shall have brought my word of peace.
But, before I go, I must release
The ox's and the ass's tongue.
(*To the animals.*)
The Lord,
Exceeding in His love, here to be adored,
Permits you to express, each patient beast,
All your passing thoughts, even the least.
Dear animals, though man be steeped in scorn,
In your benighted minds light will be born.
The mystery will be made plain to you,
Lowly friends of Christ. Speak as others do,
No longer still, though silent for so long.
Before your eyes the future's secrets throng.
Don't balk. I know just how you dread this thing;
The Spirit moves, and man is listening.

The ARCHANGEL *slowly retires and goes out* R. *while the music dies away.*

THE ASS (*facing the audience after a silence*).

What's happened to me? Talking now? The fright
Quivers from my ear-tips down
Straight to my shoes. The joke of some bad clown!
Really, it isn't right!

GABRIEL

Designed and made by Paul McPharlin

I'll stop. But yet I feel a whole long speech
Itching not quite out of reach.

THE OX (*same business*).

I'm startled stiff! Who'd think my brother could
Rattle off those words that way?
It used to be I'd bellow and he'd bray
As honest creatures should.
What bit us? I'm an ox, yet I began
Jabbering just like a man!

THE ASS.

I feel some overflowing rapture fill
The sky and flood to earth.
All Nature rustles at the coming birth.
How can I keep dumb and still
When He I owe my being to will lie
Cradled in the straw close by?

THE OX.

The vision blinded me! Oh, how I thrill!
What the wonder is, I heard.
Laugh and sing! Cry out the joyous word!
How can I keep dumb and still
When His, my heavenly King's, my own true Lord's,
Birth will see my stable boards?

THE ASS.

No doubt of it, it's sweet to champ the clover,
Grazing where the green is lush;
It's fun to roll amid the flowering brush,
Yet such pleasure passes over:
I taste, just feeling gentleness in me,
An unimaginable glee.

THE OX.

And I enjoy to chew, vague-eyed, all day,
Deep in sweet-grass warm from sun;
I like cool willow-shade where waters run,
And after work, my bed of hay;

But that seems misery compared to this,
My present overflowing bliss.

THE ASS (*half turning to the* OX).

Brother, if ever, as you recall,
I foraged in your trough,
If I was rude enough to finish off
The water in your stall,
In the name of the holy Child we'll see,
Forgive these faults in me.

THE OX (*half turning to the* ASS).

Brother, if ever I ridiculed
Your ears so sharp and slight,
If I cried down your braying for delight—
I that bellow all unruled—
By Master Jesus' heavenly radiance,
Oh, pardon my offence!

THE ASS.

Yes, kindly Ox.

THE OX.

I like you, noble Ass.

THE ASS.

Take half my fodder, do!

THE OX.

I'll celebrate your birthday, since it's you,
Thus each year and let none pass.

THE ASS (*turning front*).

Never could single happiness be more!

THE OX (*same business*).

Love finds Earth an open door.

THE ASS.

I see Him!—see Him coming riding in,
Smiling and bright and young;
Across a little ass His legs are slung,
And she has silky, tender skin.

The people's hearts go out; they cry His praise
And make His path a flower-maze.

Who then, my Master, evermore will dare
Laugh at the gentle, modest ass?
The memory of Your kindness will not pass;
He loved the beast that He let bear
Him thus, they'll say, since she—unhoped-for fame!—
So achieved a sacred name.

THE OX.

I see Him too; alas! His body swings
Agonized from iron nails;
Blood trickles down; a crown of thorns impales
The forehead of the King of kings.
Where the flowers now, the victorious cries?
Atoning for mankind He dies.

He dies for us as well; for the Christ, dead,
Will live in the Host again.
The priest, in robes of spotless white, will then
Make no more altars red
Slitting the throats of beasts that work for man,
Poor things! as well as they can.

THE ASS.

After this could I bewail my lot
When weak beneath my load?
What matter now the blows that rain, the goad
And the swearing of a sot?
Faithful, humble and resigned, I'll try
To take His model to go by.

THE OX.

For Jesus' sake I want to draw the plough,
Willing, without desire to shirk
Or curse my drudging, everlasting work,

The beating sun and lashing bough.
If master's hungry, I can bear the knife;
Yes, let him take my very life!

THE ASS.

I hope that some day, in the paradise
God set aside for gentle beasts,
We two may rest at ease amid green feasts.

THE OX.

Oh, brother, it will be nice,
After all these weary, weary days,
To stand in peace and graze!

THE DRUNKEN VOICE OF THE MASTER.

Hey, you ox! stupid animal!

THE OX.

He's drunk. That's always bad for us.

THE MASTER'S VOICE.

Ho, you miserable jackass!

THE ASS.

I can feel his club already.

THE MASTER'S VOICE.

Where's all my big sticks gone?
I want to hide these loafers good
To give my asthma some relief.

(*Enters* L., *passing before the* ASS.)

THE OX.

Good-bye, sublime enthusiasm!
We'll have to face the music now
And bear abuse from this clodhopper.

THE MASTER (*between the two animals*).

Dod-rot my precious carcass, now,
If I didn't hear a mumbling!

THE ASS.

From dreams of paradise to this!
We're going to be blasted black
By oaths from that unfeeling soak.

THE MASTER.

I'm sure the ass let out a groan.

THE OX.

May the grace of heaven touch him!
May the rock jet water forth!

THE MASTER.

What! the other too?
(*To the* OX.)
Big slobberer, you,
I'd like to roast and mustard you;
No later than tomorrow night
You'd find yourself a nice rich soup.

THE ASS (*to the audience*).

Poor brother! Oh, how horrible!

THE MASTER (*to the* ASS).

Don't you think you're sort of rash
To raise your head like that, you ass,
As if those words was meant for you?

THE ASS.

Thy bounty is unbounded, Lord:
Grace for this demented man!

THE MASTER.

So! Still more? Old fellow, listen here,
It wouldn't take four days for me
To make you get so good and blind
That you could take your time to it
Turning the grindstone in a mill.
There you'd play and get your fill!

THE OX.

Have mercy on this cruel man
With his sack and cord and whip!
God, make pity blossom in his soul!

THE MASTER (*to the* OX).

What's that you're saying, soup-shank?
(*Suddenly transported.*)

What am I saying myself? I swan!
If animals is talking it's a freak,
A miracle, a dream awake . . .
And me that don't believe at all!
(*Perplexed.*)
But what—what could have happened?
I'm sure they mumbled sort of low.
(*Struck by a sudden idea.*)
Could I have been a little tipsy?
Could the good wine that I have drunk
All summer in my arbour shade
Have made a ringing in my ears again?
It's possible. . . . (*Indifferent.*)
Whatever it was,
For a week our famous town
Has seen a lot of strangers come.
You want to know what brings 'em here?
Well, Sir, it's the census-taking
That those as do the writing down
Complain so terrible about.
What blotting and what scratching out!
Bethlehem is full of people;
You even see the beggars come
To get recorded in the rolls.
Ha, it's me that smiles this time,
Yep, it's me that has a laugh
At all these tattered poor of God.
My back to the fire, set to eat,
I grin to see their eyes get big
When, coming softly up like wolves,
They stand and watch me take a drink.
My kitchen's steamy perfume fills
The public square my house is on;
That's plenty enough for me to give—
I grant the present to 'em.

A little while ago there comes
A fool to ask for shelter,
Pretending strangers couldn't find
No place at all to put theirselves.
Because he begs I can't be sweet,
And so I throws him in the street.

THE OX.

That God should hear ignoble words like these!

THE ASS.

I've never known a man I loathe so much!

THE MASTER.

I don't believe in God or devil.
As for our town, it's matchless there!
Word gets around that makes you blush
If you got any learning.
Why, lookit here, they even say
Some supernatural being
Is here to be born one of these days.
I don't laugh, oh, no! They quote
Some prophecy or other
Announcing a Messiah.
Yarns, that's what they are! It's as if you'd say,
"Master, an angel just came out of here."
Stuff and nonsense!

THE OX (*in a huge voice*).

Stupid ox!

THE MASTER.

What's that?
(*Trying to go on.*)
Am I plumb crazy? Sort of 'fraid I am.
It's nothing, not a thing.

THE ASS (*aside*).

He's flinching now.

THE MASTER (*recovering his possession*).

No, but then see here, this angel

That might deliver you a speech,
Telling you, "Be very good"—

THE ASS (*with all his might*).

Oh, what an ass!

THE MASTER (*frightened*).

Eh? What's that? The deuce, more noise again?
I guess I'd better get some air
To clear my buzzing head.

Music. The MASTER *goes out* R. *Day begins to wane.*

THE OX (*a moment after the* MASTER *has gone*).

The moment nears
When Jesus will be born for you,
Sad mankind. The air is sweet with rue.
Blessed are they that weep; their tears
Shall all be wiped away in gentleness
By the Comforter of distress.

THE ASS.

Twilight falls. Saint Joseph will appear,
Imploring shelter. By the grace
Of God who leads him to this place,
Our master's heart will melt, so have no fear.
What brushed me then? An angel? Yes, there stirred
A soft light flutter like a bird.

THE OX (*half turned to the* ASS).

We must be very careful, mustn't we,
Good friend, so's not to low or bray
And scare the Child?

THE ASS (*half turned to the* OX).

Breathing warm on Him, we may,
Dear brother, gaze at Him and see
Jesus, fresh and ruddy, lying deep
In His gracious, smiling sleep.

THE OX (*facing the audience*).

What joy, dear God, what boundless jollity
For us, poor animals, to feel,

That He should come, be born at last, and we see!

THE ASS (*same business*).

May He the Lord is sending blessed be;
Let every creature kneel!
What joy, dear God, what boundless jollity!

The music ceases; a short silence. Day is gone. The MASTER *re-enters* R., *leaving the door open. His voice is not nearly so uncertain; one immediately feels that he has changed.*

THE MASTER.

Much worse; I'll stay. It's bitter cold outside.
Then too, I don't see what's got into me,
But I feel funny. Much to my surprise,
It seems to be delightful sobering up.
It's just as if I'd had an awful cramp
All of a sudden leave me. What's the matter?
(*Short silence.*)
Brrr! it's cold. (*Looks* R., *then faces audience.*)
By crackety, no wonder!
Stupid of me to leave the door wide open.
I'll close it. (*Goes to* R.) Why, an old man's coming here,
Hoping I'll ask him in to stay, I guess.
A woman's following. She checks a cry.
(*To the audience, more surprised than mocking.*)
Funny folks!

THE ASS.

And so the holy Virgin's here,
Bearing all the world's salvation!

THE MASTER (*looking* R.).

There:
The woman, moaning, pauses; the greybeard
Helps her to my good stone bench.

THE OX.

I tremble!
The Mother of the Lord, yes, God's own Mother,
Sits before the door!

THE MASTER (*facing front*).

It's plain, a stranger
Coming here for shelter for the night.
(*A silence; then in a grave, pensive voice.*)
That man's unfortunate. . . .
(*Getting a hold on himself, after another silence.*)
Of course; what of it?
I sure do want to close my door on him,
Because it's such a nuisance. . . .
(*Looks in direction of door.*)
Here he is!

THE ASS.

Oh, tender Mercy, soften this hard heart!

It is night. Music. SAINT JOSEPH *enters* R. *He is bare-headed. He holds a long crooked stick.*

ST. JOSEPH (*to the* MASTER).

Good Sir, have pity! See, my poor wife there
Is tired, very tired. May we share
This roof and lodge here, by your kindness, Sir?
Her time is near; oh, take pity on her,
A mother, and on the flower of her womb.

THE OX (*in a sweet, suppliant voice*).

Please, in the name of Love!

THE MASTER (*troubled, to the audience*).

Who's talking low?

ST. JOSEPH.

We've nothing; they refuse us everywhere.
It's night, and this is more than I can bear;
My wife is sitting on a bench—cold stone.
Alas! your doubt is all too clearly shown;
But oh, I beg you! pity our weary feet,
Kind Sir!

THE MASTER (*after a silence, to the audience*).

What'll I say?

THE ASS.

Master, it's sweet
To make another happy.

THE OX.

Pity, master!

THE MASTER (*more and more troubled*).

That voice strikes through me; my heart beats faster. . . .

ST. JOSEPH.

Oh, will you?

The MASTER *is still; for a moment only the music is heard.*

THE MASTER (*suddenly*).

Yes, I'll lodge you here, old man.

ST. JOSEPH.

Ah, thank you, thank you deep from in my heart!

THE MASTER (*transformed, with deep emotion*).

I was pretty mean, yet I say with cheer,
Enter, father; God has sent you here.
(*Turning to the animals.*)
Oh, my ox and ass, can you pardon me?
You've had to bear a lot of cruelty,
And this from me that should, ten times a day,
Have blessed you. I was dirty low, I'll say.
How sorry I am that you were over-driven!

THE ASS.

Master, in Jesus' name you are forgiven.

THE OX.

Bless you, master.

ST. JOSEPH.

What, animals that speak!

THE MASTER.

There, brave hearts! you aren't far to seek.
Good creatures, thanks. We'll chum it, on from now,
Like three old cronies, won't we?

ST. JOSEPH.

It is Thou,
The living God, that for the good of man
Permit these things.

The music stops.

THE MASTER.

I thoughtlessly began
To talk; remorse has stricken me tenfold.
Your wife, out there in the wind and cold,
Waits for you in anguish.

ST. JOSEPH.

Yes, dear host;
I should have called her.

THE MASTER.

The fault's mine. May I roast!

ST. JOSEPH (*looking* R.).

She's standing there.

THE MASTER (*same business*).

Ask her to come in.

THE ASS.

Lord, we haven't words to bless you with!

The music resumes.

ST. JOSEPH (*with deep gentleness*).

Mary, my child, my purest Mary!

THE MASTER (*very moved*).

Heavens, how pale she is!

ST. JOSEPH.

Come now, come in,
Sweet wife of mine.

THE MASTER.

Alas, poor soul!

ST. JOSEPH.

Take yet
A little courage, Mary. Do not forget
Our God who guided us. His love finds proof

In this kind man who gives his stable roof.
Our time of misery is almost past.
You are to be delivered here at last.

With open arms he advances toward MARY, *who is still invisible. The* MASTER *of the* OX *and* ASS, *facing the same direction, stands immobile; the music little by little dies away.*

Slow Curtain.

II: THE SHEPHERDS IN THE FIELDS.

At the left, the entrance to a peasant cottage; at the right, olive trees, pines and an almond tree in bloom. At the back a wide plain; in the distance, sheep in a fold. It is night; the full moon shines in all its splendour in the middle of the back drop.

The prelude starts before the rise of curtain.

From the side with the trees a flute—the piano will suffice if there is none—imitates the song of the nightingale. The old shepherd and the two young people are silent until the melody is done. WINTERGREEN *is* L., MARJOLAINE R., HOLLY C.

MARJOLAINE (*marvelling*).

A nightingale!

WINTERGREEN.

To hear him sing
You'd think it was the flood of spring.

MARJOLAINE.

What a voice! How clear and thrilling!
My eyelids close while he is trilling.

HOLLY.

His song was nice, but what did it mean?
I know what, good Wintergreen.

MARJOLAINE.

You know, Holly?

HOLLY.

Marjolaine, I do.
My ears are open; as for you,

You only talk to your shepherd's crook;
To me bird-talk is an open book.

WINTERGREEN.

That's the best thing yet he's claimed.

HOLLY.

What, I lie! Now aren't you ashamed!

WINTERGREEN.

I'm sorry.

HOLLY.

Well, I heard him speak;
I'm sure I understood his Greek.
Shepherds, all the world's in jail,
Said the gay wild nightingale;
Man's grief gets deep and deeper,
For the devil is his keeper.
But this cannot much longer be;
One will be born to set you free,
A Child by whom you shall be led,
The nightingale in gladness said.

MARJOLAINE.

He really promised us that blessing?

HOLLY.

Yes, word for word.

WINTERGREEN.

You're only guessing!

HOLLY.

The Child will love us very much.
He'll keep us from the Dark One's clutch
And dull his crooked claws for good,
Said the nightingale in the wood.

(*The nightingale's song bursts out anew.*
HOLLY *resumes when the music stops.*)

Ah, what a singer! He's sublime!

WINTERGREEN.

What did he tell about this time?

WINTERGREEN AND MARJOLAINE

Designed and made by Paul McPharlin

HOLLY.

All of you, his warbling said,
Will see the Child in His manger bed,
Kneel, pay homage and revere,
For He'll be born not far from here.

WINTERGREEN.

Winter is making truce, it seems;
The wind grows warm; only in dreams
Could all this happen.

MARJOLAINE.

Tell us where
He'll be so we can hurry there
To give our homage.

HOLLY.

That I fail
To know.

MARJOLAINE.

Ah, sweet-tongued nightingale,
I hope no lies are in your throat!

The nightingale makes prelude to another song.

HOLLY.

Sh! let's hear his final note.

(*They listen in silence; then, when the music is done,* HOLLY *resumes.*)

He begs us not be scoffers;
He did not lie; as pledge he offers
The warm and downy little nest
Where his huddled fledglings rest.

MARJOLAINE (*tenderly*).

And could he offer any more?

HOLLY.

Bless me! it's the entire store
That he could leave them.

MARJOLAINE.

Dear bird of night!

WINTERGREEN (*suddenly*).

Oh, look up!

(*He points* R.; MARJOLAINE *and* HOLLY *look.*)

MARJOLAINE.

He's taking flight. . . .

HOLLY (*facing the audience*).

He knew his message was understood.
Now, Wintergreen, take care you're good:
No acting up, and God will see—
I'm sure as sure as I can be—
You'll get married next week some day
In spite of all your pa may say.

WINTERGREEN.

If that was true!

HOLLY.

As for the word
About the Little One we heard,
It's so; He'll come. The rest God knows.
I'm seeing how my creatures doze;
I'm off to pat my dog, to munch
A little bread and chives for lunch,
And wash it down with a drop or two.
And so good night, you warbler, you!

MARJOLAINE.

Good night.

HOLLY (*makes as if to go, then turns back suddenly*).

Say, Wintergreen, heard tell
I've got a subtle sense of smell?

WINTERGREEN.

Yes, Holly, you've a sharpish nose.

HOLLY.

Well, I'd say a budding rose
Was starting to unfold and shower
The sweetness of a full-blown flower . . .
But here I'm jabbering away!

Get going if you've had your say!
Good night, children.

WINTERGREEN.

Good night, Holly.

HOLLY *goes out* R., *passing behind* MARJOLAINE.

MARJOLAINE.

What balmy air! . . . He's jolly. . . .

Distant music.

WINTERGREEN.

A breath of spring! We feel its fresh caress.
The moon, with eyes of brimming tenderness,
Looks down in smiling light.

MARJOLAINE.

The tall trees, Wintergreen, are whispering.
This bright, miraculous, warm-stirring thing
Must be a Spirit's flight.

WINTERGREEN.

Marjolaine, tell me why
That breath passed by
The meadows all along?
What sweet mystery
Could it be
The bird told in his song?

MARJOLAINE.

Marjolaine knows how to tend
Her flocks, and knows the fine white fleece they bring;
But how could she at all explain a thing
Half-hidden from her friend?

WINTERGREEN.

Marjolaine, tell me why
We heard a sigh
Like a soul on the plain?
Aren't you wrung
By that imploring tongue
That makes you cry for its pain?

MARJOLAINE.

I hear the voice far off across the prairie;
I smell the perfume that the breezes carry
And yet no flower is here.

WINTERGREEN.

Is it our happiness the night foretells?
What brings such joy? Why is it my throat swells?
There! I felt a tear. (*The music stops.*)

MARJOLAINE (*after a silence*).

And now the voice is still.

WINTERGREEN.

I seem
To waken from a lovely dream. . . .
How marvellous! I thought that I
Saw angels passing in the sky.

MARJOLAINE.

While I was talking what could send
Me off asleep?

WINTERGREEN.

Oh, my friend,
The trees are murmuring bough to bough
That we shall soon be happy now.

'ZEKIEL *comes out of the house without being seen; staying* L. *he listens, face front, raising his head. The dialogue is not interrupted.*

MARJOLAINE.

Your father wouldn't hear of it.

WINTERGREEN.

This night will soften him a bit.
He wanted just to try us out;
But he is good.

'ZEKIEL (*aside*).

I almost doubt
My ears to hear such lies as that.
Well, chatter on; I'm listening.

WINTERGREEN.

He'll let us marry certainly.

MARJOLAINE.

Wintergreen, how nice it'll be!

WINTERGREEN.

I'll beg him not to spoil my life;
I'm sure he'll let you be my wife.

'ZEKIEL (*aside*).

Yes, count on that, my cocky lad.
Be sure that Master 'Zekiel
Will take a pauper daughter-in-law!
Talk on; it's interesting.

MARJOLAINE.

Ah me! and if our plan came through,
My youth is all I have for you;
Your father's rich; what can he gain?
He'll send me off!

WINTERGREEN.

Oh, Marjolaine,
Your wealth is in your pretty eyes,
Your smiles that sweetly dawn and rise,
And in your innocent heart.
Don't let misgivings make it smart!
(*He looks at her tenderly.*)

'ZEKIEL (*aside*).

Devil's pitchforks! what a fool!
He's young, that's plain enough to see.
And look at how he's going on
With that impossibility,
A girl that watches over sheep,
With nothing but the clothes she wears.
Good Lor'!

WINTERGREEN.

What of it if he scorn you?
We'll be faithful as we've sworn to.

'ZEKIEL (*bursting out*).

Wintergreen, you wicked brat,
Are you going to bleat all night?

WINTERGREEN *and* MARJOLAINE *start upon hearing* 'ZEKIEL'S *voice, and turn toward him in confusion.*

WINTERGREEN (*deeply troubled*).

Father——

'ZEKIEL (*interrupting*).

Enough!
(*To* MARJOLAINE.)
And so, you blight,
My boob of a son is squandering
His gifts and compliments on you!

MARJOLAINE.

Master, I——

'ZEKIEL.

Shut up; you're lying!
You haven't got a sou to your name,
And yet you've got it into your skull
I want you for my daughter-in-law?

WINTERGREEN.

Please listen, father.

'ZEKIEL.

So you think
I'm good to tuck beneath the sod,
Eh, do you?

WINTERGREEN.

But——

'ZEKIEL (*interrupting*).

Will you be still!
No back-talk; I forbid it.
And, patchwork, you can clear away
Back to your rag bag! (*Exit* MARJOLAINE R.)
So, ninny,
You pull a face a whole yard long;

Well, until tomorrow night
You live on bread and water.
Watch out next time you're caught like this!
Now, rascal, straight to bed with you.

(WINTERGREEN *goes into the house, passing behind* 'ZEKIEL.)

That's done. And now I can at least,
With none to see, fall to and feast
Upon a certain juicy stew
That simmers, cooking through and through,
And on the tripe that wraps its steam
About me in a savoury dream.
Besides, before I start to gobble,
I'll tour my cellar—hobble, hobble!—
And then wash down good food enough
With not unpleasant sparkling stuff.
When I invite myself, I'm fed.
It's late, however; so off to bed!

(*Goes into house.*)

When 'ZEKIEL *has gone in, the orchestra—or piano—negotiates a short pastoral symphony. Toward the end of this the* ARCHANGEL GABRIEL *enters* R. *and speaks when the music is done.*

GABRIEL (*in a loud voice*).

Get up, you sleepy shepherds there!
Put on your coats. I've something rare
That I must tell you, friends. Come out, be quick!

'ZEKIEL (*inside*).

These bawling bumpkins make me sick!
Waking me up like that, the skunk!

GABRIEL.

Get up, there, 'Zekiel! Come out!

'ZEKIEL (*inside*).

A drunk!

GABRIEL.

Man, your Saviour will be born!

'ZEKIEL (*inside*).

Quick, Wintergreen, get up! My nightshirt's torn.
Besides, you're nervier than me.

GABRIEL.

He's scared to pieces, you can see.

'ZEKIEL (*inside*).

Youngster, are you dead?

WINTERGREEN (*inside*).

Father?

'ZEKIEL (*inside*).

Look and hark:
It's one of 'em, I got no doubts,
The thieves that they've seen hereabouts.
Go down and stir the watchdog up to bark.

GABRIEL.

Your dog could hardly frighten me away. . . .
(*He turns* L. *and raises his hand as if to impose silence on a dog ready to bark, saying in a loud voice:*)
Quiet!
(*After a pause, gently.*)
I am bringing happy tidings.

'ZEKIEL (*inside*).

Stop! These guys with glad confidings
Win you over and fool you, easy as play.
(WINTERGREEN *comes out of the house.*)

GABRIEL.

Come, Wintergreen; you at least,
I hope, will listen to me.

'ZEKIEL (*inside*).

Lad, be brave!
Beat him off and give'm a darn close shave!

WINTERGREEN.

How handsome!
(*Turning toward house.*)
Father, come and feast——

'ZEKIEL (*inside.*)

The hour is late; the shadows thicken,
And make me timid as a chicken.

WINTERGREEN.

Don't be afraid.

'ZEKIEL.

I'll come, then.

WINTERGREEN (*in ecstasy over* GABRIEL).

How he shines,
Like an angel from the sky!

GABRIEL.

My name is Gabriel, and from on high
I come.

WINTERGREEN (*aside*).

Can I believe my eye?

'ZEKIEL (*coming out of house*).

Good looking for a fellow . . . beard, no signs . . .

GABRIEL.

My friends, fear no deception.

WINTERGREEN.

Won't you honour us? Our house and things
Are poor for your reception. . . .

GABRIEL.

No, thank you, child.

'ZEKIEL (*aside*).

He needn't take exception;
Little he'd get! But with those wings
He does seem sort of like a bird.

During the ARCHANGEL'S *speech* HOLLY *noiselessly arrives* R. *and listens immobile;* MARJOLAINE *comes a little afterwards, same side.* GABRIEL *to be* C., 'ZEKIEL *and* WINTERGREEN L., HOLLY *and* MARJOLAINE R. *The five form a semicircle curved to the rear, with* HOLLY *and* 'ZEKIEL *at its ends.*

GABRIEL (*with a great gentleness*).

Give ear.
Adam brought poor humankind to fear
And misery and crime from bliss.
For us to see your constant tears is hard;
Death holds you fast and paradise is barred:
Who'll save you from the dark abyss?

HOLLY *enters.*

'ZEKIEL (*aside*).

It's pleasanter to be in bed.

GABRIEL (*still with gentleness*).

Give ear.
Shouldering your sins, the Son of God will clear
The taint that stained you through and through.
Seeing mankind lost and in this plight,
The Saviour forsakes the skies tonight
And deigns to live as one of you.

Know that He was born within the hour.
A Virgin carried Him, the tender flower
Of her womb, a Virgin white of sin
Before all men; and now the Saviour
Lies in a manger. . . .

MARJOLAINE *enters.*

'ZEKIEL (*aside*).

Makes you thoughtful . . . Lor'!
Really? Not even in an inn?

HOLLY (*joyful*).

Then He is born, the blessed mite!
My nightingale did tell us right;
You heard him, Wintergreen and Marjolaine!
But, Angel, tell us just one thing:
Why has our lovely little King
No palace and no riches for His reign?

GABRIEL.

He comes in this unburdened state
That He may share with you the weight
Of misery. My friends, He will expose
Himself to painful ills and tests.
Between two animals He rests
In a stable, scarcely having swaddling clothes.

MARJOLAINE.

I'd like to sing a lullaby
And fondle Him if He should cry.

WINTERGREEN.

Dear little King, you've reached this age
And haven't even a naughty page?

GABRIEL.

Naked poverty and winter with no fire
Make a prologue to the piteous show.
Growing up, in wisdom He will grow,
And, coming to the cross, still young, expire.
His suffering will not be vain.
Man's salvation is the gain.

WINTERGREEN.

What misery if this must come to be!

MARJOLAINE.

How watery my eyes have grown!

HOLLY (*much moved*).

Why, what you say would bring the tears from stone.

'ZEKIEL (*a little troubled*).

I swan, it's even moving me.

GABRIEL.

He'll die in most unthinkable distress,
But He will not be conquered by the tomb,
But rise in fresh resplendent bloom
To a place of everlasting happiness
That never will be closed to you,

His lowly friends, and His most true.

'ZEKIEL (*recovering himself*).

He sure does talk the smoothest liar hollow!
I got to see a thing before—

HOLLY (*to* 'ZEKIEL).

But he's an angel; by that score
That he's from heaven and tells the truth just follow.
I didn't doubt a word, and think
We're in to all be tickled pink.

WINTERGREEN (*in ecstasy*).

To be with Him! For ever!

GABRIEL.

Go and pay
Your homage. Wise men search their way
Through the night to worship. They are kings.

'ZEKIEL (*impressed*).

Kings?
Now kings is something big, I'll say!

HOLLY.

Yes, real true kings. They're not so far away.
Folks saw three with all their things.

'ZEKIEL.

Honest?

GABRIEL.

What a doubter!

HOLLY.

And a camel
Carries each as nice as you'd wish,
And all three talk a gibberish,
And one is just as black as stove-enamel.

'ZEKIEL (*doubting the truth of this*).

Impossible!

HOLLY.

Oh, 'Zekiel, you're choice!

GABRIEL.

God's countless angels now will voice
Their adulation while they mass and fill
The eastward heaven of Him Triune.

'ZEKIEL (*coldly ironic*).

So long as they perform in tune
I can't object, can I?

GABRIEL.

What, doubting still?
Then hark!

'ZEKIEL.

I'm listening, all right.

Music.

HOLLY (*not yet hearing the music*).

What a heathen! Why, you might
As well address some sort of wooden block.

'ZEKIEL (*disturbed*).

That music . . .

MARJOLAINE.

It's coming near!
They're singing in the sky!

WINTERGREEN.

Father, do you hear?

GABRIEL (*to* 'ZEKIEL, *with a gentle graveness*).

Listen, you poor man that mock!

While the choir sings, HOLLY *and the two young people stand listening;* 'ZEKIEL, *more and more stirred, then moved, finally turns his back and weeps.* GABRIEL *watches his face.*

CHOIR OF INVISIBLE ANGELS.

The Christ is here! The Christ is here!
Oh, Israel, how long you waited!
Welcome the Child with unabated
Gladness and cheer!

Lilies in bud, opening roses,
Soaked with heaven's glistening tears,
Will blossom when the star appears
And Him discloses.

A light illumes the shed forlorn
Where Jesus lies (wondrous His birth!)
Praise Him on high, peace is on the earth;
The Christ is born!

GABRIEL (*to* 'ZEKIEL).

There, let the hot tears flow, for there are some . . .
(*Facing the audience.*)
They'll sing like that till dawn. The time has come,
The time has come when all His creatures fill
With thankfulness and bless their Lord again.
Glory to Him, and peace on earth to men
Of good will.

The music ceases.

HOLLY (*after a silence*).

We're all beside ourselves. Tell me, master,
Will you be going there to greet the Baby?

'ZEKIEL.

I'll go repentant and I'll kiss His feet.

HOLLY.

That's something like!

GABRIEL (*to* HOLLY).

His sins are washed away.
(*To* 'ZEKIEL.)
Go look at Jesus and the Virgin Mary:
Your heart will ever afterwards be softened.
No longer pride yourself in worldly goods.
What will you have the day of judgment? Nothing;
The smallest charity has greater value.
Don't be so close; give alms, and share a meal
With your helpers, though it be a modest one,

Rather than feast alone when no one's looking!

HOLLY (*waggishly*).

Aha, 'Zekiel! That's the time I caught you!

GABRIEL (*to* 'ZEKIEL).

And see these children in their flush of youth,
Bright as the clear light of dawn in May.
Old man, have you no heart? Have you never loved?
You mock their tenderness; and it's disgraceful
That your greedy love of money part them,
These pretty children promised to each other,
Just made to live together happily!

'ZEKIEL.

They'll marry before a justice of the peace,
Even if it costs me half my land!

WINTERGREEN (*transported*).

We're going to be married! Marjolaine,
Remember that voice?

MARJOLAINE (*the same*).

Oh, Wintergreen!

WINTERGREEN.

I dote on you, my dear; you're more to me
Than the mossy nest to the new-hatched chickadee,
Its milk to the lamb, or shade to the harvest-hand;
But I think how God has sent a little Boy,
And I forget my own nigh-crazy joy
For that of all the land.

MARJOLAINE.

I'm glad, so glad, glad, glad! I'll lose my head
The day when music gets me out of bed,
Down playing dance tunes up to me above;
But I think of Jesus, not so far from here,
And feel a something in me, deep and clear,
That's sweeter even than love.

HOLLY (*to* 'ZEKIEL).

You'll ask me to the wedding, eh, I hope?

'ZEKIEL (*gaily*).

Of course, old cut-up!

HOLLY.

What a pair they'll make!
They're young and handsome, fresh—a joy to see!

'ZEKIEL.

Yes; but don't lose time talking of the wedding.
Quick, let's go see Jesus.

HOLLY (*to the audience*).

Him rushing us!

GABRIEL.

On to Bethlehem; seek out the stable
That burns with all-illuminating light:
There you'll see the Child and Mother. Go.

HOLLY.

But wouldn't it be better first to wash?
I smell too much of garlic to be nice;
I ate a little this past day or two.
Besides, we're sloppy as a pair of pigs.

'ZEKIEL.

That's so. Suppose we put on Sunday clothes?

HOLLY.

And change to white shirts while we're at it—
Just till tomorrow.

'ZEKIEL.

That's right, your things
Do smell of curdled milk and mutton grease.

GABRIEL.

Don't tarry, friends, but go just as you are:
No need to bother wearing Sunday-best,
You, beloved of the Master Jesus Christ.
"Blessed," He will say, "are the poor in spirit,
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven!"
Oh, shepherds, what a night! The air is sweet.
The hymning of the angel choir resounds:

Go, joyous-hearted, to see this little God.

'ZEKIEL.

You'll let me take Him something, won't you, now?
A bottle or two of rosy, bubbling wine,
Some little loaves of bread, a cheese, some fruit . . .
We can't speak fine like folks with learning,
But can give presents.

MARJOLAINE.

I've two turtle doves,
Your first gift, Wintergreen; I knew by them
How much you thought of me. You'll understand:
I'd like to give them to that tiny dear.

WINTERGREEN.

I'd thought of offering a little lamb;
Jesus, if you'd like it, have the gentle beast.

HOLLY.

And what from me? Nothing—all I have.
Yet, if the Baby cries, seeing me He'll laugh;
I'll skip and caper round in front of Him
And play a serenade that's sort of nice.

GABRIEL.

All right; take Jesus all your pretty things:
When you come back you'll have fat meadowlands,
Abundant lambs and wool and flowing milk;
Later, paradise will be your heritage.
Get ready quick and walk at a good pace.
I'm going to the village, so good-bye.
Hold the memory of your friend in heart;
He let you glimpse the kingdom of the sky.
Don't answer; I can read it in your eye.
Let me silently depart.

Music.

The PEASANTS *bow in respect before the* ARCHANGEL, *who goes out slowly* R. HOLLY *does not speak until the music has completely died away.*

HOLLY.

I'm dazzled, carried off my feet!

'ZEKIEL.

Let's call the neighbours. How they'll vie to come!

HOLLY.

I'd like to mention something.

'ZEKIEL.

What, old boy?

HOLLY.

An altogether serious thing.
When we'll have seen the Little One,
We'll all come back with appetites;
I hear my stomach crying out already!

'ZEKIEL.

Don't worry, Holly; come and sup with me.

HOLLY (*aside*).

How the master's changed!

'ZEKIEL.

Wise nose I've got,
To set the tripe a-simmering in its pot;
It'll just be done by dawn. Till then there'll boil
The mellowing stew in garlic, wine and oil.
No frost has touched my garden, and it thrives;
When I get back I'll pick some cress and chives
To make an aromatic omelette.
We want good bellyfuls. I won't forget
To warm the pudding; then we'll be all set.

HOLLY.

Providing we can wet
It down with rosy wine,
Tripe, stew, omelette and pudding will be fine.
Hooray for victual-stowing!
(*Looking at* MARJOLAINE.)
But, before we get a-going,
Pretty-heart, won't you sing us just a line?

WINTERGREEN.

I'd like it lots.

HOLLY.

Go to it, girl, I dare ye!

MARJOLAINE.

What, me sing! Right now?

'ZEKIEL.

Come, you sure know how!

HOLLY.

We'll join the chorus.

MARJOLAINE (*pointing to the audience*).

All those people scare me.

HOLLY.

Don't be afraid; they're nice, you see.

MARJOLAINE.

Ladies and gentlemen, please be kind to me.

Music. MARJOLAINE *goes toward the audience to sing; the men join her in the refrain.*

SONG

Jesus just came hither:
Let us hasten thither,
Where we all may own Him our gracious King,
God has given power.
Joy has come to flower;
On the earth they dance, in the sky they sing.

ALL. Noël! Noël!
They sing and dance, for all is well.
Noël! Noël!

Let us go and carry
Tenderly to Mary
Violins and oboes and flutes of reed,
Making music sweetly;

Captivate her featly,
While the robins carol in every mead.

ALL. Noël! etc.

In the glowing stable,
Swift as they are able,
Thrushes swing and soar, finches dart along
All about the Saviour;
Blithesome their behaviour,
Knowing they delight Him they give their song.

ALL. Noël! etc.

Ah, I'm just a sheep-girl,
Working-for-my-keep girl,
But I'd like to give Him that's newly come
Just a shirt to warm Him,
Then a toy to charm Him,
Like my wooden rabbit that beats a drum.

ALL. Noël! etc.

Jesus just came hither:
Let us hasten thither,
Where we all may own Him our gracious King,
God has given power.
Joy has come to flower;
On the earth they dance, in the sky they sing.

ALL. Noël! Noël!
They sing and dance, for all is well.
Noël! Noël!
Quick curtain.

THE THREE MAGI

Designed and made by Paul McPharlin

III: THE STAR OF THE MAGI.

A barren place near Bethlehem. A splendid night; the moon is L. *on the backdrop. At rise of curtain two of the* WISE KINGS *stand front, the* CHALDEAN L., *the* INDIAN R. *The* AFRICAN KING *is at the back. All three are turned to the rear of the stage, looking at a point high up* R. *in the sky. Music precedes the rise of curtain. When it ceases, the* AFRICAN KING *goes off* L. *and the others withdraw their eyes from the sky.*

INDIAN KING (*facing front*).

Disappeared, alas!

CHALDEAN KING (*same business*).

And vanished, woe!

INDIAN KING.

Dazzled by the ray that fell to show
The long way hither from the orient,
I prayed in joy and followed where it went,
Longing to see the Saviour new-born;
Now it's gone, I doubt, and I'm forlorn. . . .
The great round moon, exploded from its frond,
Floats, a lotus on a heaven-blue pond,
Where innumerable star-points spark and quiver
And make the whole air luminous. . . . I shiver;
There is a void; the shadow strikes me cold. . . .
It came when I was weeping, and consoled.

CHALDEAN KING.

Disappeared, alas!

INDIAN KING.

And vanished, woe!

CHALDEAN KING.

And who would not have been delighted so
By the pure splendour and the loving smile
Of the virgin-star disclosed tonight a while?
It warmed my heart with its eternal grace;
I felt it, and my soul met face to face
A heavenly sister. . . . At times I thought
I really heard its voice; I strained and caught

A glimpse of features beaming tenderness;
And like a far-off, delicate caress,
A sigh that might have touched a flower face
Passed over mine, tear-wet, and left its trace.

INDIAN KING (*turning to* CHALDEAN KING).

For one half-mad with hope for a holy thing,
Oh, brother, there is no such suffering
As that which comes from disappointment's shock.

CHALDEAN KING (*turning to* INDIAN KING).

You, no doubt, as I, far from making mock,
Waited long for this, at agonizing cost,
The guide of shining mien that we have lost.

INDIAN KING.

Long . . . I read in a secret text of mine
That when this star would pierce the sky and shine
A God would come to live with men.

CHALDEAN KING.

I too,
Brother, cherished hope as fond as did you;
But cruel doubt assailed me times untold.
You suffered likewise?

INDIAN KING.

I felt myself grow old;
How little hope I had God only knew;
When suddenly the Star, revealed to few,
Flamed up in that pale sky with its behest,
"Come, drop your work and journey to the west!"

CHALDEAN KING.

Poignant remembrance! How my spirit cried!

INDIAN KING.

We came together, following the guide
Miraculously ours. Last rise of sun
We thought, before another day was done
We should have reached our mystic destination.
We both experienced deep exultation,

Watching over our sleeping caravans;
At sundown, as a shipwrecked traveller scans
The blank sky-rim, we scrutinized its heights;
Until: Strike tents! strike tents! the Star relights!

CHALDEAN KING.

Alas! And after burning lightning-clear,
Flash! its rays draw in and disappear
And only blue remains.

INDIAN KING.

And dark confusion.

CHALDEAN KING.

Are we the victims of illusion?

INDIAN KING.

Or were we dreaming? Did we ever see?

CHALDEAN KING.

Ah! I only know that it was dear to me. . . .

Coming from R. *back, the* AFRICAN KING *advances toward the other two. He stays between them, a little to the rear.*

AFRICAN KING.

Exalted kings, if it be not untoward,
Suffer me to speak to you.

INDIAN KING.

My lord,
Your attentive brothers!

CHALDEAN KING.

These four days
We liked you near, following the trail we blaze.
Although you hesitated speaking, please,
Having broken silence, be at ease;
Consider us your brothers.

AFRICAN KING.

Now the weight
Is less; thank you. You are good and great;
Accept me, forward as perhaps I am,
As a slave and brother, I, the son of Cham.

While you were doubting, given to fret and frown,
My steadfast hope would not be beaten down;
Yet, noble kings, I bear the indelible trace
Of Noah's malediction on my face.
(*Having spoken, he lowers his head.*)

INDIAN KING.

Brother, He in whom you have belief
Will change hard Law; His Grace will temper grief.
Justice even now despises slavery;
No people, even tribes in savagery,
No, not a human being that is not God's.

CHALDEAN KING.

Speak freely, then. While time slow-footed plods,
You will charm the period of our wait
While camping here again, for it is late.

AFRICAN KING.

My brothers, I have read few books; the skies,
Whose tongue I do not know, are to my eyes
A realm where mysteries abide.
When I set out to see the heavenly Child,
The marvellous Star that lit your way and smiled
Did not appear to be my guide.

From monstrous Africa I set my course:
There have I seen man kill man without remorse,
Multitudinous tribes made slave,
Black gods, the shapeless work of hands that fear,
Lakes thick with blood, seas flooding tear by tear,
And life less welcome than the grave.

But sometimes, after toil with spade and lance,
My poor dark brothers, mad with love, would dance
Before their miserable huts.
They danced like children, lithe, but dafter,

Their black eyes gleaming, their silver laughter
  Mixed with the gold of rich sackbuts.

One night I said to the Unknown Master, "Please,
Think of us," and long I pressed my knees
  To the rock in my solitude,
Praying fervently, although my lips were still,
That all the earth might, by the heavenly Will,
  Evermore be love-imbued.

A voice cried, bidding, "Journey to the east!
There in the manger of a humble beast
  You will see the Saviour laid."
With men and animals in joy I came,
Traversed the trackless desert's road of flame,
  And dreamed of springs and grateful shade.

At last, the oasis! Lush and cool, each palm,
Full of wild doves' crooning, in the calm
  Bore up its feathery sheaf;
While, from time to time, a long neck rose
And some giraffe with delicate prying nose
  Nibbled at a tender leaf.

The desert crossed, I reached the land of rain;
I saw the fields with sprouting shoots of grain,
  The vineyards, and I thanked my Sender.
Invoking Him who guided me thus far,
I waited. Darkness came, and then the Star
  Appeared in all its splendour.

It showed the way to where our parties met.
We should rejoice, our cheeks should trickle wet
  With a flow of grateful tears. . . .

Brothers, oh, why doubt because it ceased to shine?
Does the disappearance of the gleaming sign
Excuse your querulous fears?

He whose hand primordially set
Within the sky dome's arch of seamless jet
Aldebaran and Betelgeuse,
God, by whom your dazzling Star was sent,
May also take it from the firmament,
May He not, if He but choose?

Cannot, oh, kings, the Omnipotent provide
Another sign?

INDIAN KING.

Alas, we loved our guide!

CHALDEAN KING.

Never again to see the Star!

AFRICAN KING.

But in His bounty He will give it back
If we submit to Him and have no lack
Of heart to show how true we are.

INDIAN KING.

You think so?

AFRICAN KING.

Let us pray. He will relight
The beacon that He kindled clear and bright
To guide us through the silent night.
It will not be much longer you must wait,
I swear, before you see it scintillate
Where Jesus holds His shining state.

CHALDEAN KING.

Thanks! You strengthen faltering faith in us.

AFRICAN KING.

The Lord, it seems, has wished to try us thus.
Fortified by hope, we know that He

Will give us means of quick delivery.

INDIAN KING.

The visible design on us He had
Perhaps made big our pride, and that was bad;
This punishment was meted to us then.
Alas! what are we? Only three poor men.
Father, if Thy Son must bleed upon the cross,
Mankind, not we alone, will gain by the loss!

CHALDEAN KING.

And then, perhaps, for man is prone to stray
And the divine Workman modelled us in clay,
The love the gladdening virgin-star aroused
In hearts where expectation had been housed
Burned much too hotly, even in purity . . .
I at least offended.

INDIAN KING.

May we be
Pardoned by the All-Pitying!

AFRICAN KING.

We should
Go to pray in silence.

INDIAN KING.

Come, prayer is good.

Music; slowly the KINGS *go out* L. *rear separately.* HOLLY *enters* R. *after their departure, just as the music stops. He stays* R., *advancing to the footlights.*

HOLLY.

It's me, Holly, the funny old guy.
I've almost finished with my part;
And I'd have been right sorry, now,
To leave without a final word,
Because they say my voice is sharp
As gooseberries. But that black king!
He's a one that ought to know
Fine ballads. And I'm going to see him!

They say he wears a sort of mask
All over what there's underneath.
Well, so much for that. Strange kings!
I'll treat myself to quite a sight
Because it seems all three of 'em
Is garnished up like images;
By thyme and garlic stew! sure thing,
He must be the blackamoor king. . . .
I lagged behind the rest and said
I'd munch my crust and drink a bit,
For us old folks goes better full
Than empty. What I really wanted
Was to get a glimpse of things myself.
You see, it's this way: so much noise
Is raised about 'em in these parts
That even the deaf is set aghast.
Guess what I saw there in the plain
When I got there all out of breath!
Some pretty bits of animals:
There was camels just like—camels,
And asses striped from head to tail,
And things that had a fishy look:
A sort of goose that stood so tall
It overlooked me; and big sheep
With great long necks on great long legs
That might have teased high apples down
Even from tree-tops; then, what's more,
A living mountain with a nose
That swung and wiggled like an eel. . . .
That's strange enough for you, I guess!
Just let me see the kings then, too,
And I'll have stuff for stories
As big as any going round
To exercise my jaw all winter. . . .

At the rear L. *enter the* AFRICAN KING, *meditative, head lowered; he goes toward front* L. *without seeing* HOLLY. *A little later, coming from the same direction, the other kings enter separately, absorbed in reverie.* HOLLY, *seeing the* AFRICAN KING, *starts.*

Jimminy! that seems to be
The one that's black . . . .
(*Looks at him with deep interest.*)
It's really so:
He's browner than a hazel nut;
The only white's the white of his eyes.

He sees the other two come in; they advance not quite to the footlights. From L. *to* R. *the order is:* AFRICAN KING, CHALDEAN KING, INDIAN KING, HOLLY, *the first and fourth near the footlights, the others further back.*

Ah, here the other gentlemen come.
(*Looking at* INDIAN KING.
The yellow one has ear-rings on!
Such splendour and magnificence
Takes your breath away. What sparklers!
(*Softly sings.*)
"Let's put on our Sunday clothes,"
Goes the song. Fine plush and satin,
Feathers, shinery-finery,
Lots of stones to deck their hats with,
Gold all over: I'm on to that!
It doesn't matter—trumpery . . .
And yet, you know, I like the black one.

AFRICAN KING.

Father, what would you?

HOLLY (*aside*).

Charming when he talks.
(*Aloud.*)
My name is Holly, Sir; at your service.

I don't want anything. Our folks walked on;
I've got to catch up. Excuse me if I run,
But they're expecting me at the stable
With the Child.

CHALDEAN KING (*much moved*).

The Child?

HOLLY.

How will I be able
To make you understand?

INDIAN KING (*same business*).

Speak, father; tarry.

HOLLY.

The Child that was born of a Virgin.

CHALDEAN KING.

Mary,
Oh, virgin immaculate and undefiled,
Then you have given your Lord God a child!

HOLLY.

Yes, and in a place that's nothing but a shed.
He came from heaven—the truth, or strike me dead!
An angel carried us the news, you see,
But I foretold it.

INDIAN KING.

Earth kneels to Thee,
Gentle Lord. . . .

AFRICAN KING.

Dear Christ!

HOLLY.

The rest is in a book.
If your hearts say Yes, follow me; for look,
Bethlehem is not so far from here;
Besides, our country's cold this time of year;
You might catch a chill.

INDIAN KING (*to* AFRICAN KING).

Brother, what say you?

CHALDEAN KING (*to* AFRICAN KING).

Shall we go with him?

AFRICAN KING.

No, for if we do,
It will be a breach of faith, will it not?
The Star will shine.

HOLLY.

Are you coming, or what?

INDIAN KING.

Good father, we shall meet you by and by.

HOLLY.

Will you take a swallow? My tongue is dry.

AFRICAN KING (*gently*).

No; leave us to pray.

HOLLY (*aside*).

I think they're sort of cracked.
(*Aloud.*)
If you pass our place, Holly knows how to act:
Just the same, drop in; we'll share a drink.
Good night, gentlemen! (*The* KINGS *bow. He goes. Music.*)

INDIAN KING (*after a silence*).

What joy is on the brink
Of realization for the poor!
Tonight the pauper is the king, for sure.
It is fitting that the Child be honoured first
By the good and simple, though the Magi thirst
To see Him. Oh, the wisdom of the Lord
That He, before we come, should be adored
By shepherds, who may know how very sweet
It is to kneel and kiss the Master's feet!
Praise to Thee, just God, and when our turn is due,
May Thy Son of love be given us to view! (*The music ceases.*)

AFRICAN KING.

How charmingly bright the manger crib will be!
But aren't you afraid—it bothers me—

That my black countenance will scare the Child
And make Him cry?

INDIAN KING (*with a kind smile*).

My heart would be beguiled
By no such notion, friend.

CHALDEAN KING.

If anything,
Now that His happy mother holds Him, bring
Tears to the eyes that love is mirrored in,
It will be the blackness of ancient sin. . . .

Music. A shadow covers the moon.

INDIAN KING.

Whence comes that murmuring?

AFRICAN KING.

The moon is shrouded!

INDIAN KING.

How dark it is!

CHALDEAN KING.

My heart is quaking.

INDIAN KING.

Clouded
We stand and wait. Dear Star, will you come out?

CHALDEAN KING.

Come, our eyes are raised to yours; no shred of doubt
Remains in us; come, dazzle us, appear!

INDIAN KING.

Our faith, you must have seen, burns strong and clear;
Unfold, bright flower!

AFRICAN KING.

Show yourself again,
And let your heavenly voice be heard by men
In all its sweetness!

Music. Presently the STAR *appears, very large, high and to the* R. *in the sky. It is five-pointed, and has an indistinct woman's face. At the first note of music, the* KINGS *turn to the rear.*

INDIAN KING.

Ah, it's she!

CHALDEAN KING.

It's she!

INDIAN KING.

The beauty of her timeless face shines free
As if her silver veil the first time fell
From the virgin's features.

AFRICAN KING.

Oh, what tongue can tell
Your voice's clear intoxicating thrill,
Pure happy thing!

INDIAN KING.

What melody!

CHALDEAN KING.

Be still.

THE STAR (*singing*).

Oh, hail, kings, oh, hail!
The Lord did not fail,
Sending you a star and its love to guide you
As with human hands.
Through tortuous lands
Passed your road, my kings, with this love to tide you.

Oh, hail, kings, oh, hail!
God wished to entail
Heavy trial on you for your trueness' showing;
Praise be to the Lord!
Soon you'll journey toward
Great Love at its source, richly overflowing.

INDIAN KING.

Deign, O maid, to speak and tell us more!
Is it sight of the heavenly Child we have in store?
Embodied in this soft harmonious play,
Your voice perfumes the soul. Sing, blessed ray!

THE STAR.

I shall turn your face
Toward the sacred place,
Toward the Child's first house in a lowly stable
Where He lies in straw.
But, ere I withdraw,
You will see my finger showing its gable.

CHALDEAN KING.

But, celestial sister that I adore,
You will vanish then forevermore,
Your duties done and all your charges met.
What shall we do without you? Not forget!

THE STAR.

Oh, hail, kings, oh, hail!
God's grace will avail
Paradise's mansions for you to turn to;
There I'll scintillate.
Heaven will swing its gate
Wide to you, restoring the Star you yearn to.

CHALDEAN KING.

How wonderful the knowledge you impart!

INDIAN KING.

The vow I kept within my inmost heart
God grant come true, then!

AFRICAN KING (*facing front*).

Glory to Thee,
Eternal glory to Thee we cannot see,
So many angels veil Thy face. (*Music ceases.*)

INDIAN KING.

Dear friends,
Let us delay no longer: the long night ends;
The fields still sleep, but dawn will wake the lea.

AFRICAN KING.

Yes, let us go.

THE CARAVAN

Marionette Fellowship production

CHALDEAN KING (*looking at the* STAR).

Guide us, maid, in mystery!

AFRICAN KING (*turns* L., *calling offstage in a loud, joyful voice*).

Up, companions, up! Ho, brothers, rise!
No more sleep. With joyous hearts in worthy wise
March on! Come, give your animals a goad;
See the gifts are ready in each load;
Let's start: the end is near. With reed and strings,
You music makers, joy of the ancient kings,
Whilst our camels, slow with gems untold,
And heavy elephants heavier under gold,
Proceed along the carpet of the plains,
Mark the rhythm with barbaric strains!

Music. A procession of camels, elephants, giraffes, ostriches, etc., passes across the stage.

Curtain.

IV: THE ADORATION.

The manger is resplendent with light. In the middle of the scene, raised a little, sits the VIRGIN MARY *holding* JESUS *asleep in her arms.* ST. JOSEPH, *standing beside her, gazes at the new-born* CHILD. *The* ASS *and the* OX *are at the* R. *and* L. *of the group formed by* JOSEPH *and* MARY. *At the* VIRGIN'S *feet are the splendid offerings of the kings and the rustic gifts of the shepherds. Downstage* L. *the* MAGI; R. WINTERGREEN *and* MARJOLAINE, HOLLY *and* 'ZEKIEL. *All gaze at the Holy Family. The two young people are on their knees. Music at rise of curtain.*

THE VIRGIN MARY (*singing*).

Jesus, my dear heart, sleep a dreamless sleep;
Do not make your worrisome mother weep;
Sleep within my arms till the night is spent,
Sleep, poor innocent.

Since we have no fire for this cold December,
Not so much as even a glowing ember,

Nor a cradle warm and all softly furred,
Slumber like a bird.

WINTERGREEN *and* MARJOLAINE *rise and go toward the* VIRGIN.

MARJOLAINE (*holding spring flowers* *).

Oh, Virgin, wonderfully fair,
I don't know anything to say.
I could have kept on kneeling till break of day,
But speak to you!—I hardly dare.

Ah! Lady, now I see you're good;
Your glance at me is not severe;
Don't refuse the first flowers of the year
Just freshly opened in our wood.
(*Puts the flowers at the* VIRGIN'S *feet.*)
And do you see my turtle doves?
I've nothing I more highly prize.
Accept them too: I read it in your eyes,
They'll find another heart that loves.

WINTERGREEN (*holding an almond branch in flower*).

There's home-made bread you'll hanker for,
The finest vintage we put by,
Apples and nuts: I'm sorry, Queen of the sky:
At this season there is no more.

The lamb I brought you, always fed
Out of my hand every day;
I sort of stroked it all along the way;
Poor little thing! its mother's dead.

Accept my yeanling lambkin now;
Jesus will like its wool to touch,
And don't refuse, O Mary we love so much,
This flowering almond bough. (*Places it at the* VIRGIN'S *feet.*)

* Save for the spring flowers and almond branch that Marjolaine and Wintergreen hold, all the presents are already placed before the Virgin. As they mention them, the kings and shepherds point to them.

THE VIRGIN MARY (*singing*).

Jesus, my loved one, ah, what charming treasure!
Fruit and pretty flowers, all for your pleasure,
Heaven's gentle birds, a lamb white as snow,
Set out in a row.

God's own little bird so serenely nesting,
Tender rosy flower so sweetly resting,
You will see your friends and, after a while,
Raise your arms and smile.

ST. JOSEPH.

Good young folks, we're touched, and thank you each;
Your hearts have spoken—more than just a speech.
When He wakes up the Child will feel it too,
And smile a smile to give His thanks to you.

The MAGI *advance one by one to address* JOSEPH *and* MARY.

INDIAN KING.

Sanctified old man, and you, pure tender mind,
Blessed woman of all womankind,
To be a mother for your God!
Not without humility and fear
Have we, the Magi, worshipping come here,
As lowly as the ground we trod.
(*Designating* WINTERGREEN *and* MARJOLAINE.)
I admire these children, envy them their gifts,
And feel my dragging words are but makeshifts
When grace gave theirs such dowers.
Alas! great wealth attends upon a king;
But could I ever find an offering
More delicate than those flowers?

A king, I said? Is not the only King
Here born to you, sweet Virgin mild, to bring
His rule upon the earth at last?
He, the light of justice toward Whom men grope,

He, the gleaming Prince in Whom the world puts hope,
Jesus, monarch unsurpassed.

When judgment day will raise or cast us down,
In paradise will Jesus wear His crown
Too dazzling for an angel's eye to see.
And that's the reason I, of little worth,
Wished to give the jewels of the earth
To show His mystic royalty.

ST. JOSEPH.

Oh, Sir, I can't believe my eyes or ears;
I've never seen such riches all my years.
It's for the Child?

INDIAN KING.

Yes, father.

ST. JOSEPH.

All of you
Are welcome. King!—What shall I say or do?

CHALDEAN KING.

Oh, upright man, and Virgin sweet and still,
The clean and precious ark it was God's Will
Thrice sanctified to make,
Forgive me if I end your happiness
And speak of death and pitiful distress,
And cause your burdened heart to break.

I try to drive the fantasy away,
But there the dark and bloody sight will stay:
I see our King in anguish toss;
His crown is barbed and red; His face is pale,
And long He hears His mother's dolorous wail
As she weeps beneath the cross. . . .

THE VIRGIN MARY (*singing*).

Jesus, Jesus mine, lambkin sweet and tender,
Is there none on earth to be your defender?

I am stabbed as with a fiery sword,
Jesus mine, my Lord!

CHALDEAN KING.

Alas! and since His death is man's salvation,
Sinners that we are, spare your condemnation
Of those for whom your Son must die!
Have pity on us! Grace, in our mothers' name!
Sometimes smile on us; moderate your blame,
For your tears at length must dry.

And when the Son of Man has drained His cup,
You, His mother, will shroud His body up
And kiss the wounds that sorely bled:
And that is why with weeping heart I bring,
O Mary, so funereal a thing
As myrrh, the perfume of the dead.

THE VIRGIN MARY (*singing*).

And if you must die for the earth sin-ridden,
Let the dreadful thing now at least be hidden!
Do not even dream that you'll come to harm;
Sleep upon my arm.

AFRICAN KING.

Man dear to the Lord, and Mother I admire,
The Christ has donned our flesh of pain and fire,
But He will reign from judgment day.
Who comes upon the clouds? Whence falls this light?
From Him. I see the naked souls in fright
Shake beneath the piercing ray.

Alas! our sins are but too manifest,
And you alone can grant the wicked rest,
You, purer than the crystal rill!
Sweet go-between to heaven, be our friend;
Intercede for us: what mother cannot bend
Her son to do her loving will?

Soften Him who holds our lot in fee;
Despite the blood to run at Calvary,
Salvation is not wholly sure.
Star of the sea, gleam out, divinely bright;
The abyss yawns deep; have pity on our plight,
Oh, morning Star, sublime and pure!

Unlock the portal to eternity,
Be tender to us, and be motherly
Even to those that earn the rod.
Rose of paradise, mysterious and sweet,
I tremble as I place at your Son's feet
The incense that we owe to God.

ST. JOSEPH.

Poor Child! Poor men! Lord, I am full of care.
Suppliants we are whose only hope is prayer,
All suppliants, the kings and saints as well.
Great Master, what Thy plans are none can tell;
We bow before this Wisdom, and no other
Than brought forth Jesus from a virgin mother.
Poor Child! Poor mother! Sorrow, grief on grief!
But paradise will give her tears relief,
And with her Son, her days will all be spent
In endless joy.

(*To the* KINGS.)

And you that God has sent
Did honour to this poor and humble place.
Your gifts and words are worthy of God's face.

Music.

CHOIR OF INVISIBLE ANGELS.

Sweet Mary, give ear: hear the angels' praises!
The shadows all about you bear
Eyes that feast on a sight so fair,
Mouths that cry and stammer wondering phrases.

JOSEPH, MARY AND THE CHRIST CHILD

Designed and made by Paul McPharlin

ST. JOSEPH.

Ah, what a marvellous song!

INDIAN KING.

We only feel
That round about celestial Spirits kneel.

CHALDEAN KING.

Their censers, fuming subtly, wrap and fill
The admirable mother's heart.

AFRICAN KING (*very softly*).

Be still!

CHOIR.

Opening your tomb, they'll discover there
Only whitest roses, pure Mary;
Our arms will take you up and carry
You to paradise so bright and fair.

(*The* KINGS *and* SHEPHERDS *kneel.*)

THE VIRGIN MARY (*singing*).

Sleep, my little love, in your rags so sorry.
Some day, taken up to celestial glory,
Your mother, oh, Son, will sit by your side;
Her tears will be dried.

CHOIR.

Jesus, sweetly sleep in your rags so sorry;
Hidden, we sing a lullaby.
Soft we murmur as round we fly;
Slumber peacefully, little King of Glory!

The song done, the music continues.

Slow curtain.

THEATRE IMPERIAL

Léopold Leloup, proprietor, No. 32 Rue Roture, Liège, in 1902.
From a sketch by Armand Henrion

THE DEATH OF TINTAGILES

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

* NOTE: Maeterlinck inscribed this play to A. F. Lugné-Poë. It appeared with *Alladine and Palomides* and *Interior* in 1894 under the title of *Three Little Dramas for Marionettes*. His first play too, *Princess Maleine*, in the original edition of 1889, he called a marionette play. People could not believe that he was in earnest. But he had seen the actors of his own Belgium and of Paris; and he had seen the marionettes that then delighted the people of his country. (Rodolphe de Warsage lists fifty-four little theatres for them in and about Liège in January 1902. In 1926, Paul Jeanne said only one regular one survived.) These Walloon marionettes were of two sorts: tall ones of knights, Charlemagnes, Rolands and Moors, helmeted, plumed and glittering; and shorter ones of peasants with jolly, caricatured faces. Both sorts were animated with only a heavy wire that hinged into a loop at the top of their wooden heads. By swinging and jerking this wire from above, the arms and legs of the marionette could be set in motion, and while the action was of course broad, it was splendid for the knightly hand-to-hand combats and the antics of the peasants.

In a preface to a later edition of his plays Maeterlinck reaffirmed his idea of the actors he wanted for them. "They really were not written for ordinary actors," he said. In his statement about marionettes he hadn't the slightest desire to be ironical, nor was he trying to belittle himself. "I sincerely believed and I still believe," he went on, "that the

* Permission to perform this new translation by Paul McPharlin must be obtained from the author or his agents.

poetic dies when living beings are put into it." With Charles Lamb he thinks that Lear, Hamlet, Othello and other great figures lose too much majesty when presented on the stage. "And for these reasons," he sums up, "I've destined my little dramas for those beings indulgent to the poetic, which in lack of a better name, I call Marionettes."

The Death of Tintagiles has been performed at the Munich Artists' Marionette Theatre and by the marionettes of the Cleveland Play House.

In presenting the play, one of little visible action, the sounds must be very carefully produced. The voices of Tintagiles, Ygraine, Bellangère and Aglovale should be contrasted in quality and pitch; two puppeteers might take all the parts, but they must succeed in this differentiation. The recitation of the speeches, needless to say, must be musical and without monotony. The sounds of Aglovale's shattered sword tinkling down the steps, and of Ygraine's broken pottery lamp, must be distinctly metallic and pottery-like, but tempered down to the proportions of the marionettes. It must be suggested that the steel falls on stone, the earthenware smashes against iron. The effect of distance in the troubled murmurs of the sleepers, in Tintagiles' cry as he is being taken away, and of the muffling of a heavy door when he speaks from its other side, can be made very effective.

The play is vaguely Gothic. Costumes and architecture need not be too exactly copied from a period; but they must be nothing but Gothic. There is no daylight in the play. At first the moon, then lamps and torches, next the uncanny brightness beyond the open door, and finally darkness. The effect will be sombre and dim; yet the figures must be distinctly enough seen. Their motion is almost all very restrained. If string-marionettes are used, care must be taken that they do not sway in their long, rapt inertia. Aglovale's sword is put into his hand before the curtain rises on Act III. He stands behind the opening door and thrusts it through the crack at the hinges, where it is wedged and snapped. The servants of the queen are all dressed alike, perhaps in black. The door at

which they pass in and out may be so tall that its top is not seen, and so their strings may go through with them. It will be dramatic if the hair of Tintagiles' sisters is at first hidden under headdresses, and then shown all dishevelled gold. This may make two marionettes for each character necessary.

A KNIGHT OF CHARLEMAGNE AND A MOOR

Flemish marionettes controlled by one rod. After illustrations in Warsage: Histoire du Théâtre Liégeois de Marionnettes

CHARACTERS:

TINTAGILES.

YGRAINE
BELLANGÈRE } *sisters of* TINTAGILES.

AGLOVALE.

THREE SERVANTS OF THE QUEEN.

SCENES

ACT I. At the summit of a hill that overlooks the castle.

ACT II. An apartment in the castle.

ACT III. The same apartment.

ACT IV. A corridor before the apartment of the preceding act.

ACT V. A great iron door under very gloomy vaulting.

THE DEATH OF TINTAGILES

ACT I: SUMMIT OF A HILL OVERLOOKING THE CASTLE.

Enter YGRAINE *holding* TINTAGILES *by the hand.*

YGRAINE. Your first night will be a bad one, Tintagiles. The sea roars about us already; and the trees are moaning. It's late. The moon is about to set behind the poplars that smother the palace. . . . Here we're alone, but we must be on the lookout. They watch, it seems, against the coming of the littlest bit of happiness. I told myself once, in the depths of my soul—and God himself could hardly hear—once I told myself that I was going to be happy. . . . I wanted nothing more; and a short time after, our old father died and our two brothers disappeared without a human being to tell us where they were. I'm here all alone, with my poor sister and you, my little Tintagiles; and I cannot trust what's to come. . . . Come here; sit on my lap. Kiss me first; and put your little arms—there!—right around my neck. . . . I'm sure they won't be able to unfasten them. . . . Do you remember when I used to carry you evenings, when the time came; and when you were afraid of the shadows of my lamp in the long corridors without a single window? I felt my soul tremble on my lips when I saw you all of a sudden this morning. . . . I thought you were so far away and so well hidden from harm. . . . Who brought you here?

TINTAGILES. I don't know, little sister.

YGRAINE. You don't remember what was said?

TINTAGILES. They said I had to leave.

YGRAINE. But why did you have to leave?

TINTAGILES. Because the queen willed it.

YGRAINE. They didn't say why she did? Of course they must have said lots of things. . . .

TINTAGILES. Little sister, I didn't hear any.

YGRAINE. When they talked together by themselves what did they say?

TINTAGILES. Little sister, they talked in low voices.

YGRAINE. All the time?

TINTAGILES. All the time, sister Ygraine; except when they looked at me.

YGRAINE. They didn't talk about the queen?

TINTAGILES. They said, sister Ygraine, that nobody saw her.

YGRAINE. And didn't those who were with you on the bridge of the ship say anything?

TINTAGILES. They were busy only with the wind and the sails, sister Ygraine.

YGRAINE. Ah! . . . That's not surprising, my child. . . .

TINTAGILES. They left me all alone, little sister.

YGRAINE. Listen, Tintagiles, I'm going to tell you what I know. . . .

TINTAGILES. What do you know, sister Ygraine?

YGRAINE. Very little, my child. . . . My sister and I have dragged out our existence here, ever since we were born, without daring to understand at all what goes on. I've lived like blind a long time on this island; and everything seemed natural to me. I saw nothing happen but the flight of a bird, the trembling of a leaf, the opening of a rose. Such silence reigned that a ripe fruit that fell in the park brought faces to the windows. . . . And no one seemed to suspect anything . . . but one night I learned that there must be something else. . . . I wanted to run away but I couldn't. . . . Have you understood what I was saying?

TINTAGILES. Yes, yes, little sister, I understand everything you want.

YGRAINE. Then let's not talk any more about what isn't known. . . . Do you see there, behind the dead trees that taint the horizon, the castle at the bottom of the valley?

TINTAGILES. The one that's so black, sister Ygraine?

YGRAINE. It *is* black. It's in the very depths of a circle of gloomy things. We'll have to live there. They could have built it at the summit of the big mountains that surround it. The mountains are blue in the day. . . . We could have breathed. We could have seen the sea and the plains on the other side of the rock. . . . But they preferred to put it at the bottom of the valley; even the air doesn't go down so low. . . . It's falling into ruins, and no one takes care of it. . . . The walls are crumbling; you'd say it was melting into the shadows. . . . There's only one tower that time isn't attacking. . . . It's enormous; and the house doesn't come out of its shadow. . . .

TINTAGILES. They're lighting something, sister Ygraine. . . . See, see, the big red windows? . . .

YGRAINE. They're those of the tower, Tintagiles; they're the only ones where you'll see light, and that's where the queen's throne is.

TINTAGILES. Won't I see the queen?

YGRAINE. Nobody can see her.

TINTAGILES. Why can't you see her?

YGRAINE. Hug closer, Tintagiles. . . . Not even a bird or a blade of grass must hear us. . . .

TINTAGILES. There isn't any grass, little sister. . . . (*A silence.*) What does the queen do?

YGRAINE. No one knows, my child. She doesn't show herself. She lives there all alone in the tower; and those who serve her don't go out in the daytime. . . . She is very old, she's the mother of our mother and she wants to reign alone. . . . She's suspicious and jealous, and they say she's mad. . . . She's afraid that someone will raise himself into her place; and it's probably on account of this fear that she wanted you to be brought here. . . . Her orders are carried out, they don't know how. . . . She never comes down; and all the doors of the tower are closed night and day. . . . I've never seen her; but others have, it seems, in the days when she was young. . . .

TINTAGILES. Is she very ugly, sister Ygraine?

YGRAINE. They say that she isn't beautiful and that she's getting enormous. . . . But those who've seen her don't dare to talk about it. . . . But who knows if they have seen her? . . . She has a power that's not understood; and we live here with a big merciless weight over our souls. . . . You mustn't be too much afraid or have bad dreams; we'll watch over you, my little Tintagiles, and no harm can befall you; but don't go far from me, or your sister Bellangère or our old teacher Aglovale. . . .

TINTAGILES. From Aglovale either, sister Ygraine?

YGRAINE. From Aglovale either. . . . He loves us. . . .

TINTAGILES. He is so old, little sister!

YGRAINE. He is old, but very wise. . . . He's the only friend we have left; and he knows many things. . . . It's strange; she had you brought without telling anyone. . . . I don't know what my heart feels. . . . I was sad and happy knowing you were so far away on the other side of the sea. . . . And now . . . I was stunned. . . . I came out this morning to see if the sun had risen over the mountains; and it was you I saw on the threshold. . . . I recognized you at once. . . .

TINTAGILES. No, no, little sister; it was I who laughed the first. . . .

YGRAINE. I couldn't laugh right away. . . . You will understand. . . . The time has come, Tintagiles, and the wind upon the sea is getting black. . . . Kiss me, harder, again, again, before getting up. . . . You don't know how you're loved. . . . Give me your little hand. . . . I'll hold it tight; and we'll go back into the sick castle. . . . (*They go out.*)

Curtain.

ACT II: AN APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE.

AGLOVALE *and* YGRAINE *are discovered. Enter* BELLANGÈRE.

BELLANGÈRE. Where is Tintagiles?

YGRAINE. Here; do not speak too loud. He's sleeping in the other room.

He seemed a little pale, a little ailing too. He was tired out by the voyage and the long journeying. Or perhaps it's the atmosphere of the castle that upset his little soul. He was crying without any reason. I rocked him in my lap; come and see. . . . He's asleep in our bed. . . . He sleeps very solemnly, like a sad little king. . . .

BELLANGÈRE (*suddenly bursting into tears*). Sister, sister . . . my poor sister!

YGRAINE. What is it?

BELLANGÈRE. I daren't say what I know . . . and I'm not sure that I know anything . . . and yet I heard what couldn't be heard. . . .

YGRAINE. What have you heard?

BELLANGÈRE. I was passing near the corridors of the tower . . .

YGRAINE. Yes?

BELLANGÈRE. There was a door ajar. I pushed it very gently . . . I went in. . . .

YGRAINE. Where?

BELLANGÈRE. I'd never seen . . . There were other corridors lit by lamps; then deep galleries that had no coming out. . . . I knew it was forbidden to go on. . . . I was afraid and I was going to retrace my steps, when I overheard a sound of voices that could hardly be distinguished. . . .

YGRAINE. It must have been the servants of the queen; they live at the bottom of the tower. . . .

BELLANGÈRE. I don't know just what it was. . . . There must have been more than one door between us; and the voices came to me like the voice of someone being smothered. I approached as near as I could. . . . I'm not sure of anything, but I think they were talking about a child arrived today and a crown of gold. . . . They seemed to laugh. . . .

YGRAINE. They laughed?

BELLANGÈRE. Yes, I think that they laughed . . . unless they cried, or it was something I didn't understand; for I heard badly, and their

voices were soft. . . . They seemed to move about in a throng under the vaulting. . . . They spoke of the child that the queen wished to see. . . . They will probably come up this evening. . . .

YGRAINE. What? . . . this evening? . . .

BELLANGÈRE. Yes . . . Yes . . . I think so. . . .

YGRAINE. They spoke of no one by name?

BELLANGÈRE. They spoke of a child, a little, little child. . . .

YGRAINE. There's no other child. . . .

BELLANGÈRE. They raised their voices a little just then, because one of them said that the day didn't seem to have come. . . .

YGRAINE. I know what that means, and it's not the first time that they've come out of the tower. . . . I knew very well why she had him brought . . . but I couldn't believe that she would have been in such haste! . . . We'll see. . . . There are three of us and we have the time. . . .

BELLANGÈRE. What are you going to do?

YGRAINE. I don't know yet what I'll do, but I'll surprise her. . . . Do you know what that means, you two trembling there? . . . I'll tell you. . . .

BELLANGÈRE. What?

YGRAINE. She won't take him without trouble. . . .

BELLANGÈRE. We're all alone, sister Ygraine. . . .

YGRAINE. Ah, it's true, we're alone! . . . There's only one thing to do and it always works for us! . . . Let's wait on our knees like the other times. . . . (*Ironically.*) Perhaps she'll have pity! . . . She'll be moved by tears. . . . We must grant her everything she asks of us; she'll smile perhaps; and she always spares those who kneel. . . . All these years, there in her huge tower, she's devoured those we love, without a one who's dared to strike her in the face. . . . There she is like a tombstone on our souls and not one has dared to stretch out an arm. . . . Once when there were men here, they were afraid too, and fell flat on their faces. . . . Today it's woman's turn . . . we'll see. . . . It's time that someone finally rose up. . . . It isn't known what her power rests

on and I don't want to live in the shadow of her tower any longer. . . . Go away, go away, both of you, and leave me still more alone if you're trembling so. . . . I'll wait for her. . . .

BELLANGÈRE. Sister, I don't know what must be done, but I'll stay with you. . . .

AGLOVALE. I'll stay too, my daughter. . . . For a long, long time my spirit has been uneasy. . . . You'll try . . . we've tried more than once . . .

YGRAINE. You've tried . . . you too?

AGLOVALE. They have all tried . . . but at the last moment they've lost strength. . . . You too will see. . . . Were she to order me to go up to her this very evening, I'd clasp my two hands and say nothing; and my tired feet would mount the stairs, without tarrying or hurrying, well as I know that one doesn't come down with open eyes. . . . I have no more courage against her . . . our hands serve for nothing and touch no one. . . . It isn't these hands here that are needed, and all is useless. . . . But I want to help you since you hope. . . . Close the doors, my child. . . . Wake up Tintagiles; enfold him in your little bare arms and take him in your lap. . . . We have no other defence. . . .

Curtain.

ACT III: THE SAME APARTMENT.

YGRAINE *and* AGLOVALE *are discovered.*

YGRAINE. I've gone to the doors. There are three of them. We'll stand guard at the big one. . . . The two others are thick and low. They're never opened. The keys were lost a long time ago, and the iron bars are sealed into the walls. Help me close this one; it's heavier than the gate of a city. . . . It's massive too, and a thunderbolt couldn't penetrate it. . . . Are you ready for all that may happen?

AGLOVALE (*seating himself on the threshold*). I'll sit on the steps of the doorsill, a sword on my knees. . . . I believe it's not the first time that I've

waited here watching . . . and there are times when everything one remembers isn't understood. . . . I've done these things, I don't know when . . . but I've never dared draw the sword. . . . This time, there it is before me, though my arms have no more strength; but I want to try. . . . Perhaps the time for defence has come, although one knows that the effort will come to nothing. . . .

BELLANGÈRE, *carrying* TINTAGILES *in her arms, comes out of the neighbouring apartment.*

BELLANGÈRE. He was awake. . . .

YGRAINE. He's pale. . . . What ails him?

BELLANGÈRE. I don't know. . . . He was crying without a sound. . . .

YGRAINE. Tintagiles . . .

BELLANGÈRE. He's looking another way. . . .

YGRAINE. He doesn't recognize me. . . . Tintagiles, where are you? It's your sister speaking. . . . What do you see there? Turn around. . . . Come, we're going to play. . . .

TINTAGILES. No . . . no . . .

YGRAINE. Don't you want to play?

TINTAGILES. I can't walk any more, sister Ygraine. . . .

YGRAINE. You can't walk? . . . Come, come, what ails you? Does it hurt a little? . . .

TINTAGILES. Yes. . . .

YGRAINE. Where does it hurt you? Tell me, Tintagiles, and I'll make it well. . . .

TINTAGILES. I can't tell, sister Ygraine. It's all over. . . .

YGRAINE. Come to me, Tintagiles. . . . You know my arms are softer and that it'll be better soon. . . . Give him to me, Bellangère. . . . He'll sit in my lap and it'll go away. . . . There, don't you see where you are? . . . Your big sisters are here. . . . They're on both sides of you. . . . We'll guard you and no harm can come. . . .

TINTAGILES. It's here, sister Ygraine. . . . Why isn't there any light, sister Ygraine?

YGRAINE. There is one, my child. . . . Don't you see the lamp that hangs from the vault?

TINTAGILES. Yes, yes. . . . It isn't big. . . . Aren't there any others?

YGRAINE. Why must there be others? It's enough to see by. . . .

TINTAGILES. Ah! . . .

YGRAINE. Oh, how deep your eyes are! . . .

TINTAGILES. Yours are too, sister Ygraine. . . .

YGRAINE. I didn't notice it this morning. . . . Something's just come into them. . . . You don't know exactly what the soul believes it sees. . . .

TINTAGILES. I didn't see any soul, sister Ygraine. . . . But why is Aglovale there on the doorsill?

YGRAINE. He's resting a little. . . . He wants to kiss you before going to bed. . . . He was waiting for you to wake up. . . .

TINTAGILES. What's that he has on his knees?

YGRAINE. On his knees? I don't see anything on his knees. . . .

TINTAGILES. Yes, yes, there is something. . . .

AGLOVALE. It's nothing much, my child. . . . I was looking at my old sword; and I hardly recognized it. . . . It has served me many years; but for some time I've lost all confidence in it, and I think that it's going to break. . . . There, near the hilt, there's a little spot. . . . I've noticed that the steel was getting pale, and I asked myself if it was going to betray us. . . . My spirit is very heavy today. . . . What's to be done? . . . One must live expecting the unexpected. . . . And then one must act as if it was hoped for. . . . There come these melancholy evenings when useless life turns sour; and one would like to close his eyes. . . . It's late, and I'm tired. . . .

TINTAGILES. He's wounded, sister Ygraine. . . .

YGRAINE. Where is he?

TINTAGILES. On the forehead and the hands. . . .

AGLOVALE. Those are very old wounds that pain me no longer. . . . It must be that the light's falling on them this evening. . . . Didn't you notice them until now?

TINTAGILES. He seems sad, sister Ygraine. . . .

YGRAINE. No, no, he isn't sad, only very weary. . . .

TINTAGILES. You too, sister Ygraine, you're sad. . . .

YGRAINE. No, of course not; don't you see? I'm smiling. . . .

TINTAGILES. And the other sister too. . . .

YGRAINE. Why no, she's smiling too. . . .

TINTAGILES. That's not smiling. . . . I know very well. . . .

YGRAINE. Come; kiss me and think of something else. . . . (*She kisses him.*)

TINTAGILES. Of what else, sister Ygraine? Why do you hurt me when you kiss me like that?

YGRAINE. Did I hurt you?

TINTAGILES. Yes . . . I don't know why I hear your heart beating, sister Ygraine. . . .

YGRAINE. Do you hear it beating?

TINTAGILES. Oh! oh! it goes thump, thump as if it would . . .

YGRAINE. What?

TINTAGILES. I don't know, sister Ygraine. . . .

YGRAINE. You mustn't be uneasy about nothing, or talk in riddles. . . . See, your eyes are wet. . . . Why are you excited? I hear your heart too. . . . You always hear them, holding tight like this. . . . Then they talk to each other and say things that voices don't. . . .

TINTAGILES. I didn't hear just now. . . .

YGRAINE. It's because . . . Oh! why, yours . . . What's the matter? . . . It's bursting! . . .

TINTAGILES (*crying out*). Sister Ygraine! sister Ygraine!

YGRAINE. What?

TINTAGILES. I heard them! . . . They . . . they're coming!

YGRAINE. Who is? . . . What's wrong with you? . . .

TINTAGILES. The door, the door! There they were! . . . (*He falls backward in* YGRAINE'S *lap.*)

YGRAINE. What's the matter? . . . He's . . . he's fainted. . . .

BELLANGÈRE. Watch out . . . watch out. . . . He'll fall. . . .

AGLOVALE (*gets up quickly, sword in hand*). I heard too. . . . They're walking in the corridor.

YGRAINE. Oh! (*A silence. They listen.*)

AGLOVALE. I hear . . . There's a crowd of them. . . .

YGRAINE. A crowd . . . What crowd?

AGLOVALE. I don't know. . . . One hears and one doesn't. . . . They're not walking like other beings, but they're coming. . . . They're touching the door. . . .

YGRAINE (*convulsively squeezing* TINTAGILES *in her arms*). Tintagiles! . . . Tintagiles! . . .

BELLANGÈRE (*hugging him at the same time*). Let me too! . . . Me too! . . . Tintagiles! . . .

AGLOVALE. They're shaking the door. . . . Listen. . . . Sh! . . . They're whispering . . . groping. . . . (*A key rasps in the lock.*)

YGRAINE. They have a key! . . .

AGLOVALE. Yes . . . yes . . . I was sure . . . Wait . . . (*He stations himself, sword high, on the last step. To the two sisters:*) Come! . . . You too! . . .

A silence. The door opens a little. Wildly AGLOVALE *thrusts his sword through the opening, driving the point in between the beams of the door-frame. The sword snaps with a ring under the ominous pressure of the door, and the pieces scatter tinkling down the steps.* YGRAINE *jumps up, holding the limp* TINTAGILES *and she,* BELLANGÈRE *and* AGLOVALE, *with straining all in vain, try to shut the door which continues to open slowly, without a voice heard. Only a chill, calm brightness penetrates the room. At this,* TINTAGILES *suddenly straightens up, comes to himself, gives a long cry of deliverance and*

hugs his sister, while at the cry the door, resisting no longer, slams shut under the weight they have not had time to take from it.

YGRAINE. Tintagiles! . . . (*They look at each other in astonishment.*)

AGLOVALE (*listening at the door*). I don't hear a thing. . . .

YGRAINE (*wild with joy*). Tintagiles! Tintagiles! . . . See! See! . . . He's saved! . . . See his eyes . . . you can see the blue. . . . He's going to speak. . . . They saw we were watching. . . . They didn't dare! . . . Kiss us! . . . Kiss us, I say! . . . Kiss us! . . . All! all! . . . To the bottom of our souls! . . . (*All four, their eyes full of tears, hold each other tight in their arms.*)

Curtain.

ACT IV: A CORRIDOR BEFORE THE APARTMENT.

Enter three SERVANTS OF THE QUEEN, *veiled.*

FIRST SERVANT (*listening at the door*). They're not watching any more. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. It was useless to wait. . . .

THIRD SERVANT. She prefers it to be done silently. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. I knew that they must be sleeping. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. Open it quick. . . .

THIRD SERVANT. It's time. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. Wait at the door. I'll go in alone. It's no use for all three . . .

SECOND SERVANT. It's true that he's very little. . . .

THIRD SERVANT. You must watch out for the elder one. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. You understand the queen doesn't want them to know. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. Don't be afraid of anything; they never hear me without difficulty. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. Then go in; it's time.

The FIRST SERVANT *cautiously opens the door and goes into the room.*

THIRD SERVANT. Ah! . . .

A silence. The FIRST SERVANT *comes out of the apartment.*

SECOND SERVANT. Where is he?

FIRST SERVANT. He's sleeping between his sisters. He has his arms around their necks, and theirs are around him. . . . I won't be able to do it alone. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. I'll go and help you. . . .

THIRD SERVANT. Yes; go in together. . . . I'll watch out here. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. Be careful; they know something. . . . All three were struggling with a bad dream. . . . (*The two* SERVANTS *go into the room.*)

THIRD SERVANT. They always know; but they don't understand. . . .

A silence. The two SERVANTS *come out of the apartment.*

THIRD SERVANT. Well?

SECOND SERVANT. You must come too. . . . We can't get them apart. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. When we separate their arms, they close again all the tighter around the child. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. And the child hugs them harder and harder. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. He's lying with his forehead upon the heart of the elder. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. And his head rises and falls with her bosom.

FIRST SERVANT. We won't succeed in prying his hands open. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. They're thrust deep into his sisters' hair. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. He's clenching a golden curl between his little teeth. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. We'll have to cut the hair of the elder one. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. And the other sister's as well, you see. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. Have you your scissors?

THIRD SERVANT. Yes. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. Come quick; they're stirring already.

SECOND SERVANT. Their hearts and their eyelids pulse together. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. That's so; I glimpsed the blue eyes of the elder. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. They looked at us, but didn't see us. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. When one of them is touched, the other two shudder. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. They try hard without being able to move. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. The elder wants to cry out, but she can't. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. Come quick; they seem to have a forewarning. . . .

THIRD SERVANT. The old man isn't there?

FIRST SERVANT. Yes, but he's asleep in a corner. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. He sleeps with his forehead on the hilt of his sword.

FIRST SERVANT. He knows of nothing; he isn't even dreaming. . . .

THIRD SERVANT. Come, come; we must finish with this. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. You'll have difficulty undoing their limbs. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. Yes; they're twined together like those of people drowning. . . .

THIRD SERVANT. Come, come. . . .

They go into the room. A great silence broken by sighs and deep murmurs of sleep-stifling anguish. Finally the three SERVANTS *hastily come out of the sombre apartment. One carries* TINTAGILES *asleep in her arms, his little hands doubled up with sleep and pain, covering him with a stream of long golden curls cut from his sisters' heads. They escape in silence until, at the end of the corridor,* TINTAGILES, *suddenly awakened, gives a loud cry of overwhelming distress.*

TINTAGILES (*at the end of the corridor*). Ah! . . .

Another silence. Then the two SISTERS *are heard waking up and arising uneasily in the neighbouring room.*

YGRAINE (*in the room*). Tintagiles! . . . Where is he? . . .

BELLANGÈRE. He's not here. . . .

YGRAINE (*with increasing anguish*). Tintagiles! . . . A lamp! a lamp! Light it! . . .

BELLANGÈRE. Yes . . . yes. . . .

YGRAINE (*seen coming forward in the room, lamp in hand, through the open door*). The door is wide open!

THE VOICE OF TINTAGILES (*almost lost in the distance*). Sister Ygraine! . . .

YGRAINE. He's calling! . . . He's calling. . . . Tintagiles! Tintagiles! . . .

(*She dashes down the corridor.* BELLANGÈRE, *trying to follow, sinks fainting on the steps of the doorsill.*)

Curtain.

ACT V: A GREAT IRON DOOR UNDER VAULTING.

Enter YGRAINE, *haggard, dishevelled, lamp in hand.*

YGRAINE (*turning back wildly*). They haven't followed me. . . . Bellangère! . . . Bellangère! . . . Aglovale! . . . Where are they? They said that they loved him and they've left me alone! . . . Tintagiles! . . . Tintagiles! . . . Oh! I remember . . . I climbed, I climbed numberless steps between great pitiless walls and my heart no longer can sustain me. . . . It seems that the vaults are moving. . . . (*She leans against the column of an arch.*) I'm going to fall. . . . Oh! oh! my poor life! I feel it . . . It's wavering on my lips and wants to go away. . . . I don't know what I've done. . . . I've seen nothing; I've heard nothing. . . . What silence! . . . Up and down the steps and along the walls I've found these golden curls; and I've followed them. I've gathered them up . . . Oh! oh! they are very lovely! Poor little fellow . . . poor little fellow. . . . What was I saying? I remember . . . I don't believe in it any more. . . . You can sleep. . . . All that's of no importance and it isn't possible. . . . I don't know what I think any more. . . . They wake you up and then . . . After all, yes, after all, you must think. . . . Some say one thing, others another; but the soul takes a quite different way. You don't know everything you unchain. I've come here with my little lamp. . . . It didn't go out in spite of the wind on the stairs. . . . After all, what must you think? There are too many things uncertain. . . . Some there are who must know them: but why don't they speak? (*Looking about her.*) I've never seen all this. . . . You can't go up higher; it's forbidden. . . . It's cold. . . . It's so black too that you're afraid to breathe. . . . They say that shadows poison.

. . . How terrible that door is. . . . (*She goes up to the door and touches it.*) Oh! it's cold! . . . It's solid iron, all one sheet, and there's no keyhole. . . . How is it opened? I don't see any hinges. . . . I think it must be fastened into the wall. . . . You can't go up any higher . . . there aren't any more steps. . . . (*Giving a terrible cry.*) Ah! . . . more golden locks caught under the door! . . . Tintagiles! Tintagiles! . . . I heard the door close just now! . . . I remember! I remember! . . . I must! . . . (*She beats frantically with fists and feet against the door.*) Oh! monster! monster! . . . So it's here you are! . . . Listen! I blaspheme! I blaspheme and spit on you! . . .

Little blows pound on the other side of the door; then the voice of TINTAGILES *comes through the iron thicknesses very feebly.*

TINTAGILES. Sister Ygraine, sister Ygraine!

YGRAINE. Tintagiles! . . . What? . . . What? . . . Tintagiles, is it you? . . .

TINTAGILES. Open it quick, open it quick! . . . She's here! . . .

YGRAINE. Oh! oh! . . . Who? . . . Tintagiles, my little Tintagiles . . . do you hear me! . . . What's the matter? . . . What's happened? . . . Tintagiles! . . . Haven't they hurt you? . . . Where are you? . . . Are you there? . . .

TINTAGILES. Sister Ygraine, sister Ygraine! . . . I'll die if you don't open it. . . .

YGRAINE. Wait, I'm trying, wait. . . . I'll open it, I'll open it. . . .

TINTAGILES. But you don't understand! . . . Sister Ygraine! . . . There's no time! . . . She couldn't hold me. . . . I hit her, hit her. . . . I ran. . . . Quick, quick, she's coming! . . .

YGRAINE. Yes, yes . . . Where is she? . . .

TINTAGILES. I can't see anything . . . but I can hear. . . . Oh! I'm afraid, sister Ygraine, I'm afraid! . . . Quick, quick! . . . Open it quick! . . . For pity's sake, sister Ygraine! . . .

YGRAINE (*anxiously feeling the door*). I'll surely find it . . . wait a bit . . . a minute . . . a moment. . . .

TINTAGILES. I can't, sister Ygraine. . . . She's breathing behind me. . . .

YGRAINE. It's nothing, Tintagiles, my little Tintagiles. Don't be afraid. . . . If only I could see. . . .

TINTAGILES. You can; I see your lamp very well. It makes things light near you, sister Ygraine. . . . Here I can't see at all. . . .

YGRAINE. Do you see me, Tintagiles? Where can you look through? There's no crack. . . .

TINTAGILES. Yes, yes, there is one, but it's so tiny! . . .

YGRAINE. On which side? Here? . . . Tell me, tell me. . . . Or is it there?

TINTAGILES. Here, here. . . . Don't you hear? I'm knocking. . . .

YGRAINE. Here?

TINTAGILES. Higher. . . . But it's so tiny! . . . You couldn't stick a needle through it! . . .

YGRAINE. Don't be afraid, I'm here. . . .

TINTAGILES. Oh! I hear, sister Ygraine! . . . Pull! pull! You must pull! She's coming! . . . If you could only open it a little . . . a tiny little . . . because I'm so small! . . .

YGRAINE. I've broken my nails, Tintagiles. . . . I've pulled, I've pushed, I've pounded! . . . I've pounded! . . . (*She pounds again and tries to shake the immovable door.*) Two of my fingers feel dead. . . . Don't cry. . . . It's iron. . . .

TINTAGILES (*crying despairingly*). Haven't you something to open it with, sister Ygraine? . . . Nothing at all, nothing at all? . . . And I could get through . . . because I'm so little, so little . . . you know . . .

YGRAINE. I've nothing but my lamp, Tintagiles . . . There! There! . . . (*She pounds the door with her pottery lamp; it goes out and breaks.*) Oh! . . . Everything's black all of a sudden! . . . Tintagiles, where are you? . . . Oh! listen, listen! . . . Can't you open it from the inside? . . .

TINTAGILES. No, no; there's nothing. . . . I don't feel anything at all. . . . I don't see the little bright crack any more. . . .

YGRAINE. What's the matter, Tintagiles? . . . I can hardly hear at all. . . .

TINTAGILES. Little sister, sister Ygraine. . . . It isn't possible any more. . . .

YGRAINE. What's wrong, Tintagiles? . . . Where are you going? . . .

TINTAGILES. She's here! . . . I'm not brave any longer. Sister Ygraine, sister Ygraine! . . . I feel her! . . .

YGRAINE. Who? . . . Who? . . .

TINTAGILES. I don't know. . . . I can't see. . . . But it's too late now! . . . She . . . she has me by the throat. . . . She's put her hand on my throat. . . . Oh! oh! sister Ygraine, come here. . . .

YGRAINE. Yes, yes . . .

TINTAGILES. It's so dark! . . .

YGRAINE. Struggle, defend yourself, tear her! . . . Don't be afraid. . . . One moment! . . . I'll be there. . . . Tintagiles? . . . Tintagiles! answer me! . . . Help! . . . Where are you? . . . I'll help you. . . . Kiss me . . . through the door . . . here . . . here. . . .

TINTAGILES (*very feebly*). Here . . . here . . . sister Ygraine . . .

YGRAINE. Here, here I'm kissing you, do you hear? Again! again! . . .

TINTAGILES (*more and more feebly*). I am too . . . here . . . sister Ygraine! . . . sister Ygraine! . . . Oh! . . . (*A little body drops behind the iron door.*)

YGRAINE. Tintagiles! . . . Tintagiles! . . . What did you do? . . .— Give him back! give him back! . . . for the love of God give him back! . . . I don't hear anything . . .— What are you doing? . . . You're not hurting him, are you? . . . He's only a poor child! . . . He isn't fighting . . . Look, look. . . . I'm not bad. . . . I'm on my knees. . . . Give him back to us, I beg you! . . . It isn't for me only, you see. . . . I'll do anything you want. . . . I'm not bad, you know. . . . I beg you with clasped hands. . . . I was wrong. . . . I submit entirely, you see. . . . I've lost all that I had. . . . You must punish me some other way. . . . There are so many things that would make me suffer more . . . if you like suffering. . . . You'll see . . . But this poor child didn't do anything. . . . What I said isn't true . . . but I didn't know. . . . I

know that you are very good. . . . After all we must be pardoned! . . . He was so young, he was so beautiful and he was so little! . . . You see it isn't possible! . . . He'd put his little arms around your neck; his little mouth to your mouth; and God himself couldn't resist him. . . . You're going to open the door, aren't you? . . . I don't ask hardly anything. . . . I want him for only a moment, one little moment. . . . I don't remember . . . you understand . . . I didn't have the time. . . . He'd need hardly anything to squeeze through . . . It isn't hard . . . (*A long inexorable silence.*) Monster! . . . Monster! . . . I spit at you! . . . (*She sinks down and continues to cry softly, her arms held out against the door, in the gloom.*)

Curtain.

DOCTOR FAUST

ADAPTED FROM THE PLAY GIVEN IN GERMANY BEFORE 1850

BY THE PUPPETEER BONNESCHKY

* NOTE: The interest in the Faust story aroused by Goethe's dramatic poem set scholars to recording the words of the old popular puppet play that, he admitted, had given him the suggestion to write his masterpiece. The first-hand version obtained by Dr. Wilhelm Hamm, from which the present play comes, is the most interesting. When the showman Bonneschky set up his booth at the Leipzig fair, Dr. Hamm attended several performances of *Faust* and wrote down the dialogue from memory. Not satisfied with that, he got his secretary to make friends with one of the puppeteer's assistants who, mellowed up from an evening over beer, parted with the prompt-book, a jealously guarded thing. "It was a venerable volume! The strong pasteboard cover was worn through with uninterrupted use, the old firm paper, soaked with lamp oil, smoked and yellowed, showed on every page, in large dark brown blotches, the traces of the fingers that had turned it over so often." When the doctor had compared his record with the script, which differed somewhat from the play as it was given, he had the book secretly returned, and perhaps Bonneschky was never the wiser.

Dr. Hamm published this version in 1850. It was not the first to be printed, but it became the parent of the innumerable texts which have followed down to the present day. T. C. H. Hedderwick turned Dr. Hamm's version into English with a scholarly introduction and notes.

* Permission to perform this version must be obtained from Paul McPharlin, who may be addressed in care of the publishers.

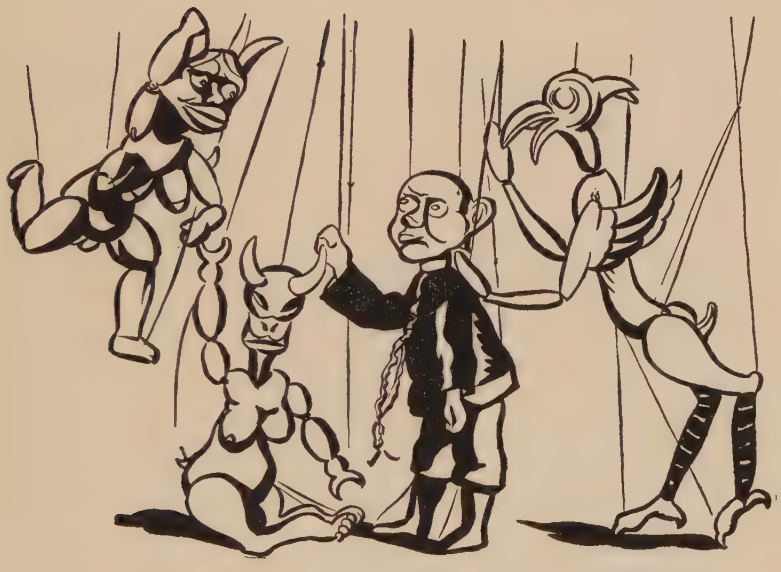
(*The Old German Puppet Play of Doctor Faust*, London, 1887.) This translation has been referred to in the making of the present adaptation, which omits certain repetitions, and approximates Casper's German malaprops with colloquial English. The anachronisms are mostly new; although Casper's remark about the dragon exploding in the air—an allusion to balloons—an old one due to Bonneschky, is just as good. In Madge Anderson's *Heroes of the Puppet Stage*, pages 309–341, ingenious business for the play is given in a narrative derived from it.

In a contrast of the exalted with the grotesque, *Doctor Faust* partakes as truly of the spirit of mediæval Europe as a Gothic cathedral. Casper, of whom more is said in the Note to Pocci's *Casper Among the Savages*, is an integral part of the drama; the laughter he provokes is no less a foil to the high seriousness of Faust's doom, than is the high seriousness a foil to the laughter. The introduction of Punch and his nonsense into the Biblical puppet plays in England was not an evidence of the sacrilegious spirit of the eighteenth century, but a survival of this Gothic spirit; for before Punch's time there were devils for fun-makers.

The maker of puppets for *Doctor Faust* must tax his invention—or take a look at the paintings of diabolists like Jerom Bosch, Pieter Breughel and Francisco Goya—to have the subterranean spirits horrid, Vitzliputzli most loathsome of all because of the marrow-chilling name, and Auerhahn of course part cock. The raven will be an unusually large one, and the dragon very low-slung, so that Casper, with his short legs, is justified in the remark about wearing out shoe-leather riding it. The Good Genius may look like an angel, or better, like Faust's better self. As Bonneschky managed it, the apparitions of Goliath and David and the chaste Lucretia were transparencies—paintings on cloth lighted from behind; the others were actual puppets. All but Helen of Troy, who seems very real to Faust, might be represented by shadow-figures. Flying is one of the best things string-marionettes do, and here is a chance for them to show off. Faust's magic need not be traditional; any smooth and mysterious conjuring trick will do.

Advertisement displayed outside the show booth of Bonneschky:

CASPER WILL DO HIS BEST TO RECOMMEND HIMSELF TO A *RESPECTED PUBLIC*, AS 1. *A* STROLLING WIT; 2. *A* SERVANT IN THE EMPLOYMENT OF *DOCTOR FAUST*; 3. *A* DEVIL CHARMER; 4. *A* VOYAGER THROUGH THE AIR; 5. *A* MAGICIAN; AND 6. *A* NIGHT WATCHMAN.



CASPER AND THE DEMONS

String-marionettes by Carl Fischer from the "Doctor Faust" of the Schweizerischen Marionettentheater, Zurich, 1923

CHARACTERS:

JOHANNES FAUST, *Doctor in Wittenberg.*
WAGNER, *his Steward.*
CASPER, *a Strolling Wit.*
MEPHISTOPHELES
AUERHAHN
HARIBAX
ASMODEUS
VITZLIPUTZLI
} *Subterranean Spirits.*
FERDINAND, *Duke of Parma.*
BIANCA, *his Consort.*
ORESTES, *their Chamberlain.*
GOLIATH AND DAVID
THE CHASTE LUCRETIA
SAMSON AND DELILAH
JUDITH, *with the Head of* HOLOFERNES
HELEN OF TROY
} *Apparitions.*
A GOOD GENIUS.
A RAVEN.
A DRAGON.

SCENES

ACT I: Faust's study at Wittenberg.
ACT II: The same.
ACT III: A garden in Parma.
ACT IV: Same as Act I.

DOCTOR FAUST

ACT I: FAUST'S STUDY.

On the left a table with books and astronomical instruments. In front of the table a magic circle.

FAUST (*sitting alone reading*). "Varietas delectat." Variety is the spice of life. How true I find that is every time I read it! We're ever driven on to higher things. Yet, my present lot is happier than most men's. Penniless, by my own hard work alone, I've attained the rank and dignity of Doctor, and with honour filled the position these eighteen years. . . . But what use is it all? Doctor I am, Doctor I'll ever be, with nothing more to hope for from theology. Oh, that's too small for a spirit like mine, that longs to be the wonder of coming ages! . . . Therefore I've resolved to take up necromancy, that I may satisfy my desire and leave the world an imperishable name.

A SWEET VOICE ON THE RIGHT. Faust! Faust! Alter your intention; go on with the study of theology, and you shall be the happiest of mortals!

A SWEET VOICE ON THE LEFT. Faust! Faust! Leave off studying theology; stick to necromancy and you'll be the happiest of mortals!

FAUST. Heavens, what's that! Voice on the right, who are you?

VOICE ON THE RIGHT. Faust, Faust, I am your good angel.

FAUST. That might be said by anyone! Voice on the left, you say I'll be the happiest of men if I study necromancy. I'll follow your advice and do it!

VOICE ON THE RIGHT. Woe, Faust, to your poor soul; ah, then you'll be lost!

VOICE ON THE LEFT (*laughs*). Hoho! Hoho! That's a funny one!

FAUST. Again I hear the voices! One wails, one laughs. But I won't be

turned from my purpose. I feel that only necromancy can bring my wishes to pass. I repeat, I'll follow you, voice from the left!

Enter WAGNER.

WAGNER. Professor, two students have just handed me a book that you've wanted for a long time, because it's about necromancy.

FAUST. I hoped they would bring it yesterday. I've been waiting for it eagerly. Where is the book?

WAGNER. I laid it in your reception room.

FAUST. Good. You may go.

WAGNER. There's something I've been wanting to ask. It's personal.

FAUST. What is it, my dear Wagner? I'd do anything I could for you.

WAGNER. Might I hire a young fellow to help me, as it's getting to be too much for me to look after the housekeeping and at the same time keep up with my studies?

FAUST. Why, of course, my dear Wagner! I've been wanting you to give yourself entirely to study. Look around and get a good boy with references and then let me pass judgment on him.

WAGNER. Thank you. I will.

FAUST. And the book the students gave you is in the reception room?

WAGNER. Yes, Professor.

FAUST. I'll go and look it over to make sure it's the right one. (*Exit.*)

WAGNER. What a kind and noble-minded man! What would have become of me without him? He took me, an orphan, into his house, and like a father saw to my education and bringing up. Can I ever repay him? At any rate, I'll always try to look to his wishes. I'll go to some good friends of mine right away and see if they know any young fellow to help me. (*Exit.*)

FAUST (*who has come in with a book during this speech*). Good fellow! Always be so faithful and I'll do my best for you. And now that I have this book, to the study of necromancy alone! I'll try its power. (*Reads.*) "Cito, spiritus, qui mihi ministrare! I conjure you, demons, by the

gates of hell, by Styx and Acheron, instantly to appear before me. Arise, howling storm! Bid the wheel of Ixion stand still, the vulture of Prometheus to leave off gnawing, and be messengers of my will. Despair, Fury and Madness, rush to my feet!"

AUERHAHN, HARIBAX, ASMODEUS *and* VITZLIPUTZLI *fly in amid violent thunder and lightning.*

FAUST. A pretty gang! But how slow you were! Don't let it happen next time. Which of you is fastest?

ALL. I am!

FAUST. Marvellous! Of four devils only three are liars. You first, what's your name?

AUERHAHN. Auerhahn.

FAUST. And how fast are you?

AUERHAHN. Fast as a bullet from a gun.

FAUST. Fair, but not enough for me. Away! (AUERHAHN *flies through the air.*) What's your name, and how fast are you?

HARIBAX. Haribax, and I'm swift as the wind.

FAUST. Good, but not enough for me. Away! (HARIBAX *flies through the air.*) What's your name?

ASMODEUS. Asmodeus.

FAUST. And how fast are you?

ASMODEUS. Fleet as a ship on the sea.

FAUST. Fine; yet through contrary winds a ship doesn't always come into port. Away! (ASMODEUS *flies.*) Speak, who are you?

VITZLIPUTZLI. Vitzliputzli.

FAUST. Vitzliputzli? And what's your speed?

VITZLIPUTZLI. I'm fast as a snail.

FAUST. You won't do. Away, heaviest-footed imp of hell! (VITZLIPUTZLI *sails slowly off.*) A little slow, indeed!

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES *in a huntsman's suit.*

FAUST. What's this I see? A demon in human shape?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Faust, I am a prince of hell, and have the power to take on and appear in any form I please.

FAUST. You a prince of hell! What's your name?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Mephistopheles.

FAUST. Mephistopheles: the name sounds well. And how fast are you?

MEPHISTOPHELES. As thought.

FAUST. Fast as thought is fast indeed, for in a flash I can think myself in Africa and then America. Demon, will you serve me if, after a certain time that I set is up, I promise to be yours, body and soul?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Name the points to me, Faust, that I must agree to.

FAUST. First, get me gold, as much as I want of you; second, make me famous to all great lords and courts, carry me wherever I wish to go, and forewarn me of every peril; and third, before our contract has run out, remind me of it, and obey me for twenty-four years. Does that suit you?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why four and twenty years, Faust? Half that time would be enough.

FAUST. Twenty-four years, nothing less.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Good; it suits me. (*Aside.*) He'll count only days. I'll trick him, count nights in too, and make it only twelve. (*Aloud.*) But I must leave now, Faust, in order to tell Pluto my sovereign of these conditions, and ask him if I may conclude this contract with you.

FAUST. All right, go. But when will you come again?

MEPHISTOPHELES. The instant you think of me, Faust! (*Exit.*)

FAUST. Of course I shouldn't enter into league with spirits of hell, but it's the only way to have quick gratification of my desires. And haven't I enough power in my learning to snatch me from his claws when half the agreed time is up? . . . Well, it's done. But how weak and tired I feel! It must be the strain on my spirit. . . . I'll go to rest a little, and then come back fresh to my plans. (*Exit.*)

CASPER *enters with a bundle on his back.*

CASPER. Odspedometers! there's travelling for you. In thirteen days I've trudged fourteen miles, and that without coming across more than one tavern every half hour! Today I've already come all the way from ———* here. In my knapsack's all my eclipage. Here's lining for a new overcoat, only the cloth's still at the dry-goods store. Here's half a dozen pairs of hose, lacking only the socks, and a whole dozen of new shirts; the best hasn't any sleeves, and the eleventh is patched with the twelfth. . . . In Leipzig I bought myself this fine hat, though it cost me fifty pfennigs, while a pair of shoes turned inside out in the latest style with air-cushion soles set me back thirty-five. . . . Yes, travelling costs money; my purse is in the last stages of consumption. I'll have travelled through Holland, Scotland, Zanzibar and Missouri—when I will have. Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, Podunk, Oconomowoc, I've passed all of 'em in a wide circle. I hiked through Russia to China, but I ran into the Great Wall and couldn't go any further; so I turned back and now I've come to Wittenberg. I'll try to get a job, for I'm sick of wandering. . . . When my dad said good-bye to me, "Casper," said he, "always finish up what you start with," and I did; my bundle's so light it keeps floating off the ground with me. . . . Fins of little fishes! what sort of an inn is this? No host, no waiter! Halloo! Service! Wake up! Here's a customer for one of your best ten-pfennig bottles of wine! Mr. Landlord! Buttons! Where the devil are you? . . . Ah, now I hear someone coming. Won't I give him a a good scare! (*Hides behind the table.*)

Enter WAGNER.

WAGNER. Funny I can't find anyone to help me. My friends just told me they couldn't recommend anybody either. (CASPER *pops out and scares him.*) Good heavens, what's that! A stranger in my master's room!

CASPER. He's shaking like an egg-nog mixer!

* Supply the name of the nearby place most generally ridiculed.

WAGNER. Sir, who is it? Why did you enter without being announced? How'd you come in?

CASPER. On my feet. I'm not up in Wittenberg etiquette; tell me, if a strange customer wants a drink, does he have to be announced?

WAGNER. Sir, you're not in a tavern.

CASPER. No?

WAGNER. No! You're in the study of Herr-Doktor-Professor Faust!

CASPER. Well, well; we all make our little mistakes. When I saw so many young folks coming in I thought sure it was a bar.

WAGNER. They were the scholars who attend lectures here.

CASPER. My mistake, all mine, I assure you. Could you direct me to the nearest house of refreshment? (*Starts to go.*)

WAGNER. Wait! I'd guess from your clothes that you're a servant?

CASPER. Oh, I'm used to mastery.

WAGNER. Where do you hail from?

CASPER. From Italy.

WAGNER. That's a big place. What town?

CASPER. I was born in the district of Calabria.

WAGNER. What did you work at there?

CASPER. I was assistant to a hookolookobrationer.

WAGNER. A lucubrationer? A student, you mean?

CASPER. I ought to know who I was with! (*Aside.*) Jimminy, what a dunce! I'll let him think what he likes, though. (*Aloud.*) Yes, a student.

WAGNER. And what made you leave him?

CASPER. Well, that's a funny story. Every morning in Calabria I had to follow my master to college, carrying an enormous book, with the multiplication tables in it, and on the way there I had to cross a little foot-bridge. Well, one morning a pretty girl meets me in the middle of the bridge. I speaks to her nice and friendly. Everything goes all right until I forgets myself and the book drops into the water. My master decided to dispense with my services. So I decided to travel.

WAGNER. But you have a recommendation?

CASPER. Oh, yes. My master wrote it in blackletter, in a running hand, with a good thorn stick, and it's still as clear as when he wrote it.

WAGNER. Do you want another job?

CASPER. Do you have a situation open?

WAGNER. For someone with a satisfactory testimonial to show.

CASPER. You can see it on my back.

WAGNER. My master, Doctor Faust who's professor here, wouldn't be satisfied with that.

CASPER. He's your master and you're hiring me? Then I'll be servant to a servant!

WAGNER. You don't understand. He wants me to find a handy boy for him. Say so if you want the job.

CASPER. All right, I'll take it. But, look here, there isn't much to do, is there? You see, I've such a long finger on each hand I'm always running it against things.

WAGNER. Oh, it's a good place, and you'll get some money, for my master hasn't a wife. But one thing you must do: keep silent.

CASPER. Don't worry. Tell me the secrets I'm to keep, give me some meat and a bottle of wine, and as long as I'm chewing and swallowing I'll be as dumb as a fish.

WAGNER. I'll start in now explaining what you have to do. In the morning brush the dust from the bookshelves and books.

CASPER. Brush the dust and the bookshelves from the books. I can do that; I did it for my last master.

WAGNER. And then hew wood and draw water. That's all you have to do.

CASPER. Hew wood and draw water! Whew!

WAGNER. Don't be afraid; you'll like the place. If you work hard we'll get to know each other better, and maybe I can do something more for you. As steward, I have the key to the wine cellar.

CASPER. Listen, Mr. Steward. How about changing places? Give me the key, and you chop wood and fetch water.

WAGNER. Water for a while won't hurt you.

CASPER. And must I eat wood?

WAGNER. No, come with me and get something in the kitchen.

CASPER. Good news, belly! Now you won't be so shrunk up that I feel like two ends with a hole in the middle. (*Follows* WAGNER *out. Offstage.*) Just a little something till dinner time, say a neck of mutton or a pheasant and a bottle of wine.

WAGNER *comes back and puts books in order.*

WAGNER. If only his appetite for work will be as good!

CASPER (*offstage*). Mr. Steward! Mr. Steward!

WAGNER. Well, what now?

CASPER (*offstage*). Where can I unpack my wardrobe and hang it up to get the wrinkles out?

WAGNER. I'll come and show you. (*Exit.*)

Enter CASPER.

CASPER. Short and none too sweet! Nothing in that kitchen but mouldy bacon and wine from the pump. The shoe polish, too, is pretty bad. Well, I've a job anyway. My knapsack's unpacked; that's a load off my shoulders. I'll look over the place and if he doesn't like it, let the steward stew. This is a funny house with all these spare parts and cook books thrown around. Odsramekins! what's that? A tape measure? (*He steps into the magic circle lying on the floor and looks into the books on the table.*) Odscroquettes, this must be a good dish! I'll read the receipt. Brrr—what's that?—Brrr (*Shakes his head vigorously.*) That's a C—cats—d-b-u-b—poodle, catspoodle; k-e-k—karek barek, b-e-r—Berliky! (*Three* SUBTERRANEAN SPIRITS *appear.*) Berliky! Berliky! (*He looks about him.*) O Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus! Help, help! What do you inkspots want? There's no chimney to sweep here. What do you coal

miners with red noses want? Oh, Father in heaven! Father in heaven! Odscindersandsoot!

SPIRITS. Just step out of the circle and we'll tell you. We await your orders.

CASPER. Out I won't budge till you tell me! Odssmokiness!

SPIRITS. You must come out and give us your hand or we won't go.

CASPER. Come out? Not me! Give you my hand? Not much! You'd make it brunette. I won't come out, I won't come out; stay as long as you like. Who called you anyway, I'd like to know?

SPIRITS. You yourself invoked us by Berliky.

CASPER. Then I'll revoke you. How's that done? Odsconundrums!

SPIRITS. By Berloky.

CASPER. Aha! Zooks, watch me now! One, two, get ready—Berloky! (*They vanish.*) Berliky! (*They reappear.*) Berloky! Berliky! Berloky! Berliky! Berloky! Berliky! Berloky! Berliky! (*He calls this faster and faster, while the* SUBTERRANEAN SPIRITS *come and go more and more swiftly, until at last, amid doleful cries,* CASPER *is thrown head over heels.*)

Curtain.

ACT II: FAUST'S STUDY.

As in Act I. *The chair stands on the* L. *of the wings.*

FAUST (*enters*). Oh, what a strange dream tonight broke my rest! An angel appeared to me, and warned me to turn from my purpose, else I'd be lost both here and hereafter. . . . Yet I cannot change my mind, and besides I feel I have power enough to thwart Satan with all his craft and villainy. . . . Perhaps that vision was only a fantasy of my brain, to frighten me off just when I'm about to seize the treasure. The ancients say if such a thing be boldly grasped it disappears. Yet I'll, when Mephistopheles—

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well, Faust, have I kept faith?

FAUST. To my great surprise. Have you permission from Pluto to serve me?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I have, Faust. But he must have your signature, so that, after the period you have fixed upon, you will be his, body and soul.

FAUST (*goes to table*). I'll satisfy him at once.

MEPHISTOPHELES. With us in Pluto's realm no signature is good in ink; it must be blood.

FAUST. How shall I draw blood without putting myself to pain?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Stretch out your hand toward my mouth.

FAUST. There! (MEPHISTOPHELES *blows on it.*) Why, my blood's flowing without my feeling the slightest sensation! It's making two letters on my arm! H and F! What do they mean, Mephistopheles?

MEPHISTOPHELES. What, Faust! You a man of learning and can't make them out? Why, they mean, Homo fugo, or Fly, O man!

FAUST. Whom should I fly to, demon?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Don't misconstrue. It means, Fly to the protection of your faithful servant, Mephistopheles.

FAUST. If it's that, then I won't hesitate to sign my name with it. (*He writes.*) "And so I give you my soul. Johannes Faust." There! Now you can hand the contract to Pluto your prince.

MEPHISTOPHELES. No, for I'll never leave you henceforth. Choose what messenger shall carry back the deed, a lion, a bear or a tiger?

FAUST. Why such fierce beasts in my room? A raven will do.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*waves*). Look behind you, Faust!

Thunder and lightning. A RAVEN *appears, takes the scroll in its beak and flies away.*

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now haven't you some orders for me, so I can show you how quick I'll do them?

FAUST. No. Leave until I call for you.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Say but my name, Faust, and I'm with you. (*Exit.*)

FAUST. I wonder what's delaying my steward? He should have done my errands and been back long ago. Oh, here he comes.

Enter WAGNER.

WAGNER. Professor, I've carried out all your orders.

FAUST. Good, Wagner old fellow. And how about that boy? Haven't you found the right one yet?

WAGNER. Yes, Professor, I have. If you like, I'll bring him in.

FAUST. All right. Where is he?

WAGNER. In my room. (*Calls.*) Hey, you!

CASPER (*offstage*). What do you want?

WAGNER. Come in here. The Professor wants to speak with you.

CASPER. In a minute; just let me finish my neck of mutton.

WAGNER. The Professor can't wait for you; come right away.

CASPER. Just let me finish up this bottle, then.

WAGNER. Have some manners! Come here this instant!

CASPER. All right; I'm ready now. (*Comes in.*) What's up, anyhow? With such a bellowing how do you expect me to eat in peace?

WAGNER. His honour the Herr-Doktor-Professor wants to speak with you.

CASPER. I don't mind if he doesn't. Your dishonour, charmed you have the honour of meeting me.

FAUST. You've worked before?

CASPER. Yes, your dishonour; with a hookolookobrationer in Calabria.

FAUST. Are your parents living?

CASPER. I'm not sure. There's such a lot of gallows nowadays.

FAUST. And you can show a good testimonial?

CASPER. Gorgeous!

WAGNER. He's assured me of that, Professor. (*Converses with* FAUST *confidentially.*)

CASPER. It's a wonder they wouldn't ask you to make yourself at home. (*Sits in a chair.*) Odsupholstery, it's soft! Mmm! Mmm!

WAGNER. Hey, you!

CASPER. What now?

WAGNER. Get up.

CASPER. Why?

WAGNER. You shouldn't sit down in his honour's presence.

CASPER. But I've just been travelling and hiking isn't very restful and I'm tired and I'd like to relax a little.

WAGNER. That chair is a thing for his honour only.

CASPER. Only it's just the thing for me now. And what's more, I don't see why that steward should object. Your dishonour hasn't been saying anything; he takes it all upon himself when he hasn't any business to. But let me tell you, if this goes on and my bad nature once gets the best of me, then— (*The chair bursts into flames.*) Ouch! Ouch! Help, help!

FAUST *and* WAGNER *go out. The flames die down.* CASPER *regains possession of himself and starts to sing. Enter* MEPHISTOPHELES.

CASPER (*bumping into him*). Hello, monseer! What's the idea of coming into his dishonour's room with your hat on?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Don't you know who I am? I'm Chief Huntsman.

CASPER. Chief Huntsman! What use has a professor for you?

MEPHISTOPHELES. He's fond of hunting, and I stand high in his favour because I can catch the foxes and rabbits with my bare hands.

CASPER. Odsalacrity! That saves powder. And what's your name?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Mephistopheles!

CASPER. Eh? Mr. Stumblefeet?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Mephistopheles! And don't jumble my name, or—

CASPER. You don't need to holler like that and get offended so easy. I didn't catch it the first time.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Did you hear about that trip our master's making?

CASPER. What rip?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Trip!

CASPER. Oh, trip. Where to?

MEPHISTOPHELES. To Parma. The duke's nuptials are going to be held.

CASPER. Who'll hold his knuckles?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Nuptials are the same thing as a wedding.

CASPER. Oh! And is there lots to eat and drink?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Abundance.

CASPER. Look pleasant, belly! If everything in Parma's as good as Parmesan cheese! . . . He'll take me with him, of course?

MEPHISTOPHELES. No. He's given orders to leave you behind. He's travelling alone on his cloak.

CASPER. If he wasn't so old-fashioned he'd use a wing collar and a swallow-tail coat, and I'd hope it'd take a tail spin!

MEPHISTOPHELES. But I'll see to it that you get there without his knowing it.

CASPER. Oh, good Mr. Stumblefeet! I had such an all-gone feeling thinking of what to eat I'd miss!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Would you rather ride or drive, then?

CASPER. Ride!

MEPHISTOPHELES. All right. But remember, you must tell nobody in Parma who our master is, or his name, or I'll break your neck! Understand? (*Exit.*)

CASPER. Oh, sure, sure! Not to understand him you'd have to have cotton in your ears. But I must go now and pack up my eclipage. So I'll ride! If only he'd get me a nice, docile little pony! I love to amble along and— (*Here a* DRAGON *comes flying down, butts him in the back and knocks him over.*) Who did that? (*Gets up.*) Hey! Hey! Hey, you, Stumblefeet! Is this the pony you promised?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*offstage*). Get up on it; it won't hurt you.

CASPER. Get up on it, you say? It's a strange breed of horse. I'll look it over first. Odsaeronautics, it's got a trailer on behind! And wings, too! I hope it doesn't run out of gas. Courage! I'll get on its back. (*He*

gets up on it.) What a fine seat this is! Hy! hy! hy! (*The beast hits him on the head from behind with its tail.*) What coward dared to do that when I wasn't looking? Don't do it any more! Now, Brimstone, steady. Hy! hy! hy! (*It swats him again.*) Say, who . . . (*He looks around.*) I believe it was you with your trailer. The rider's supposed to hit you, not you the rider. Just wait a minute and I'll get out of your line of action. (*He sits further forward.*) This is a good steed for a new rider: not far to fall. Only I hope it doesn't wear out my shoes for me. Now then, Anthracite, hy, hy! (*The beast suddenly goes up and flies through the air with him amid thunder and lightning. He shrieks.*) Whoa! Whoa! Help, Stumblefeet! It's going up! Eeeek! (*He is carried off.*)

Curtain.

ACT III: A GARDEN IN PARMA.

Enter DUKE, BIANCA *and* ORESTES.

DUKE. Now, dearest spouse, how does my court please you? Do you think you will find in me and my subjects repayment for the sacrifice you made in leaving your parents and your country?

BIANCA. Oh, my lord, how you put me to shame with the question! Have I not had proof enough of your affection, and of your subjects' zeal, to make me think myself happy to spend my life by your side?

DUKE. And yet at times you seem unhappy. Are you cast down by some secret which I may not share?

BIANCA. No, none. But I'm anxious about my father, who lay very ill when I left. Weakly he raised himself on his bed when I took farewell, and said, "Be as good a wife as you have been a daughter, Bianca, and my blessing on you." Oh, my lord, I've been unable to stop worrying for his life. Grant me a boon!

DUKE. Name it, dear Bianca, and it shall be granted.

BIANCA. Then pray permit me to leave you now, that I may give the

ambassador a few more words of comfort for my father, telling him of the love and kindness that have greeted me here.

DUKE. With pleasure. Only do not withhold your gracious presence long.

BIANCA. I'll hurry back to you as soon as possible. (*Exit.*)

DUKE. Well, dear Orestes, what do you think of my choice?

ORESTES. You and all the land are happy to have so virtuous a spouse and sovereign lady. May heaven grant us the good fortune long to be governed by so noble a royal pair!

DUKE. Thank you. And I hope that you will continue to help me with your sage advice to make my people happy. I presume that nothing is left undone to give our nuptials magnificence?

ORESTES. Nothing, your highness. Public proclamation has been made, commanding all men of skill and learning to come hither.

CASPER *comes tumbling down through the air.*

DUKE. Good heavens, what's that?

ORESTES. Your highness, I'm perfectly amazed! This person—

DUKE. But ask him how he could come through the air.

CASPER. Di, do, dum!

ORESTES. Sir, pray what's your name?

CASPER. Di, do, dum!

ORESTES. How did you come down through the air without harm?

CASPER. Di, do, dum! Di, do, dum!

DUKE. He seems to be dumb, unless he's shamming. Offer him twenty ducats to explain; if he doesn't, twenty strokes.

CASPER. Di, do, dum! Bum, bum!

ORESTES. You heard what his highness said. If you can, speak!

CASPER. Di, do, dum! Di, do, dum!

DUKE. He's merely mocking us. Orestes, summon the police!

ORESTES. Right away, your highness! (*Is about to go.*)

CASPER (*holds him back*). Not so fast! Stay where you are, Grandpa!

DUKE. So he can speak! You seem a bad-humoured fellow.

CASPER. I'm not at all. I'm one of the best-natured going. But I've been forbidden to talk.

DUKE. Then what's your name?

CASPER. That's just what I daren't tell.

DUKE. Then you must be guilty of some horrible crime.

CASPER. Surely you don't think I've stolen anything? Thank heaven, no matter what else Casper has done, nobody can accuse Casper of that!

DUKE. So, then, Casper's your name?

CASPER. Who told you?

DUKE. You yourself.

CASPER. Me?—Oh, you damn tongue-wagger!

DUKE. You're a servant, aren't you? What's your master's name?

CASPER. If I tell I'll get my neck broken.

DUKE. You can tell me, and you'll be safe. I'm the Duke of Parma.

CASPER. What, the Duke? Excuse my delay. Pleased to meet you! Shake! (*Shakes hands violently.*)

DUKE. Enough! Please! But now you'll tell me your master's name.

CASPER. I daren't, but I'll show you. (*He bends over.*) Somebody kick me, please.

DUKE. Orestes,. do as he says. (ORESTES *boots* CASPER *into the air.*) But what does that mean?

CASPER. That? That was a foist. My master's name isn't exactly—

DUKE. What, is it Doctor Faust, the great sage!

CASPER. Remember, I didn't say anything! I'm good at that! I'm a real genius.

DUKE. You must have picked up a lot from your famous master.

CASPER. Oh, he learned everything from me. Haven't you heard of my skill? Fame has trumpeted it around the globe.

DUKE. I'm afraid I haven't, so far.

CASPER. Now I think of it, we had a hard winter, and the report was frozen up; just wait till it begins to thaw!

DUKE. I'd like to see a few of your feats.

CASPER. Right now? Well, I'll begin. (*To himself.*) Oh, Casper, if you'd only learned something, now you could've earned something! (*Aloud.*) How about something great, sublime?

DUKE. Yes, something extraordinary.

CASPER. Would you like to see a huge flood come rolling up to swamp us all?

DUKE. No, I don't fancy that.

CASPER. Or would you rather have a mammoth rock drop from the clouds right where we're standing? That's an impressive trick.

DUKE. I don't care for that either. Something fine and agreeable is what I want.

CASPER. Oh . . . Ah . . . Something fine . . . Would you like to see the darkness of midnight Egypt wrapped up in cotton batten? Of course I'll need four weeks to get it in.

DUKE. Nonsense!

CASPER. Nonsense! Can you do it?

DUKE. No, but—

CASPER. Then don't call it nonsense. It's enough to make me mad.

DUKE. Don't take offence so quickly, and show me some other feat.

CASPER. Would you like to see an odsbodikins?

DUKE. Yes, show me an odd bodikin.

CASPER. What'll I get for it?

DUKE. I've already mentioned twenty ducats.

CASPER. Would you mind paying in advance?

DUKE. Don't you trust me?

CASPER. Of course I do. But you see, when I do an odsbodikins, I usually stay in the air three or four months; and it would be handy to have a little something to put up at an inn with now and then.

DUKE. As soon as I see your skill you'll get the ducats; not before.

CASPER. I don't care. But if anything happens because I haven't any

money, you'll be responsible! Stand to one side. I'm going to say my magic words. (*He keeps spinning around on one leg.*) Brr! brr! brr!

DUKE. What do you do that for?

CASPER. It's the magic. But don't make me go wrong. Brr! brr! brr! Now, gentlemen, shut your eyes so the materials won't fly into them.

DUKE. What sort of materials?

CASPER. Sugar and coffee. Brr! brr! brr! Gentlemen, what would you really like to see?

DUKE. A good, high clown-caper.

CASPER. Do it yourself then. I can't! (*Exit.*)

DUKE. Stop! Orestes, go get the police to take him in hand, and have him given a whipping for his trickery.

ORESTES. Right away, your highness. (*Exit.*)

DUKE. But I'll be lenient with him. After all he amused me. But here comes someone up the path whom I do not know.

Enter FAUST.

FAUST. Your serene highness, may I present myself? You proclaimed that all men of skill and learning were to appear at your princely nuptials. I've obeyed your command and bring you my accomplishments and science.

DUKE. What's your name?

FAUST. Johannes Faust.

DUKE. What, the world-renowned Doctor Faust, the marvel of all men, who brings summer and winter in the same minute as naturally as Nature herself? You are very welcome at my court, for I've long wanted to know you personally.

FAUST. Thank you for the favour. Would you now like some proof of my art?

DUKE. Indeed!

FAUST. At any time or place I can do what you command.

DUKE. I'd very much like to see the great giant Goliath and the young David.

FAUST. At once. Mephistopheles, have you heard?

Slow music. GOLIATH *and* DAVID *appear, the latter with a sling. The* DUKE *motions when he has had enough,* FAUST *bows and waves, the apparitions vanish and the music ceases.*

DUKE. You've surpassed my expectations! . . . I've been thinking how it was possible for this giant to be slain by such a stripling with a sling and stone.

FAUST. It shows that the strong dare not always rely upon their strength. What else does your highness wish to see?

DUKE. The chaste Lucretia, as she plunged the dagger into her breast upon the Capitol of Rome, because she had been violated.

FAUST. Very well, your highness. Mephistopheles, did you hear?

Slow music. LUCRETIA *with the dagger at her breast appears. Then as with the first apparitions.*

DUKE. You fulfil my wishes splendidly. This woman saved Rome's tottering empire by her chastity. She'll forever shine in history as the noblest pattern of wifely virtue.

FAUST. I agree with your highness. What would you like to see now?

DUKE. Samson and Delilah as she sheared off his hair.

FAUST. Straightway. Mephistopheles!

He waves. Soft music. The rear curtain rolls up, and DELILAH *is seen on a chair with the shears in her hand; in front of her sits* SAMSON *sleeping, his head in her lap, and she is busy cutting. Then as before.*

DUKE. I'm convinced you're one of the greatest magicians of our age! Only one thing more I'd like to ask.

FAUST. Command me, your highness.

DUKE. Show me the heroic Judith with the head of Holofernes.

FAUST. As you please. Mephistopheles, have you heard?

He waves. JUDITH, *in her right hand a sword, in her left the head of* HOLOFERNES, *appears to slow music. Then as before.*

DUKE. Thank you for the pleasure you've given me. Today you're my guest, and as long as you stay at my court, my close companion. Follow me, and I'll present you to my spouse as the most famous of conjurers.

FAUST. I obey your highness. (*They go out.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES *brings in* CASPER *by the nape of the neck.*

MEPHISTOPHELES. Along with you, rascal! Why did you give away our master?

CASPER. Ouch, ow! I didn't; no skinflint ever gave less away! Please let me go, Shufflefeet! Nice Shufflefeet, let me go!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why did you tell the Duke the name of your master?

CASPER. I didn't say a word to him; I just showed him in dumb-show and he guessed right off. Lovely Shufflefeet, let me off this time and don't break my neck, and I'll never do it again as long as I live.

MEPHISTOPHELES. All right, then, this time. But to punish you you'll be left behind here in Parma. You're discharged. Get back as best you can. (*Exit.*)

CASPER. Shufflefeet! Hey, Shufflefeet! Good Shufflefeet, don't go and leave me here alone! Shufflefooty!— He's gone, drat it! and left me flat. Ho! Give me my wages anyway. You owe me for two months, you do. No use! The devil made off with him. Oh, my poor Casper, what's to become of you now, without a job and without a master? And what's more, the duke's sending four men with big sticks to pay me for my conjuring. (*Cries.*) Boo hoo ha ha! If my grandma only knew the fix I'm in, she'd blubber her head off. Boo hoo ha ha!

AUERHAHN *comes through the air.*

AUERHAHN. Casper!

CASPER. Did someone call my name?

AUERHAHN. Casper, why are you so sad?

CASPER. Haven't I a reason to be? I'm fired and left in a strange country where I don't know a single road.

AUERHAHN. That's bad! Bandits swarm here. A man's life isn't worth a song.

CASPER. Then to save my neck I'd sing two songs.

AUERHAHN. Then they'd kill you certainly!

CASPER. Oh, my poor Casper, it's all up now! Boo hoo hoo!

AUERHAHN. Listen, Casper. I'm really sorry for you.

CASPER. Is there one soul in the world that's sorry for me?

AUERHAHN. Well, the night watchman of Wittenberg is dead, and if you'll give your soul to me so I can carry it off after twelve years, I'll convey you to Wittenberg and get you made night watchman there.

CASPER. Do you think I have a soul?

AUERHAHN. Of course. Aren't you made in the image of man? Then you have a soul.

CASPER (*to himself*). Stupid devil! I might as well let him go on thinking so. (*Aloud.*) What's your name?

AUERHAHN. Auerhahn.

CASPER. Sourman? Well, Sourman old thing, I give you my soul to carry off after twelve years. And you'll get me to Wittenberg, and have me made watchman? And maybe you'll give me some money?

AUERHAHN. I haven't any money, but I know a great treasure you can have.

CASPER. Where? Quick!

AUERHAHN. There. (*A huge earthenware pot appears suspended over the middle of the stage.*) Just look inside! It's full of rainbow gold.

CASPER (*bends over pot*). I don't see anything.

AUERHAHN. You have to get into it.

CASPER. It isn't a trick?

AUERHAHN. Don't be afraid; just climb in.

CASPER (*gets into the pot and dances around in it*). But where's the treasure, Sourman? I don't see anything yet.

AUERHAHN. You will. Say "Capo cnallo."

CASPER. What? Capers and knacks?

AUERHAHN. No; "Capo cnallo."

CASPER. Capo cnallo!

The pot rises into the air and throws CASPER *around as it spins more and more rapidly.* CASPER *shouts for help. Suddenly the pot comes down with him, breaking to pieces and covering him up. He climbs out.*

AUERHAHN. Now just take hold of me and we'll be in Wittenberg in a twinkling.

CASPER. No more of your tricks, thanks!

AUERHAHN. If you want to be left here—

CASPER. Well . . . all right. (*Jumps back after touching him.*) Ouch! That'll raise a fine blister!

AUERHAHN. But it's our nature to be fiery.

CASPER. Can't you cool off a little?

AUERHAHN. I'll try. Once more.

CASPER. I'm holding on.

AUERHAHN. Say "Capo cnallo."

CASPER. Must I? Not that! I won't say "Capo cnallo"! (*The two fly off together.*)

Curtain.

ACT IV: FAUST'S STUDY.

As in Act I. *The chair beside the table.*

Enter FAUST.

FAUST. Hail, former habitation of my joy! Dejected and embittered I return. Oh, why have I bargained for so stale and profitless a life the well-being of my soul? Here is still visible the wound I drew heart's blood from to seal the covenant with hell. True, I may take courage

and laugh at Satan, since, according to the bond, four and twenty years must elapse before I'm his, and only half the term is up. Yes; only a few years more I'll use him to increase my fame, and then I'll struggle to tear myself away and retrace the abandoned path to salvation. (*Seats himself.*) A strange and unaccountable drowsiness comes over me and forces me to rest. Ah, rest which, since my compact, has forsaken me! (*He sleeps.*)

Enter FAUST'S GOOD GENIUS.

GENIUS. Faust! Faust! Wake from your sleep of sin and death. What have you done? Consider yet: the joys you anticipate, through the pact with hell, are fleeting; by them you turn your salvation to destruction and draw down upon yourself eternal damnation. Are you not born a man? Will you sacrifice yourself so heedlessly to this demon of hell? Oh, turn from your path; go back to virtue! It's high time if you want to save your soul alive; today's the last you may break your bond. O Faust, listen to your good genius!

FAUST (*awakes*). What was that? For the second time the voice warned me against alliance with Satan. Yes, yes! I'll go back to virtue, for ever consecrating myself to it, so to seek heaven's grace. Mephistopheles!

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES. What do you want, Faust?

FAUST. Our pact, you know, binds you to answer all my questions. Tell me what you would do to gain salvation if you might.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I need not answer that. But hear me and despair! To gain eternal bliss I'd climb a ladder up to the skies, even if every rung were a sharp knife. And you, a man, cast away yours heedlessly for the brief pleasures of the earth!

FAUST. Ha! I'm not in your power yet. Henceforth leave me for ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to himself*). I'll go, and try to bind him to me again some other way. (*Exit.*)

FAUST. Fool that I am! How I have fallen! Yet there's still time to make

amends and win back salvation. I'll follow the counsel of my good genius and pray to God to relieve my heart. (*Kneels down.*) All-merciful One, look down on me, a sinner; hear my sighs, let my supplications pierce the clouds, and forgive me my past transgressions. Take me again into Thy favor, and guide me.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES *with* HELEN.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Faust! Faust! Leave off praying. Look, here I bring you the beautiful Helen, for whose sake all Troy perished.

FAUST. Away with you, demon of hell! I want no more of your services!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Just look behind you, Faust! She'll be yours, only don't pray.

FAUST (*looks behind him*). Oh, what loveliness of form I see!

HELEN. Gracious lord, your chief huntsman said you wished something of me?

FAUST (*to himself*). Am I myself? Do my eyes drink in this vision as the soil the bright beams of the sun? I'm all afire. Why look to heaven when earth blooms forth with glamorous love?

MEPHISTOPHELES. See, Faust, what pains I take to lift your moodiness. Enjoy her as you want, only banish sad reflection.

FAUST. Thank you, Mephistopheles, for your lovely gift. Charming Helen, are you willing to stay with me?

HELEN. I am all my lord's, and shall neglect nothing he asks.

FAUST. Then come with me, dear Helen, and I'll show you all my treasures. You'll see how happily you're going to live with me.

HELEN. It gives me joy to go with you. (*Exit with* FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. Hoho! Hoho! Now he's ours, and no power can snatch him away. He almost outwitted me and cheated me of my claim. But after all, a girl was enough to get him back again.

FAUST *rushes in.*

FAUST. Oh, damnable false phantasm! Just as I was about to press this radiant being to my heart, my arms held a fiend of hell! O Faust,

what have you done? Now I've raised the wrath of heaven again by letting Satan throw dust into my eyes! Ha, cursed demon, are you still here? Get away from me for ever, for never again will I look at you!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Hoho! Hoho! Rave away, it's nothing to me now; for our contract soon will be accomplished, and you'll be mine beyond all hope of slipping.

FAUST. The contract up! I yours! Why, half the twenty-four years have hardly passed.

MEPHISTOPHELES. No, Faust, there's where you're mistaken. Count nights in too, and you'll see it's four and twenty years of days and nights.

FAUST. Lying demon, so you've deceived me! Don't crow too soon, for I've still strength in me to defy you.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I laugh your threats to scorn! Your blood's mine, the contract's finished, and we'll soon come to drag you down in triumph to our sovereign Pluto! (*Exit.*)

FAUST. Only a few hours will finish my career. (*Kneels down.*) Rise once more, O my prayer, to the all-pitying ear of God! Yonder where the crimson fire of sunset glows—yonder is—accursed me! the flaming hell-mouth! Vouchsafe— Never . . . must I go there. Ave—marred is the music of the angelic choir. O fiend, you confuse my words until the very prayers turn to curses! No, no; I cannot pray. The fountain of eternal mercy is sealed up, and though the tears of angels would fall for me, it could not be unsealed again. There's hope of no more mercy for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*offstage*). Fauste, prepara te!

FAUST. Must I prepare so soon for my last earthly hour? Then Pluto's chains are already weighing down my heart, and the Furies are waiting eager to tear me limb from limb!

A clock strikes ten.

CASPER (*offstage*). Molly, light me the lantern. Today I begin work as night watchman. The aldermen have taken me, but the town hasn't yet. It wants to try me out. Well, I'll do my best.

(*Enters and sings.*)

Menfolks, when your women scold,
Put your arms around 'em bold
And take a loving strangle-hold.
Ding dong! Ten o'clock!
Tum tiddle, tum tiddle, ti tumty!

(*He dances.*)

Ladies, men are stupid, so
You've a lot to undergo.
Still, they're useful, don't you know.
Ding dong! Something o'clock!
Tum tiddle, tum tiddle, ti tumty!

(*He dances.*)

FAUST. How dare you come into my room when I forbade you ever to cross my threshold again?

CASPER. Excuse me, your dishonour. I only wanted to give you a sample of how good I am at night-watchmaning.

FAUST. Enough of it! Get out!

CASPER. But I'd like to speak to your dishonour about the wages that's coming to me. I need the money bad.

FAUST. Go to my steward and he'll pay you. Out into the street where you belong!

CASPER. Oh, well, if you're not glad to see me, I'll go. And I thought you'd like my serenading! (*Goes off humming.*)

FAUST. It may be that this very moment I'm being arraigned and doomed by the Almighty Judge! It's awful to think about.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*offstage*). Fauste! Judicatus es!

FAUST (*springs up*). It's over with; I'm judged; sentence is passed! The

Omnipotent has condemned me and I'm Satan's own! Woe the day that ever I was born! (*He sits down. It strikes eleven.*)

CASPER (*offstage*). Moll, give me the lantern, it's striking again already. That clock's got a screw loose. Turn up the wick so I can see better. There, that's fine!

(*Enters and sings.*)

Widowers who'd wife it twice
Cramp their chance of second splice
By praising Number One as nice.
  Ding dong! Eleven o'clock!
Tum tiddle, tum tiddle, ti tumty!

(*He dances.*)

Widows, tears won't help you out,
Neither will a sigh or pout;
There's naught to do but do without.
  Ding dong! Seven eleven!
Tum tiddle, tum tiddle, ti tumty!

(*He dances.*)

Odsditties, how'd I get in here again? Excuse me, your dishonour. I can't guess how it happened. But now that I'm here, I'd like to ask you a very big favour.

FAUST. What is it?

CASPER. Hearing that your dishonour is going on a trip, I wonder if you'd be so kind as to give my grandmother my best regards? She's at number one Hot Creosote Road, Hell, patching asbestos overcoats.

FAUST. Get out or I'll—

CASPER. No assistance, thank you. (*He goes off humming.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*offstage*). Fauste! Fauste! In æternum damnatus es!

FAUST (*springs up*). The moment's come. They wait for me in the pit of hell. Pitch and brimstone are bubbling. Pluto's monsters grin. My flesh aches with the agony of it already! (*Thunder and lightning, more*

and more violently.) Thunderclaps! Fire vomited from the earth! Help, oh, help! Save me, Powers above! . . . Too late! I call in vain. I must pay the penalty for my sins. (FURIES *enter.*) Come, you Furies of hell! Rip me apart and swoop off to the place that's ready for me!

They carry FAUST *off through the air amid thunderclaps. It grows quiet and then the clock strikes twelve.*

CASPER (*offstage*). The devil's got into that clock! It keeps striking as if Satan was after it! I've got to cry out the time again already. Molly, make me some nice coffee for when I come back, but don't put too much mud in it. Now the lantern.

(*Enters and sings.*)

Boys, watch out in love affairs!
Dark is full of stools and chairs,
And you'll be caught on creaky stairs.
Ding dong! Twelve o'clock!
Tum tiddle, tum tiddle, ti tumty!

(*He dances.*)

Girls, when nosy people fret,
Asking if you're single yet,
Just answer, Yes, to my regret.
Ding dong! Noon of night!
Tum tiddle, tum tiddle, ti tumty!

(*He dances.*)

AUERHAHN *descends.* CASPER's *lantern strikes him in the air.*

CASPER. Eeek! Who's there?

AUERHAHN. Don't you know me, Casper?

CASPER. No, I don't. Who are we, monseer?

AUERHAHN. I am Auerhahn.

CASPER. Just let me light you up a little. (*Shines lantern on his face.*) Right you are! It's Sourman. And what do you want?

AUERHAHN. Casper, your time has come! Come with me to hell.

CASPER. Are you crazy? The twelve years aren't up, are they?

AUERHAHN. They are.

CASPER. But today I'm night watchman for the first time, on trial.

AUERHAHN. It makes no difference. The time is up and you're mine.

CASPER. You don't say! It seems you've played a trick on me.

AUERHAHN. Suppose I have?

CASPER. Well, the joke's on you, because I haven't any soul!

AUERHAHN. Soul or no, you must come.

CASPER. Don't make me mad or I'll give you a couple of shiners with my lantern! (*Flourishes it.*)

AUERHAHN. Oh, oh! We don't want you in hell. (*Flies through the air.*)

CASPER. Very obliging! I'm proud of myself! The devil will have none of me. Oh, Molly! Coffee ready?

Curtain.

Just Opened

A MORAL AND POLITICK PUPPET PLAY

JUNKDUMP FAIR

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

* NOTE: The marionette theatre that Goethe's grandmother gave him, one Christmas Eve when he was a boy, remained a cherished possession. It still stands in the chamber adjoining his work-room in the Goethe House in Frankfort—all of it that has survived, the proscenium frame and stage floor. During the dreary days of the Seven Years' War when a French contingent occupied the town, Goethe, kept at home by his parents, made this little theatre not only the amusement of the family and their neighbours, but a laboratory for learning stage technique. He presented farces he saw in the show booths of the fairs, classic dramas he got out of books, and pieces that he made up as he went along. In 1769, when he was twenty, he gave before a circle of friends this commentary on human foibles, *Junkdump Fair* (*Das Jahrmarktsfest zu Plundersweilern*).

The small-town fair, a portrait of that at Frankfort, with its peasants and townsfolk, hawkers and showmen, is used by Goethe as a background against which moral values are ironically shown up. The Biblical play of the mountebanks, broken off just as its plot thickens, and the shadow show of the Creation and the Deluge, are not just survivals of the old moralities brought in for local colour. In ideas as well as in style the

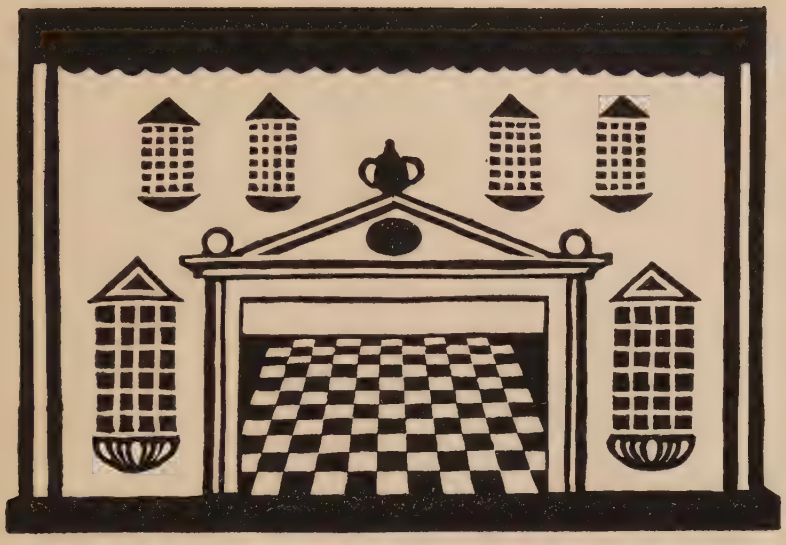
* Permission to perform this play must be obtained from the translator, Paul McPharlin, addressed in care of the publishers.

piece is most characteristic of Goethe. The concluding lines of the prologue are often quoted. The secondary prologue between the Mountebank and the Doctor foreshadows that of *Faust*, as Charles Magnin has pointed out.

The shadow showman, who speaks a strange jargon, has been thought to be suggested to Goethe by a foreign exhibitor of Chinese shadows whom he saw at the Frankfort fair. The Frankfort paper in 1774 carried an announcement of Herr Marquis' New Chinese Spectacle from Peking; the same Frenchman may have made earlier visits to the town; he may, indeed, have been the same Ambroise who in 1775 showed his Théâtre des Récréations de la Chine in Paris and in 1776 in London.

Junkdump Fair or parts of it were played at Weimar when Goethe came to its court, for the character of the Mountebank there became well known. He recited, at the wish of Princess Amalia, some verses with veiled allusions to the courtiers, written by Goethe for a Christmas entertainment in 1780. These lines follow the play in collected editions of Goethe's works.

Besides marionette plays, shadow pieces were performed to amuse Karl August and his blithe court. On 28 August, 1781, Goethe's birthday, there was given in his honour a thing reported dull and insipid, called *The Birth, Life and Deeds of Minerva*. On 24 November there was another shadow-play, *The Judgment of Midas*. Goethe was too busy with affairs of state, unfortunately, to write any more marionette plays himself.



YOUNG GOETHE'S MARIONETTE THEATRE

Proscenium 1 m. by 65 cm.; floor 1 m. by 86 cm.
Goethehaus, Grosse Hirschgraben, Frankfort

CHARACTERS:

The Mountebank.

The Doctor.

The Squire.

The Squire's Lady.

A Young Lady.

Her Governess.

The Parson.

A Gipsy Chieftain.

His Attendant.

Hanswurst, *impersonated by the* Footlight Trimmer.

A Tyrolean, a Peasant, a Nuremberger, a Tyrolean Girl, an Axlegrease Seller, a Gingerbread Girl, a Ballad Singer *and his* Wife, a Boy *with a monkey*, a Boy Zitherist, a Milkmaid, Merchants.

Haman
Ahasuerus
Mordecai
Esther
} *in the* Mountebank's *play*.

A Shadow Showman.

Adam
Eve
The Serpent
Cavaliers
Ladies
Mercury
} *Shadow-Play Figures.*

SCENE

The market-place of a German town in the eighteenth century.

JUNKDUMP FAIR

*Et prodesse volunt et delectare poetæ.**

A GERMAN MARKET-PLACE.

PROLOGUE

Eagle, soar up in sunward flight!
Bear verses from your dazzling height.
As joy and clang set blood aswing,
Perhaps they'll favour what you bring.
Come one, come all! Attention here,
Emperor, pope and priest and peer
With trailing robes that sweep and sway,
Parading crowned with oak and bay,
A jogging mob whence dust upblows,
As noisy as a flock of crows,
Each one jostling while he classes
All the others fools and asses.
The honoured audience takes its place,
Bewildered, turning, face on face,
Sees the fantastic cavalcade,
And gapes at the endless concourse made.
Ahum, buzz buzz, and damn you, Sir!
Ouch! Go easy! Look out for her!
Around and round about they storm;
They must be scribblers in a swarm.
Lord, how they clutch and tear and squeeze!
Some crawl like lice, some hop like fleas.
Sometimes they creep and sometimes fly
Until they let each other by.

* Poets would excel and please.

Milord and lackey, fat and thin,
At last the whole of 'em is in.
So near, so far—the old, old story:
Triumph on the path of glory.
Ah, see how quietly there doze
The puppets in their peaceful rows,
Their strings in order, heads well tacked,
In readiness to do their act,
To nod and dance and swing along
And tralala a snatch of song.
Then comes a lout and roils their life,
Eats their apple and steals their wife.
Out straightway avengers pour,
And growl, take arms and start a war,
And hell and earth are moved therefor.
Next comes a titan, packs up the box
With towns and woods and cardboard rocks,
Gay songs and war's alarms and shocks,
(The trestles shake, the puppets quake)
And carries them aloft with him
Up to Olympus' footstool rim.
Then Jupiter in anger gasps,
His mightiest thunderbolt unclasps,
And hurls the fellow helter-skelter
Into the valley-trough to welter,
Exulting in his lordship till
Juno bends him to her will.
The vanity of the world is thus;
A solid empire lasts as long;
A world-wide power is as strong;
Yet infinity is part of us.
So let each do the best he can;
A little man is still a man.
The great walk proudly, the small just smile;
Each is content a little while.

MOUNTEBANK.

Today I celebrate with pride
And praise to Junkdump far and wide
A Doctor so acute of mind
He leaves his colleagues far behind.
Be glad he got his permit through!
I hope that when we put on view
Our show that aims to be most pleasant
Tonight you'll one and all be present.
I hope that it will gratify
Tastes high and low and satisfy.

DOCTOR.

God's many blessings on you, brother.
May they fall so thick they smother;
I can't begrudge what He'll bestow.
I know what all at bottom know:
No sickness cures itself, it seems,
So you must dope it up with dreams.
The ailing swallow all your blunders.
New specialists perform new wonders.
What's the comedy to be?

MOUNTEBANK.

Doctor, it's a tragedy
With sugary and moral speeches;
No swear-word and no smut it teaches,
Since towns have grown so free of vice
That everyone is overnice.

DOCTOR.

They'll be so bored 'twon't be endured.

MOUNTEBANK.

If only Hanswurst now were cured!
He'd surely make 'em smile and clap quick,
Because they're connoisseurs of slapstick.
Even so it isn't easy half,
For people are ashamed to laugh.

But everywhere a wordy flight
Or pretty saying will delight.
Each takes it for a compliment
Just for himself and is content.
However, when we speak and act
As nobly as they do in fact,
All, before you'd bat an eye,
"Pfooh, indecent!" hotly cry.
We seek to please in every matter;
We therefore gladly lie and flatter.

DOCTOR.

It's hard to earn your bread that way.

MOUNTEBANK.

It spoils your character, they say,
To make pretending your profession;
Strange spirits take you in possession;
You so much live a foreign rôle
That you assume a foreign soul.
Oh, well! We please as long as we play,
And hide our heartaches well away,
As long as we give for others' sake
And don't ourselves make bold to take.
Our heroes often aren't swagger;
Soberly our drunkards stagger.
And thus, unknowing, people shout
A body down as knave or lout.

DOCTOR.

The parts must not disgrace the players.

MOUNTEBANK.

But why heap scorn on *us* in layers?
They each of them discreetly go
Along the middle path and know
What nicely fits all times and places,
Now put on one, now other faces,
And prosper, wasting little breath,

While we—we nearly starve to death.

DOCTOR.

You then have able men to play?

MOUNTEBANK.

Their talents will be seen today;
And since they know their etiquette
They're welcomed in the highest set.

DOCTOR.

Of course they squabble now and then?

MOUNTEBANK.

They're still, thank heaven, moderate men.
At times they can't get on so well;
At making faces they excel.
I just let pass their hostile action;
Each day brings up another faction.
You mustn't lose your patience though
They're hard to manage. Well, I'll go
About my business now I guess.

DOCTOR.

So long, old fellow! Good success!

LACKEY.

Milady sends her greetings in.
The piece is ready to begin.
She hopes that all who wish to see
Will kindly come this way with me.

The curtains part and one sees the whole fair. At the back on trestles stands the MOUNTEBANK'S *stage. At the left an arbour before the* SQUIRE'S *door, a table and chairs in it. While music plays everyone strolls in and out so that the characters come centre front and meet, then lose themselves at the back to make way for others.*

TYROLEAN.

Buy one, buy all; buy all, buy one,
Buy notions, handy wares!

What's a copper next to gold?
A copper, and my things are sold.
Buy one, buy all; buy all, buy one,
Buy notions, handy wares!

A PEASANT *brushes against the* TYROLEAN *with his brooms and knocks down his pack. Both fall to quarrelling; meanwhile the* BOY WITH A MONKEY *pockets the scattered wares.*

PEASANT.

Who wants brooms? Who wants brooms?
Small and big,
New and tight,
Brown and white,
Made of freshest birchentwig.
Sweep your street and stoop and rooms.
Faggot brooms! Faggot brooms!

The fair is in full swing.

NUREMBERGER.

Children dear,
Buy 'em here!
I got doggies,
Pigs and froggies,
Drums and sticks,
A coach and six,
Ninepins, wagons,
Boxes, dragons,
Hobbyhorses,
Soldier forces—
For only a penny
You can have any.
Tots dear, buy here!

YOUNG LADY.

The crowd is howling like possessed!

DOCTOR.

A penny buys his lunch at best.

TYROLEAN GIRL.

Can I sell you anything today?

YOUNG LADY.

What have you got? Perhaps you may.

TYROLEAN GIRL.

Painted ribbon, all the style,
Palatines of lightest lisle—
I've had them just a little while.
Also lovely caps of lace,
And charming fans that make a face
All the more a thing of guile.

The DOCTOR *flirts with the* TYROLEAN GIRL *while her goods are being examined, finally growing importunate.*

TYROLEAN GIRL.

A girl that's spruce
May have no use
For you and your like, Sir.
Pull in your tail and hide your head
And be a snail, but fast indeed! (*She slaps the* DOCTOR'S *face.*)

AXLEGREASE SELLER.

Hi! Hi!
Axlegrease like lard for pie!
Keep your axles free of squeaks,
Stop your wheels' complaints and creaks.
Hee haw! Haw hee!
Me and my donkey, here we be!

A GOVERNESS *and* PARSON *emerge from the crowd; he stops beside the* GINGERBREAD GIRL; *the* GOVERNESS *is not pleased.*

GOVERNESS.

There's the doctor and my young lady!
Let's hurry, parson, to where it's shady.

GINGERBREAD GIRL.

Who will take
My gingerbread and honeycake?

It's spiced and fresh and sweet,
The nicest you could eat,
Gingerbread like angels bake!

GOVERNESS.

Parson, do make haste!
The girl won't give a taste.

PARSON.

As you wish.

Enter a GIPSY CHIEFTAIN *and his* ATTENDANT.

GIPSY CHIEFTAIN.

Trash and tatters!
Nothing matters.

ATTENDANT.

I'd like to get
That pistol set.

GIPSY CHIEFTAIN.

Not fit for the devil! . . .
How the simps revel,
Gaping and gabbing,
Haggling and grabbing,
A bestial mob!
Cats and kids scramble,
Jackasses amble,
Ninnies slobber and sob. . . .
I'd not stir to lift
The stuff as a gift! . . .
Now if only I could—

ATTENDANT.

Gad, believe me, *I* would!

GIPSY CHIEFTAIN.

—Get hands on that field.

ATTENDANT.

And reap all its yield!

GIPSY CHIEFTAIN.

With twenty men

I'd leave no stubble.

ATTENDANT.

'Twould pay the trouble.

YOUNG LADY (*going to the* SQUIRE'S *door and knocking*).

Pardon me, milady, but they'll start.

SQUIRE'S WIFE (*comes out of the door of the house*).

We are pleased with all our heart.
A welcome visit, we may say.

DOCTOR.

Enough commotion for today!

A BALLAD SINGER *enters with his* WIFE, *and puts up his picture.* The people gather around him.*

BALLAD SINGER (*sings*).

Your Christian town is very fine,
But when will it be bettered?
Unless it is, no peace can shine,
And joy will languish fettered.
For vice works man no end of woe;
Virtue is high as it is low,
And needs no painful seeking.
[*Following verses ad libitum.*]†

SQUIRE.

Mankind means well.

BOY WITH MONKEY (*sings*).

Many lands I see and people meet,
Avecque la marmotte,
And always find enough to eat,
Avecque la marmotte,
Avecque ci, avecque là,
Avecque la marmotte.

* These big canvases, roughly painted with a series of little scenes, might not so very long since have been found at small German fairs. The singer moralizes in verse upon some recent event, generally a sensational crime, while he points to the scenes that show its progress step by step. The verses called "The News from Junkdump" were written by Goethe at Christmas, 1780, for a similar picture that included many figures at the court of Weimar. This picture was still in existence in 1816.

† Here, doubtless, Goethe made allusions to current Frankfort scandals, or chaffed members of the audience for their peccadilloes.

I've seen quite many gentlemen,
Avecque, etc.
They like the ladies now and then,
Avecque, etc.

I've seen the pretty ladies, too,
Avecque, etc.
They little looked at me, boo hoo!
Avecque, etc.

But you'll be kinder, Sirs, I think,
Avecque, etc.
A chap is fond of food and drink,
Avecque, etc.

The company throws the BOY *coins. He snatches them all up.*

BOY ZITHERIST.

Hey, hey! My penny!
He's taken my penny!

BOY WITH MONKEY.

I did not, it's mine!

They tussle. The BOY WITH THE MONKEY *wins. The* BOY ZITHERIST *bawls.*

Music.

FOOTLIGHT TRIMMER (*in* HANSWURST *costume, coming out on the* MOUNTEBANK'S *stage*).

With your allowing,
We'll get a-going.

GIPSY CHIEFTAIN.

How the boobs dash
To give fools their cash
For wormwood and ash!

PORK BUTCHER.

Bring the hogs to my house for me.

CATTLE DEALER.

Drive the oxen slow to where we'll be.

We're coming after.
Buddy, the host will trust us, I think.
The herd is cared for. Let's have a drink.

HANSWURST.*

Oh, I be Hanswurst, ain't it true?
I got me ruff, me pants and buttons,
Besides I got me head o' muttons,
So I be Hanswurst through and through.
Me sort is weird.
Look at the beard!
Allons, who'll buy 'em?
Plasters and clysters: I'll apply 'em.
There ain't no guy
What's half so dry
As Hanswurst be!
Hanky out! Whee!

MOUNTEBANK.

None of your fishing; closed season yet.
Ladies and gentlemen,
One moment and then
The curtain will rise,
Disclosing to your eyes
A splendid tragedy;
Wait, attend and see.
Done without a jester,
It's a play of Esther
Of the newest kind,
Thrills and chills combined.
But take no fright;
It's broad daylight,
And when the dark gets thick
We'll light a candlewick.

The curtain goes up. A throne is seen at the side and a gallows at the back. Music.

* That is, the Footlight Trimmer.

HAMAN (*alone*).

Thou, burning ever in me night and day,
Filling all my thoughts, showing me my way,
Revenge! in this my need desert nor fail
When fate would weigh thy servant in the scale.
Of what avail the lustre glory gives,
The gracious breath by which my fortune lives,
The entire kingdom prostrate at my feet,
When one will not bow down as it is meet?
What profits grovelling of lords and lands?
There is a Jew who all unhumbled stands!
Abraham's pure blood makes proud his path;
But let him feel our temple's glowering wrath!
As once Jerusalem fell down accursed,
May Judah fall, and Mordecai first!
Let boil Ahasuerus' blood like mine!
There is a monarch, only much too fine!

AHASUERUS (*enters and speaks*).

Ah, Haman . . . Art thou there?

HAMAN.

I have waited long.

AHASUERUS.

Thou sleepest little lately. What is wrong? (*Sits down.*)

HAMAN.

Exalted prince, thy majesty still treads,
I see, a downy road of flower heads;
I thank the gods thou art so rarely blessed
And pray thy crown may ever easy rest,
Thy people, as the sands, disturb in naught;
For this the gods have granted thee and wrought.
So, like the mountains, sink more deep in peace
While on the heights unnumbered trees increase.

AHASUERUS.

Indeed, their works have shown the gods are sage;
Thus to live and reign has been our heritage.

To rule the realm has none found sore to bear,
And none has ever died consumed with care.

HAMAN.

Sire, it grieveth much and vexeth me
That I must trouble thy serenity.

AHASUERUS.

Whatever thou wouldst say, speak out; be short.

HAMAN.

Oh, its enormity defies report!

AHASUERUS.

How so?

HAMAN.

Thou knowest the folk called Jews, who own
No master but their deity alone.
Thou gavest free asylum to the band
That they might work and flourish in thy land,
Thou thyself their god when theirs deserted them,
Town and temple burnt, all Jerusalem.
And yet they call thee not their saviour,
Despise thy laws and mock thy holy lore,
That I thy subject envy how they fare,
And doubt those gods the true I give my prayer.
Teach them their duty by a law, my lord,
And if they scoff, convert by fire and sword!

AHASUERUS.

I laud thee, friend; in duty speakest thou.
What some would not, the sceptre will allow.
It matters not to me what god they psalm
So long as they pay tithes and leave us calm.

HAMAN.

I see, most potent king, the land is thine;
Thy mercy and thy kindness godlike shine.
And furthermore, they hold it just to steal
From those outside their tribe with whom they deal.
Thy people are these desperadoes' prey.

O king, the danger looms! Do not delay!

AHASUERUS.

How comes this all so suddenly about?
My ears have heard no thief-and-murder shout.

HAMAN.

'Tis not exactly that you must be told:
The Jew fears risk and yet as much loves gold.
He knows the way, without expense or pains,
To trade and lend at interest for his gains.

AHASUERUS.

I know full well. My friend, I am not blind.
The uncircumcised as well do that, thou'lt find.

HAMAN.

All this is bearable, although it smart,
But money gives them entry to our heart;
No secret may be kept from them secure.
Artfully they treat with whom they lure.
They catch all men in lending and exchange;
If one, once clutched, escape, 'tis very strange.
But with our women this is grievous sore;
Never having money, ever they need more.

AHASUERUS.

Ha ha! This is too much! I find it gay.
What Jew has made thee jealous, Haman, pray?

HAMAN.

None, thy highness. Ancient uses tell,
Who holds the woman, holds the man as well;
And common people, erring, will have sold
All right, position, rank and titlehold.

AHASUERUS.

How may this come to pass? Thou errest too.
All that depends on me and what I do.

HAMAN.

Full well I know thou canst not have a peer,
But many mighty men and lords are here

Who bear thy gentle yoke against their will.
They lack no pride, but debt harasses ill;
There is no man the whole wide empire through
Who has not some relation with a Jew,
And that sly people sees but this ahead:
So long as order reigns, their hope is dead.
They cherish hid a smouldering firebrand,
And ere we know, a blaze will sweep the land.

AHASUERUS.

It will not be the first that we have met;
Our blessèd arms are undefeated yet:
We send our host, make peace where war was rife,
And sit here calm as if there were no strife.

HAMAN.

Sedition, in a moment fanned alight,
Quick wits as soon stamp back to eternal night:
Rebellion feeds on plot and gold alone;
Together they have strength to shake the throne.

AHASUERUS.

No fear that aught can shake it while I sit!
All know the dread command sent down from it.
The golden steps, the marble pillars' wonder
A hundred years could never pull asunder.

HAMAN.

Oh, wherefore press me to reveal thee all?

AHASUERUS.

Speak it quick before thy caution gall!
This is but pastime for a gabbing wife.

HAMAN.

Oh, sire, perhaps they may attempt thy life!

AHASUERUS (*alarmed*).

How? What?

HAMAN.

As I have said. The plot is bare.
What man not man enough but would despair?

Deep hell looked on to see the plan devised;
Some guilty yet stay hidden, darkly guised.
Vain protection—sceptre, crown and throne,
Thy realm, no more than Babylon, thine own!
In horrid night the traitors, reeking death,
With patricidal hands will stay thy breath;
Thy blood, for which a myriad hearts would flow,
O'er bed and pillow wretchedly will go.
Woe! these halls will cry, woe! the land and sea,
And woe! who sacrificed themselves for thee!
As carrion thy royal corpse will fare,
Thy faithful, slaughtered, heaped for wolves to tear.
And finally, murder-slaked, the traitorous band
Will carry conflagration through the land.

AHASUERUS.

Oh, woe, oh, misery me! The air swims green!
I think I'm like to die. Inform my queen!
My teeth do click, my knees are substanceless;
Cold sweat—yet blood and fire enflame my stress!

HAMAN.

Man thyself!

AHASUERUS.

Oh! Oh!

HAMAN.

The time is nigh;
Yet thy friends stand ready, even to die.
Thou wilt know the truest from their zeal.

AHASUERUS.

Why tarriest thou? Let them have the steel!

HAMAN.

One must be circumspect; no need of haste.

AHASUERUS.

And meanwhile let my back be dagger-laced!

HAMAN.

Our own good swords will hinder that, believe!

AHASUERUS.

They were my children round me. . . . Hard I grieve;
They wish my end; it hurts me to the core.

HAMAN.

When one is dead he eats and drinks no more!

AHASUERUS.

High treason must be sent to aching fires!

HAMAN.

Wouldst thou so early sleep beside thy sires?

AHASUERUS.

Ugh! the grave repels me more than death!
I am prepared by what thy friendship saith.
Now shall my anger strike the world afraid!
Go, let ten thousand gallows-trees be made.

HAMAN (*kneeling*).

Omnipotent! I beg thee on my knees:
'Twill hurt so many men—and forest trees.

AHASUERUS.

Arise! thy generosity excels;
For enemies thy noble kindness wells.
Arise; say what thou meanest.

HAMAN.

It is sad;
Though many wicked plot, not all are bad;
I would preserve your sword from guiltless blood!
A lord must crush, but not in passion's flood.
The monster squirming near with powerful length,
Its heads cut off, would lie bereft of strength.

AHASUERUS.

Good! Then string them up without ado.
The king has spoken, and the laws have too.
Who are they? Tell me.

HAMAN.

Only were it known!
Whoever it may be, let the rich atone.

AHASUERUS.

Accursèd brood, thou shalt no longer live!
And thee their goods and chattels I shall give.

HAMAN.

Sad gift!

AHASUERUS.

Now who must first receive my spleen?

HAMAN.

Mordecai, uncle to thy queen.

AHASUERUS.

Woe! never will she let me hear its end!

HAMAN.

He once dead, her sorrow soon must mend.

AHASUERUS.

Then hang him quick and bar the queen away!

HAMAN.

Unless thou callest, none will come thy way.

AHASUERUS.

Where is a gallows? Act ere any see.

HAMAN.

Here; I took good care to build a tree!

AHASUERUS.

Then ask no more. Thou hearest my decree;
For I have done enough. Now my hands are free.

(*Exeunt.*)

HANSWURST.

So act one be played and done.
Now act two will be begun.

MOUNTEBANK.

Kind friends, good people all and one,
Assure yourselves that friendliness,
Anxiety for your distress,
A love for man, his health and care,
And interest in how he fare
Have brought me here from far away.

Have faith, dear friends, in what I say
And in my art and science, pray.
Even believing as you choose,
There's much to gain and little to lose.
Some men would show, if in my shoes,
The letter from the Queen of Russia,
The word from Frederick of Prussia,
The praise from Europe's potentates;
With me, of course, such boasting grates.
Too many of my predecessors
Have been accomplishment-confessors,
And you may think me one, you know,
So I hold back and only show
This lot of medicines so nice
Their virtues by themselves suffice.
Read all they're good for on the label;
They will make you fit and able!
The package holds digestion pills,
A laxative that never kills,
Flavoured toothpaste, salve for itches,
Besides a ring for aches and twitches.
A shilling buys the lot; it's true,
In need they're worth much more to you.

HANSWURST.

Hanky out!

The SPECTATORS *buy from the* MOUNTEBANK.

MILKMAID.

Buy my milk, buy my eggs!
They're strictly fresh bought here,
And not so very dear!

GIPSY CHIEFTAIN.

The milkmaid there is quite a pretty thing;
I think I'll give the girl a plated ring.

ATTENDANT.

You bet! I'll kiss her if I can.

GIPSY CHIEFTAIN.

First the master, then the man!

BOTH.

How do you sell your eggs, my lass?

MILKMAID.

A penny a piece, and all first class.

BOTH.

Lord, it's surely worth the price!

MILKMAID (*eluding them*).

Buy my milk!
Buy my eggs!

BOTH (*stopping her*).

Not so fast, and not so dear!

MILKMAID.

What'll I do? They're getting rough.
Buy my milk!
Buy my eggs!
Then I'll like you well enough.

DOCTOR.

Well, Sir, how do you like the play?

SQUIRE.

I don't! It's scandalous, I say!
I sent them word to change their style
And make it decenter or I'll—

DOCTOR.

What said the manager to that?

SQUIRE.

There'll be no more such stuff, that's flat!
Haman will hang for what he's done
To warn and frighten everyone.

HANSWURST.

Hanky out!

MOUNTEBANK.

The gentlemen will not depart?
The second act will shortly start.

Meanwhile think, lest you forget,
If you will want a medicine set.

HANSWURST.

Watch out! the tears will get you yet!

Music. Enter ESTHER *and* MORDECAI.

MORDECAI (*sobbing and weeping*).

O cruel lot! O miserable end!
O tale of outrage I must tell thee, friend!
How wretched, queen, I am! All comfort fails.

ESTHER.

Say what thou wilt, but pray leave off thy wails.

MORDECAI.

Ai! 'tis hard to bear; my heart is weak.

ESTHER.

Go finish weeping, else thou cannot speak.

MORDECAI.

Ai! my heart will break! Ai! the bitter pang!

ESTHER.

What's amiss?

MORDECAI.

O me! ere day be done I hang!

ESTHER.

What art thou saying, friend? Who told thee this?

MORDECAI.

No matter, for 'tis true. Farewell, my bliss!
How now may happy men trust comely day,
How serenely build on bedrock, say?
O queen, thy favour made me feel secure.
A castaway, I tremble, aught but sure.

ESTHER.

Speak, my friend, who lusts to do this thing?

MORDECAI.

Proud Haman has betrayed me to the king.
If thou wilt not stand by me, pity, yield
And straightway see the king, my doom is sealed.

ESTHER.

I cannot grant thy boon, poor man of woe!
'Tis for the king to call, not me to go.
When one unbidden dares approach the throne,
Death is doled. Thou art not earnest, own!

MORDECAI.

Incomparable woman, fear no harm;
He grants thee all who sees thee in thy charm.
The laws must needs make penalties severe;
The king were overwhelmed, all coming near.

ESTHER.

Yet even should I dare and yet not die,
The fall of Vasti warns me not to try.

MORDECAI.

Then is my death indifferent to you?

ESTHER.

What matters it if death befall us two?

MORDECAI.

Save my grey head, gold, children, wife and name!

ESTHER.

With all my heart, were't not a risky game.

MORDECAI.

Vain the appeal to thy hard heart, I see!
Bethink, ungrateful, what I did for thee!
I reared thee since thou wert indeed so short,
And taught thee to conduct thyself at court.
Long since had failed the favour thou hast gained,
Long since the king's infatuation waned—
Thou art too blunt—hadst fallen from above,
Had not I smoothed thy duty and thy love.
Through me the king was conquered by thy smile,
And all through me thou mayest still beguile.

ESTHER.

Through me myself no crown had graced my head;
Thee alone I'll thank, even when thou art dead.

MORDECAI.

To die for Jews and for our holy land,
And not for nothing, by a heinous hand!
There aloft the hangman will expose
My head to blazing sun and bitter snows!
There, in winter, busy rooks will peck
Morsels from my poor distorted neck!
And there at last my noble limbs will blow
With every breeze a-clatter to and fro,
A fright to men, an infamy to me,
A curse to Israel and—what to thee?

ESTHER.

A painful heartache. Know, if act I may,
Thou shalt not long upon the gallows stay,
But shalt with grieving pains be well embalmed,
Fittingly entombed, bewailed and psalmed.

MORDECAI.

What boots it then to mourn thy faithful friend?
In hour of need thou canst no longer send,
Nor he come forth with money if thou beckon,
Creditors a-press, tradesmen hot to reckon.
With no new gown, no pearls nor gems nor gear,
Haunting, my empty spirit shall appear
To offer thee resplendent ghosts of treasure
That melt in air at grasp, to thy displeasure.

ESTHER.

I tell thee what! Draw up thy testament,
Bequeath me something, and I'll be content.

MORDECAI.

A thousand thanks! Alas, I would comply;
My goods are confiscated when I die.
Then too I must expect my brothers' end;
Not one, I fear, will be alive to lend.
Sweet trade will fail; the firstfruit of our toil
Will not, as erstwhile, fall to thee as spoil.

The smallest maid can hardly envy thee
When thou in homespun shalt attired be.
And thou at last, despairing for the grave,
Shalt be thy husband's and thy people's slave.

ESTHER.

'Tis horrible! Thou fillest me with fear.
'Tis time to weep when once that time is here. (*Weeping.*)
Oh, must it go like this with me?

MORDECAI.

Quite so.

ESTHER.

What shall I do?

MORDECAI.

Preserve us.

ESTHER.

Please to go;
I would—

MORDECAI.

O queen, with thee salvation lies!
What wouldst thou?

ESTHER.

That this all were otherwise! (*Exit.*)

MORDECAI (*alone*).

By heaven! nice words will vex me not. She'll find
No rest nor peace; she must make up her mind. (*Exit.*)

MOUNTEBANK.

Tumblers and tight-rope dancers bow;
The time gets short and shorter now.
Before the break of another dawn
We and our art will all be gone.
Last call! If any wants this lot,
Take it half-price upon the spot.

SHADOW SHOWMAN (*behind scenes*).

Tweedledum, tweedledee!
Tumty tum tee!

DOCTOR.

Tell him to come this way.

SQUIRE.

Bring the umbrella. Another play!

DOCTOR.

Put out the light.*
They're honest; it's all right.
Man's what he wants to be, I guess.

SQUIRE.

Man's what he does, no more, no less.

SHADOW SHOWMAN.

Tweedledum, tweedledee!
Tumty tum tee!
Lights away from my lantern spark!
Ladies, step in; look out, it's dark.

DOCTOR.

That's so. Delighted to . . .

SHADOW SHOWMAN.

Tweedledum, tweedledee! (*Until ready.*)
Oh, how awful dark it is!
Black as pitch all over;
Wild and formless void;
Nothing seen in the whole wide world. . . .

Tweedledum, etc. (*Until ready.*)
And God said, Let there be light!
It slants,
Breaks through and scatters night!
The elements is swirled
Helter-skelter;
Six days to make this welter
Into sun, moon, stars, animals and plants.

* There can be no light in the Shadow Showman's booth save that illuminating the cloth against which the shadows are thrown.

Tweedledum, tweedledee!
Tumty tum tee!
See Adam there in Paradise
And Eve, seduced by serpent lies;
Then driven out to go
Where thorns and thistles grow,
The pangs of birth to know!
Oh, woe!

Tweedledum, etc. (*Until ready.*)
So the world grows on apace
With lots of godless men.
Before it was a pious place;
They prayed and carolled then.
No belief in any god, you see:
It's shameful and a mockery!
Cavaliers and ladies couple up
In every dell and meadow cup;
The grass and moss is laid upon
By pairs that come to carry on;
Can God permit such things to be?

Tweedledum, tweedledee!
Tumty tum tee!
Then the deluge from the sky;
How they yell and moan and cry!
All is flooded and surrounded;
All is miserably drownded.

Tweedledum, etc. (*Until ready.*)
Look, here flies with all his speed
Mercury to end their need.
Praise God from whom all blessings flow!
The play is done and you can go.

Tweedledum, tweedledee,
Tumty tum tee!

DOCTOR.

Well, that's the end of misery today.

YOUNG LADY.

Thanks! Good-bye.

SQUIRE.

And will you come tomorrow?

GOVERNESS.

Once quite suffices, I should say.

DOCTOR.

But every day brings forth its sorrow.

SHADOW SHOWMAN.

Tweedledum, tweedledee!
Tumty tum tee!

Curtain.

PAPA SCHMID'S MARIONETTE THEATRE

Built by the State

Blumenstrasse, Munich

CASPER AMONG THE SAVAGES

AN EDIFYING DRAMA IN TWO ACTS

BY FRANZ VON POCCI

GIVEN IN PAPA SCHMID'S MARIONETTE THEATRE,
MUNICH, IN 1858

* NOTE: Count Franz von Pocci (1807–1876) lived in Bavaria, land of wood-carvers and marionette fanciers. In his castle at Ammerland he fitted up a little theatre for which he painted scenes, whittled puppets and wrote plays. Here it probably was that the first act of *Casper Among the Savages* was given with shadow-figures. In 1854 the single act was printed in Pocci's small book, *What You Will.*

The second act was added for a marionette production by Papa Schmid in 1858, the year of foundation of his renowned theatre in Munich. Now this theatre came about thus. General von Heideck had made a very fine stage and set of marionettes for his children. They were growing up, and it seemed that the theatre would be discarded. Heideck's friends thought too well of it to let this happen. Dr. Hierneis, a lawyer, undertook to find a way to give it new life. Despite the four regular theatres in Munich at that time, he felt that there was room for another—a small one at any rate. In his office he discovered Joseph Schmid, a young man who consented to manage the theatre. Now everything was arranged, but where could the proper plays be found? Schmid bethought him of Count von Pocci, who had already published some Casper pieces. Would the Count become marionette playwright

* Permission to perform this play must be obtained from the translator, Paul McPharlin, addressed in care of the publishers.

to the new theatre? Pocci wrote back from Ammerland that, although he was not certain of his capability for this, if they wished him, he would be only too willing to try.

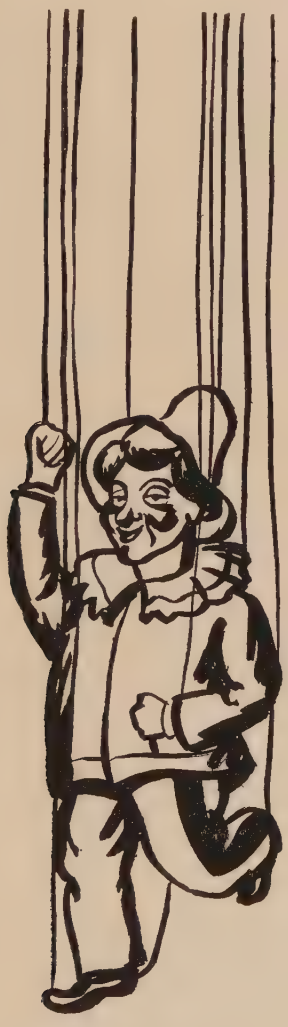
And so, after difficulties about securing a permit, on 5 December, 1858, the theatre opened with *Dornröslein* (adapted from *The Sleeping Beauty* of Perrault) and a specially written prologue (between Casper and a Munich child) by Pocci. Success came at once. The marionette company and stage were improved and enlarged. And in the ensuing years the theatre became an institution dear to every child in the city. Pocci supplied a play whenever a new one was needed. Joseph Schmid received the affectionate title of Papa. He retired only in 1912, and his work is carried on by his daughter, Babette Klinger-Schmid.

The marionette plays that the partnership of Papa Schmid and Count von Pocci made possible have become classic. Despite the fact that many of the plots come from popular tales, their development is so characteristically Pocci's, with a generous infusion of Casper and graceful verses, that they are something individual and distinct. Every German child knows them and many are produced on domestic stages, while not only the professional puppeteers of the German-speaking countries, but even some in America, have them in their repertories.

In the figure of Casper lies much of the drollness of these pieces. Kasperl, like the Swedish Kasper, the Czech Kašpárek, the Russian Petroushka, the Italian Pulicinella, the French Polichinelle, the English Punch and the Turkish Karagheuz, is a merry and lawless vagabond, slighting everybody and everything but food and drink. Each has national traits, but all are rogues. Kasperl, before he made a permanent home on the puppet stage, was a sort of Hanswurst; his idea of fun was broad and slapstick. Pocci definitely modified his character. He made him a Bavarian peasant, speaking a jargon intermixed with exclamations and outrageous puns—the whole a thing to defy translation. His old gluttony and rascality remain, but his pranks are mostly verbal, and his adventures romantic. There is even a slight moral tone per-

ceptible in him at times. But his happy-go-lucky ways endear him, and his gushes of tortured words make for delight.

This early Pocci play has scenes, effects and animals to prove the puppeteer's ingenuity. The tropical island with its flora and fauna, and the old-fashioned Austrian town with its gabble and gables, would suit shadow- and string-marionettes equally.



CASPER LARIFARI

By Anton Aicher, Salzburg Marionette Theatre

CHARACTERS:

CASPER LARIFARI.

PROFESSOR GERSTLMAIER, *a Naturalist working in the field.*

BURGOMASTER ZIPFLBERGER.

SCHNECK, *a Night Watchman.*

A DRUMMER *from the Town Guard.*

NEPTUNE, *God of the Sea.*

SAVAGE ISLANDERS *in grass skirts.*

A CROCODILE.

A DOLPHIN.

PARROTS.

SCENES

ACT I: An island off Africa.

ACT II: A town in Austria.

CASPER AMONG THE SAVAGES

ACT I: AN ISLAND OFF AFRICA.

During the overture, which must consist of stormy music, the curtain rises on an African island scene, the sea in the background. A dreadful electrical storm. A ship is tossed this way and that on the waves. Lightning strikes it; it burns and sinks. CASPER *swims through the surf and crawls up on the shore, while the thunder gradually subsides.*

CASPER. Much, much obliged! Devil take excursions on the water! Whatever possessed me to emigrate to America? Oh, yes, I know: Moll plagued and pestered me. But really I'm not to blame, because as I was walking up and down along the harbour near the Green Tree Inn, and was ready to go home again, a ship's captain grabbed me by the collar. I didn't understand what he said to me in English, but he kept on insisting, so I thought he was inviting me to come along and have a good time. Now that was mighty decent of him, wasn't it? So I said, "Thanks, it'll be jolly," and went along with him. Was it jolly? Not for long. At first they were generous enough, and gave me some good liquor and a pound of ham and a portion of roast whale and a dozen herring and I got tight; I don't know whether it was the whale or the gin that went to my head. But to make a long story short, when I came out of my wooziness the captain had weighed sail, and I was pressed among the sailors so, I lost my sight and hearing. Yes, nobody knows what that sort of pressing into service is! You're pushed from every side. Why, we were pressed on so hard, that what with blue above and blue below, nothing but sky and water with us between, I got to feeling pretty blue, and black

and blue too. Plenty enough English beatings I got—they don't do you any more good than the kind at home. Finally, after days and days, this storm blew up as if the world was coming to an end, with us and the ship and all. Lightning, a thunderbolt—then it was over. Thank heaven, if I hadn't learned to swim through being thrown out of the inn into the water, without a doubt the waves of the ocean would have swallowed me up; but here I am safe, even if I'm wet as a cat in a vat. Cruel fortune, or rather misfortune! For you can't make any money out of having the waves throw you helter-skelter on an unknown shore. O desperation! The neighbourhood doesn't give much promise of an inn. Eek! there comes a stuffed crocodile straight toward me! I'll make myself scarce. (*Runs away.*)

A CROCODILE *walks across the stage;* PARROTS *fly back and forth. Two* SAVAGES *enter from opposite sides.*

FIRST SAVAGE (*with a bow and arrow*). Kro, kro!

SECOND SAVAGE (*with a lance*). Pu, pu, pu!

FIRST SAVAGE. Yumyumgobbly crocodiley!

SECOND SAVAGE. Shippy, shippy, strucky, sunky!

FIRST SAVAGE. Wuliwulipumdara.

SECOND SAVAGE. Starvy, nix feedy ally day.

FIRST SAVAGE. Yep, devillafixy.

SECOND SAVAGE. Muri, schnuri, prdibixty.

FIRST SAVAGE. Kokolimu, kokalimu.

SECOND SAVAGE. Mu, mu! (*Exeunt.*)

Enter PROFESSOR GERSTLMAIER, *like Robinson Crusoe, with an apron of palm leaves and a big red umbrella.*

GERSTLMAIER. For a year now already I have lived on this lonely island in the eighty-fourth degree, south latitude, and devoted myself to the study of natural history without cease. Thank my good stars, the savage inhabitants take me for a higher being, and as such respect me, else they would have eaten me long ago. The one advantage of being

a man of science is, that one is veiled by a bright mist, as it were; one must be considered as a demigod by laymen in general, and here, specifically, by the cannibals. But my investigations are not yet done; for, in spite of the most minute microscopic observations, I have not yet been able to discover whether the excretions of the *Sepia annulata* consist of purely animal or vegetable cells. This is the subject of an exhaustive dissertation on which I am working; I have by now completed its eight hundredth page. A few months now, and the German steamship "Aquila," which set me off here at the expense of the state, will pick me up. So, you see, little time remains for my research. Be that as it may, I shall nevertheless return to Europe rich in practical knowledge, with a collection of forty thousand ethnographical specimens. . . . Eh! what's that I see coming? A sort of parrot? A *Psittacus formosus?* . . . The species seems new to me. I'll conceal myself a bit and observe. (*Hides himself.*)

Enter CASPER.

CASPER. Sizzling sand! This is sure a miserable landscape. Not an inn far and wide! Not a human being. Nothing but apes, parrots and other menagerie livestock. Starvation stares you in the face. If I hadn't found a couple of snails—alas, without sauerkraut!—I would've been a goner. My stomach's already as slack as an empty tobacco pouch; my middle is so shrunken up that it doesn't seem I ever had a belly! What's to become of me? Casper wasn't put in the world to go hungry and thirsty. Oh—time of terror! And how can I get away and back home to my Molly? Water all around, nothing but water! If only it was beer; but that drink of my native land seems altogether unknown here. Desperation seizes me! Alas, alas! If I must starve to death—no, no, that I cannot bear—let me rather perish!

GERSTLMAIER (*springs out and seizes* CASPER). Stop! You'll not get away!

CASPER. Jimminy, what now?

GERSTLMAIER (*holding* CASPER *fast*). A pretty specimen!

CASPER. Let go of me, or I'll let go at you!

GERSTLMAIER. Ah, I was mistaken! *Psittacus garrulus!* Just stand still a minute, my friend, while I clip your wings a little so that you can't get away from me.

CASPER. What's the matter with you? Clip my wings? I'm no bird.

GERSTLMAIER. I, as a scientist, must know better what you are and to what species you belong.

CASPER. No speeches, please! Just don't get snippy with me. Understand?

GERSTLMAIER. It strikes me now that you're a tamed specimen, perhaps having received a smattering of European education and then flown back here over the sea.

CASPER. I haven't drunk deep of learning—but I have of other things. I don't bother about food for thought—but I do about fried sausages and red cabbage sauerkraut; and here I've got to go hungry. But how did you come to this God-forsaken island? I'm certainly glad to see a human face, even if it looks like a fool's.

GERSTLMAIER. The question is, which is the fool. He really isn't a parrot, then?

CASPER. Not so bad! I'm really not a parrot, but Casper Larifari, a pensioned member of the European World-Wanderers and a drowned sailor out of a job, and on the side a capitalist and bootblack. And so if you need a valet or anything, I'm at your service; but I'm more particular about good board than bad treatment and hard work. Now you know everything necessary. And if you want to be a regular scientist, pay me down a glass of beer.

GERSTLMAIER. Very well—enough of this babbling, droll Psittacus. I'll hire you, for I can make use of you in my subterranean hall.

CASPER. What, in hell? No, thanks, I won't have anything to do with it. The devil and his grandmother are there!

GERSTLMAIER. It's a hall, a cavern, where I live and gather my collection of natural history, a rich store.

CASPER. Rich? That suits me. Nothing better than serving a rich man; sometimes you get something out of it.

GERSTLMAIER. So everything's agreed. I'm your master, and you're my man.

CASPER. Yes, from now on I'm your house man, or rather your cave man, because you don't seem to own any house.

GERSTLMAIER. And I'll divide everything with you fairly, although food is often scarce on this island.

CASPER. And I'll divide everything fairly with you, principally because I haven't anything; otherwise I'd keep it myself.

GERSTLMAIER. Now you can start in with your work. Stay here and wait until I get back from my scientific stroll, when you may perhaps take home what I have bagged.

CASPER. If it's gold, you can give it to me right away!

GERSTLMAIER. Stay here, then. If an islander should spy you, hide. You are lost if they discover you.

CASPER. Run along, I'll take care of myself. (*Exit* GERSTLMAIER.) I noticed it right away: he's one of those starving scientists, like we have enough of at home. You find 'em everywhere; one even has to be running around on this island. I guess I'll take forty winks now. This warm climate doesn't agree with me; I'm as sleepy as if I'd drunk a dozen glasses of beer. (*Sits down, leaning his back against a tree.* Now . . . ah! It isn't so bad lying on this tropical moss. Soft as a . . . feather . . . bed. (*Sleeps.*)

The two SAVAGES *creep out.*

FIRST SAVAGE. Kro, kro, kro!

SECOND SAVAGE. Pu, pu!

FIRST SAVAGE. Dozeywoozy.

SECOND SAVAGE. Woozydozey.

FIRST SAVAGE. Scareystiffy.

SECOND SAVAGE. Caromelopuddinganwhipcreamy.

FIRST SAVAGE. Watchy jumpy. (*The* SAVAGES *fall upon* CASPER *with cries.*)

CASPER. Oh, oh! Cannibals! Professor, come help me! Oh, oh!

FIRST SAVAGE. Feedy greedy!

SECOND SAVAGE. Nicey bitey!

FIRST SAVAGE. Toastyroasty!

SECOND SAVAGE. Kro, kro, kro!

The SAVAGES *carry* CASPER *off, while the* CROCODILE *comes forth and sings the following aria:*

CROCODILE.

Behold a wise old crocodile
Who calmly bathes himself a while,
Then leaves the water, crawls to land,
And calmly warms him on the sand.

My mode of life is one of ease;
Whatever comes my way will please.
I swallow it, no matter what;
My stomach hashes all the lot.

My hundred years have lightly passed,
And when I come to die at last,
Happily let me lie and snooze
In evening sun and cool fresh ooze. (*Walks off.*)

The SAVAGES *push out a bonfire flickering with flame; a spit lies over it. Still more* SAVAGES *come out. To slow music they dance and sing the following chorus:*

SAVAGES.

Barbecuey Casper throughy,
Browny, juicy choppy chewey.
Empty tummy appetitey,
Munchy, crunchy, crispy bitey.

Sleeky stocky Casper mocky,
Sizzle, grizzle, jabberwocky,
Masticatey Casper body,
Ally lefty mighty shoddy.

CASPER *is dragged out, bound hand and foot.*

CASPER. Oh, oh, mercy me, that will be too awful! I'm a man, not a fatted calf. Listen to me, you ravenous black ravens, you backbiting front-stuffers! Listen to me! . . . I solemnly swear never again to drink a single glass of beer if I'm gotten out of the scrape this time!

A fearful thunderclap. The SAVAGES *scatter. From the waves appears* NEPTUNE, *god of the sea.*

NEPTUNE.

Your plea for rescue have I heard;
You swore upon your solemn word.
Then see the dolphin by the shore
To take you overseas once more.
Mount, sleep dry above the foam,
And he will bring you safely home.
Remember what you promised here:
Keep your oath and drink no beer.
Water's my kingdom, all the sea;
You'll now drink water willingly.
Neptune speaks these words to you,
Then dives and disappears from view. (*Sinks.*)

CASPER (*freed from his bonds*). Good-bye, good-bye! I can thank myself a lot for my delivery from the hands and glands of those cannibal-appetited, nasty-natured, heathen savages! (*To himself.*) But I've fooled that fellow with the corner on water! I swore that I'd never again drink a single glass of beer. All right, I won't. I'll always drink several. Now away to my dear native land! I'll be brave and get on to this funny-looking goldfish and entrust myself to his abduction!

Farewell, lovely island, where I didn't so much as eat a devilled egg! Farewell, naturalist!

He straddles the DOLPHIN. *To soft music it swims away with him.* GERSTLMAIER *appears on a hill by the shore and watches him through a large telescope.*

Curtain.

ACT II: AN AUSTRIAN TOWN.

Break of day. NIGHT WATCHMAN SCHNECK *runs in with pike and lantern and rings at the door of a house.*

SCHNECK. Get up! Look out! Beware! Wake up the burgomaster! (*Rings harder and harder.*)

BURGOMASTER (*opens a window and sticks out a night-capped head*). What's up below there? What sort of a business is it? Who dares ring my bell so that I nearly fell out of bed with fright?

SCHNECK. It's me, burgomaster.

BURGOMASTER. What impudent me?

SCHNECK. The night watchman.

BURGOMASTER. What? You, Schneck? What's up, what's up? What message so early? Wouldn't it be time enough later?

SCHNECK. No, no! Come down, your honour, I got something very important to report.

BURGOMASTER. Wait there, I'll be right down. (*Closes window.*)

SCHNECK. By golly, what a thing to happen! I don't know if my night watchman's head is still on or not.

BURGOMASTER (*appears in his nightshirt*). Out with it quick, what's this funny affair? Couldn't you get up the aldermen first? Why disturb my official rest?

SCHNECK. I have been to all the aldermen; but Alderman Fasslmayer's got the gout and can't stir out; Alderman Wurstmüller fell down yesterday on his way home from beer and sprained his foot; Alderman

Grobhäusler's had a baby—that is, his wife's had a baby, and he can't go out of the house; and the inspector isn't here. He went to the country yesterday and isn't back yet. He had to buy a couple of calves because he needs sausage for next fast-day.

BURGOMASTER. It's fatal that all this business and monkey-business should collide with official duty so often. Well now, quick, what's happened?

SCHNECK. Well, burgomaster, picture to yourself how, as I was making my last round around the market-place in the twilight, all of a sudden I saw a frightful big black mass right over me in the air! I thought it was the devil, and dived under a fruitstand, plop!

BURGOMASTER (*following intently*). Don't scare me like that!

SCHNECK. Plop I went, and as I peeked out, a big bird up and flew away, and there on the pavement a powerful figure was laying, and it let out a terrific sigh.

BURGOMASTER. Yes, and then——?

SCHNECK. I was so scared I didn't know another thing and ran away. Later, when my courage was coming back little by little, I ran around to all the aldermen, you know, and at last in my deathly fear got you up.

BURGOMASTER. Surely something frightful has befallen our good little town! Everybody must be roused. Let the town drummer drum around and beat an alarm, and the tower lookout blow as hard as he can and ring the bells. And run to the fire chief too, and have the big fire engine gotten out. You never can tell what will happen. Meanwhile I'll put on my regalia. Then come back for me. For under such conditions it might be dangerous to go out alone, and besides it wouldn't be seemly for the burgomaster to. Now, go as fast as you can!

SCHNECK. I'm running already. If only the monster doesn't eat me! (*Exit.*)

The BURGOMASTER *goes into his house. During this it has grown daylight. Now the uproar begins in the bell tower. The* TOWER LOOKOUT *sounds his horn. The* TOWN DRUMMER *crosses the stage drumming. The noise increases in violence.*

CASPER *runs in.*

CASPER. Great stars and little funny-bones! What a to-do, and I don't know where I'm at. First that Indian kippered herring took me over the ocean. Somewhere on the shore of Europe—I don't know what it's called—I got out, or more exactly, got off. I didn't have a minute's peace, and me miserably seasick, having eaten nothing but oysters on the voyage, when a monstrous bird swooped down and grabbed me by the seat. It up and flew with me until a half hour ago, then it dropped me on the pavement in town so everything in me cracked. I asked myself, "Where am I?" I couldn't see a thing for the bewildering din, and the infernal spectacle made me all confused. Oh, here's the drummer coming over; I'll ask him. (*The* DRUMMER *draws near.*) Hey there, hold on a minute! Tell me what the rumpus is all about and where I am.

DRUMMER. You've got to ask the fire chief or the night watchman that. Rules is rules: we can't talk on duty. (*Drums again and goes out.*)

CASPER. Mum as a mummy! Now I know as much as before. (*Enter* NIGHT WATCHMAN.) Hey, friend, please tell me—

SCHNECK. Sh, sh! I've got to call for the burgomaster and I'm not permitted to talk on duty.

CASPER. Ha! these people aren't letting any cats out of the bag. That's what you call keeping state secrets.

The BURGOMASTER, *in full regalia, comes out and joins* SCHNECK.

BURGOMASTER. What suspicious character is that? Night watchman, put him under arrest! . . . Why, what do I see? If it isn't Monseer Casper! When did you get back from seeing the world?

CASPER. Ah! Gerung, geroo! If it isn't Burgomaster Zipfelberger! Hurrah, hurrah! I'm home again and don't know how I got here!

BURGOMASTER. Your Madam Molly pined for you the livelong day while you were away. Another hour and she would have perished for longing.

CASPER. What, really? Why didn't I stay away another hour?

BURGOMASTER. Tell us, where were you all this time?

CASPER. On my wanderings far away over the wide seas. (*Putting on airs.*) First I was captain on a twelve-pounder three-masted steamship, then I was an aquatic creature and a sea monster. Then I was a south sea islander, a naturalist collecting things and a potroast-elect. Next I was a seafarer and finished aviator, until finally, *et cetera ad infinitum*, I landed in the dear city of my birth.

BURGOMASTER. You don't say! So, then, you're the monster that just fell down in the market-place?

CASPER. The same, not only, but also——

SCHNECK. That got the whole town up in alarm?

BURGOMASTER (*to* SCHNECK). And that's the sort of a coward you are! It's deplorable! What will people think of us?

CASPER. What they've always thought of their chief executive: not much.

BURGOMASTER. Enough of this! Night watchman, go and shut off the alarm. I'll try to calm the citizens. (*Exit.*)

CASPER. And I to assuage my Molly's longing. But first I'll pay a little visit, after all these many hardships, to my cousin, the host of "The Blue Brook." This serious and momentous call goes before everything in importance. Night watchman, you go on to my Molly and announce the coming of her faithful spouse. (*Dramatically.*) Tell her, yes, tell her what terrible dangers I have escaped! Tell her how my husbandly heart goes out to her from "The Blue Brook." Tell her, her tell, tell her, her tell how I tremble and shake to look forward, upward and onward to our tender reunion, to the embrace of the capa-

cious encirclement of the true and loving arms of the relatively speaking affectionate consort and to the matrimonial beatitude of it all. Oh, tell her——

SCHNECK. Hold on, Casper, I can't remember all that. I'll tell you: I'll go with you to the inn. There you can explain it to me better before we go home together to your Molly and ask her to make some coffee.

CASPER. Ah, coffee, lots of coffee with some pretzels wherewith to gedunk. At last, I'm home! May I never again stray over the sea, but stay at home a peaceful citizen and conduct myself—as I conduct myself.

Curtain.

CLOWN WITH PORTRAIT MASK OF FRANZ VON POCCI

Wood-engraving from a drawing by Pocci

PETROUSHKA

A VERSION OF THE RUSSIAN PUPPET PLAY

BY ELENA Y. MITCOFF

* NOTE: This version of *Petroushka* embodies characteristic scenes of the play as witnesses remember it from various performances before the revolution. It is typical, rather than a version used by any one showman.

Petroushka, also known as Vanka, Petrovich and Peter Ivanovich, although a cousin to Punch and Casper, is thoroughly Russian. His physiognomy bears a family resemblance to theirs: its grin is permanent, its eyes beady and staring; the nose is long and pointed, but not parrot-like like Punch's; the chin is sharp (Casper's is not) and the cheeks round and ruddy. The pointed cap and ruff about the neck are worn by all three.

The first description of a Petroushka show is to be found in Adam O'Leary's *Travels in Russia and Persia*, 1636. The theatre came to Russia on the wave of European commerce and culture that flooded Muscovy in the seventeenth century; there was no indigenous drama of great development. The German colonists who immigrated during the reign of Ivan the Terrible brought their puppet showmen, and so made a beginning of things theatrical. During the Thirty Years' War the *Spielmann* (a word which became Russianized) set up headquarters in Moscow and Novgorod and wandered into every corner of Muscovy.

Notwithstanding his popularity, Petroushka had to struggle for his life. The Russian church in the seventeenth century frowned upon every

* Permission to produce this play must be obtained from Miss Mitcoff, who may be addressed in care of the publishers.

form of diversion—singing, dancing, the "devilish amusements" of the buffoons—and in this attitude was supported by the Tsar. Toward the middle of the century, as a consequence, itinerant mountebanks grew scarce, and soon vanished. But their tricks were remembered by the few Petroushkas that managed to survive. When, in the eighteenth century, objection to amusements had been withdrawn, Petroushka flourished, spreading his domain into the Ukraine and Central Russia. Since the revolution the theatre in Russia has been brought to serve educational purposes for the Soviet government. Petroushka does his bit, and flaunts the spirit of an ardent Soviet-supporter. In one of his new plays, called *A Crack on the Nut*, he successively "bumps off" his enemies the Bourgeois, Denikin, Kolchak, Wrangel and Illiteracy.

The play traditionally consists of fourteen scenes, but is often shortened. In each scene some new character is introduced: a doctor, soldier, military officer, gentleman, gipsy, German, Turk, Arab, Jew, Petroushka's wife, who goes by various names, his crony Filimoshka, the Devil and a dog, a bear and other animals. Petroushka himself has a great sense of humour, and finds an adage for every happening; his jokes are often very broad. He is inordinately boastful, wily and insolent. He drinks, is a coward—yes, even a murderer. Withal he's anything but an unlikable fellow. Each *petrushechnik*, or operator, improvises according to the size of the audience, the occasion and his own ingenuity. Jingles and little songs are interspersed with the dialogue. Petroushka's long soliloquies in this version were salted with rhymes. The translation merely suggests them.

The episode of Petroushka's rivalry with the Blackamoor for the hand of the Ballerina in the Benois-Stravinsky-Fokine ballet *Petroushka* (first produced, 1911) does not appear in the popular performances of the puppet play. The Arab or Turk is seen infrequently, the Ballerina not at all. The pale, Pierrot-like Petroushka of the ballet contradicts the robust character of the actual puppet.

E. Y. M.

AN ITINERANT RUSSIAN SHOWMAN WITH A HOOD-STAGE

From a seventeenth-century print

CHARACTERS:

PETROUSHKA.

MATRYONA, *his Wife.*

POLICEMAN.

A PEASANT.

A MILITARY OFFICER.

HIS HORSE.

A BEAR.

SCENE

A street in a small Russian village.

A MERCHANT AND HIS WIFE

After drawings of hand-puppets by O. H. Afonasiva in the collection of Eugene Damien E. F. Clumskov

PETROUSHKA

A STREET IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

PETROUSHKA. Greetings, everybody, and a merry holiday to you! The Lord be thanked, I've managed to get my house built at last. It's a fine little building, as solid as you could hope for with three posts under its four corners. It hasn't any roof yet, but it's as dry as can be when it doesn't rain. I dug seven holes around it for fence posts, to keep the neighbour's orchard where it belongs and our pig at home. Every time it starts to wander off, it falls into a post-hole and gets stuck until I pull it out. What's the use of having a whole fence when a hole fence will do?

And now I'll tell you about my Matryona. You should see her; she beggars description! What a complexion—all in stripes! What a mouth—you could sew a bow on each end and it would dangle behind her ear! What eyes—one is like a diamond! Her nostrils don't match and her upper lip is stubbly as a potato patch. Match—patch—scratch!

Did she fetch me a dowry when I married her? Didn't she! Seven sacks from the grain merchant, seven flour sacks from under the full bag stacks. No tax to your backs, those sacks! And her bracelets! You can't buy that sort; good and heavy; I haven't seen such a set since I was in Siberia. Then the gifts we got: a brand-new teapot, nothing wrong with it except it hasn't any handle, and a coffee pot, nothing missing except the spout. But coffee will come out without, no doubt.

And what a wedding feast! Never before did the guests eat so. Barley soup made with the best of barley, two kernels to a plate.

Noodles to put you in a spasm. Fried chitterlings, and the remarkable thing is, they were all gobbled up. As much salad as you could down without choking. Macaroni, the sort crows build their nests with. And when dessert was passed around, it was all they could do to keep from groaning.

The like of Matryona as a housekeeper I have never seen. When she sews a hem the stitches are so small a cow couldn't crawl between 'em. Her bread takes the prize! You need horses to pull it out of the oven, and an extra strong table to put it on. But the porridge she cooks is the marvel of the whole village; it gets into a lump you can't break with a hammer.

Matryona! Matryona! If you come out and show yourself to all these nice people I'll give you something.

MATRYONA (*appears*). Oh, you good-for-nothing loafer, you never had a thing to your name to give.

PETROUSHKA. I didn't, eh? Well, here's something now. (*Beats her.*) One, two, three——

MATRYONA. Ai, ai, stop it, in God's name! Ai, have mercy on me! You've broken every bone in my body!

PETROUSHKA. I'll give it to you for moaning and groaning and complaining to the neighbours and slandering me before everybody! Seven, eight, nine——

MATRYONA. Ai, ai, ai, save me from this drunken devil, kind people! Don't believe what he tells you, my doves. He squandered all my dowry. May the devil take your lazy bones! Don't believe a word he says, my dear ones. I've never opened my mouth against him, the vodka-soaked villain! All night long he drinks so hard and then snores so loud that the village can't sleep. All day long he beats me. And on Sunday, on God's day, instead of going to church to pray, he goes to the next village to play around with the girls. I can't complain to the neighbours; I'm so sore all over I can't even move my mouth.

PETROUSHKA. You can't, eh? Then don't complain, you'll only aggravate the pain. (*Beats her.*)

MATRYONA. Ai, ai, ai!

Enter POLICEMAN *behind* PETROUSHKA, *brandishing club.*

POLICEMAN. Ha, you Petroushka, you disturber of the peace! (*Clubs him, and he stops beating* MATRYONA.) What do you mean by shrieking and squeaking and troubling the peace of respectable people? Fool that you are, beat your wife at home if you must but not out in the public street. You're under arrest. Come along to prison.

MATRYONA. Oh, dear policeman, don't take away my Petroushka. Forgive him and let him go.

POLICEMAN. Come along, come along, come along! (*Drags* PETROUSHKA *out, wailing.*)

MATRYONA. Boo hoo, they've taken Petroushka to prison. Boo hoo, my poor darling Petroushka, boo hoo! What will I do now, miserable woman that I am! God has punished me, wicked sinner, for my slanderous tongue. What will become of you, Petroushka? And what of me in my lonely old age? I have no one at all to comfort me in the bleak world.

POLICEMAN (*comes back*). What's wrong now? What are you crying and sighing about?

MATRYONA. Oh, your honour, oh, little dove, take me to Petroushka! He drank, he beat me and he squandered away my dowry, but it's lonesome without Petroushka, your honour. Take me to prison too! I'll go only too gladly!

POLICEMAN. Woman, I can't take you. I can't arrest you. You haven't stolen anything or abused anyone. Nobody complains about you.

MATRYONA (*shouts*). You won't arrest me? You won't take me to prison, you brat of the devil, you blockhead you? (*Strikes him.*)

POLICEMAN. Cursed one, may you drop dead. I won't take you to prison! I wouldn't want to touch such a witch. But I'll bring Petroushka back so he can start beating you again.

MATRYONA. I'll run after you and I'll pray for you. I'll burn a candle for you to St. Nicholas and St. Isaac and . . . (*The names trail away as she follows him out.*)

PETROUSHKA (*enters*). It's been seven years since I was home. I went to St. Petersburg on a hay barge, sold the hay and drank the money away. Matryonushka got lonesome for me. She wrote me a sad, sad letter. There were two strokes joined with another line; but I can read her sort of writing. It meant, "I and the pig and the piglets send you greetings. Agafonovna, Spiridonovna, Ermolayovna, Nickolayovna and the old general's wife, Akulina, who lives at the edge of the village, send their best regards." Now what was the news? Had robbers got in and stolen the window out of the house? No, this is what I made out of her scrawl: "A son was born to you in your absence, with a handsome mug just like yours."

Well, that being the case, be sure I lost no time jumping on shipboard, taking a seat in the twentieth-class coach, and hiking back over the ties. This transportation was so rapid that I stopped at several villages along the way, and got to know their plump girls with cheeks like red apples and lips like ripe strawberries. Then too, I made money. Don't ask how. You shouldn't question the wealthy about how they came by their fortunes.

A PEASANT (*pops his head from behind the back drop*). You owe me twenty kopeks. (*Disappears.*)

PETROUSHKA. As I was saying, I saved a lot and don't owe a kopek to anyone.

PEASANT (*reappears*). You owe me twenty kopeks.

PETROUSHKA (*sees him*). Oh, the devil! Entirely slipped my mind. I played cards, won a hundred roubles and lost only twenty kopeks.

PEASANT. Give me my twenty kopeks.

PETROUSHKA. God be with you, darling. Let me search my pockets. I'll give it to you right away. What a nuisance, good people, to have to

carry around such a heavy purse! There isn't room for your hand in your pocket. And how can a person get his purse out if he can't get his hand into his pocket?

PEASANT. Give me my twenty kopeks.

PETROUSHKA. O Lord, O Lord, I've lost all my money! There's a hole in my pocket. (*Weeps.*) Oh, oh, that's what you get for carrying so much money around. The stitching couldn't hold it. The whole pocket's ripped apart and my money dropped out. Oh, oh! Why am I punished like this, me, an honest, upright man? I never harmed a fly, nor so much as killed an ant or flea. Let them live, I think. Let them crawl over me. They're all God's creatures.

PEASANT (*yells*). I want my twenty kopeks!

PETROUSHKA. Wait, I'll bring them. (*Disappears and comes up behind* PEASANT *with a club.*) Here! (*Beats him.*) One kopek, two kopeks, three kopeks—— (PEASANT *falls and* PETROUSHKA *throws him out of the puppet booth, then resumes cheerfully.*) Well, I had a merry time. I danced and I sang, and now I'm all cleaned out. I started out with seventy kopeks, and I'm coming back with a rouble.*

MATRYONA (*enters*). So you're back, scoundrel! Back and can't so much as stand on your feet!

PETROUSHKA. But this I can do. (*Beats her.*) One, two, three——

MATRYONA. Ai, ai, ai!

Sound of galloping hoof-beats. Enter a MILITARY OFFICER *on a horse.*

MILITARY OFFICER (*in a rumbling voice*). Prr—prr—prrr, halt! Stop! Why are you beating your wife?

PETROUSHKA (*stops beating*). Because she's my wife.

MATRYONA. Many thanks to you, your excellency! God sent you to save me, else I'd have been beaten to death.

MILITARY OFFICER. Scoundrel, you shall be sent into military service for that! Go along, go along! (*The horse pushes* PETROUSHKA *off the stage.*)

* There are 100 kopeks in a rouble.

MATRYONA. Ah, good Lord, they're taking Petroushka away from me again! Oh, good neighbours, he squandered all my dowry, he drank all night long and he beat me all day. He went to the next village and carried on with the girls. Oh, dear souls—dear little father—dear little mother! Well, let him go. Maybe they'll fix him in military service. Petroushka will be a brave soldier and wear a uniform. (*Exit.*)

PETROUSHKA (*enters*). Now I'm a soldier. Rum tum tum, rum tum tum, rum tum tum in my tummy! Vodka too that burns you through and gets you feeling chummy. When I'd be gay like that they'd put me in a cell. I'd sit and sit for days, thinking, "Won't I guzzle when I get out!" And when I did get out, guzzle I would, and they'd make me sit in the cell some more. And so on and so on. It's all on account of that cruel wife of mine. There's no living with a woman! (*Enter* MATRYONA.) You're going to complain about me to the neighbours and slander me again, eh? (*Beats her.*)

MATRYONA. Ai, ai, ai!

PETROUSHKA. You're going to send me to prison? Seven, eight, nine—

MATRYONA. Oh, good Lord, he's beating me to death! God have mercy on my soul. I'm dying, I'm dead!

Enter a BEAR *growling. It seizes* PETROUSHKA *and carries him off as he screams.*

MATRYONA. Mercy on me, a bear has eaten him up! (*Enter* POLICEMAN.) Petroushka is lost! A bear ate him up!

POLICEMAN. Congratulations! Now everyone will be happy. (*They embrace, kiss each other on both cheeks and dance about.*)

Enter MILITARY OFFICER *without horse.*

MATRYONA. I've lost my Petroushka. A bear ate him up.

OFFICER. Congratulations! Now we can all be happy! (*They embrace, kiss and dance.*) Tra la la, la la! We'll dance and celebrate! Hop! hop! hop! (*They frisk off dancing and singing.*)

Curtain.

THE DRUM DANCE

(TSOU KU CHAN MIEN)

A CHINESE SHADOW-PLAY

* NOTE: This is one of sixty-eight pieces included in the volume *Chinesische Schattenspiele*, published by the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, Munich, 1915. In 1901 Dr. Berthold Laufer purchased in Peking a set of about a thousand shadow-play figures for the American Museum of Natural History in New York; some of them are now there on display. Dr. Laufer also obtained complete manuscript texts of the shadow-plays in which they had been used, and made phonograph records of the vocal and orchestral music of some of the dramas. Professor Wilhelm Grube began the labour of translating the texts into German, and after his death the work was completed by Emil Krebs.

In his introduction to the volume, Dr. Laufer traces the shadow-play back to its origin in China. As early as 121 B.C. a man of the Ts'i region (now Shantung) caused to appear behind a lighted curtain the semblance of a dead favourite of the emperor. So delighted was the monarch to see his beloved again that he conferred on the shadow-maker the title of General of Perfection and Learnedness. The Chinese belief in shades of the departed gave to shadow performances a spiritualistic significance. From the specific dates we possess, and from this belief in shades, it is clear that China was the original home of shadow figures. Thence, during the Mongol dynasty, this popular entertainment followed the military chiefs and was diffused among the Persians, Arabs and Turks. In the eighteenth century it reached western Europe; in

* Translated by Paul McPharlin from *Chinesische Schattenspiele*, by permission of the Bayerischen Akademie der Wissenschaften and of Dr. Berthold Laufer, Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

France it was known as *ombres chinoises;* there the animated silhouettes of Séraphin were long famous. In Constantinople and Cairo shadow-plays are today still a delight to the people.

Rounded puppets are also popular in China, but they are much more recent than the shadow-figures, and were probably imported from the western world. The plays given by either sort are adaptations in the vernacular from the literary drama; they include Buddhist and Taoist subjects, historical events, and also domestic and burlesque pieces. The figures serve as mouthpieces of satire upon human folly, and the plots have a sentimental and moralistic bent.

The shadow-figures are made of parchment, pierced in designs suggesting various substances, and coloured and varnished so as to be translucent. Against a white sheet lighted by an oil lamp from behind, they make bright-coloured shadows. They are articulated at the neck, shoulder, elbow, wrist, knuckles and hip, and operated from below by wires with bamboo or reed handles. Skilful manipulators give them a very convincing life-likeness. Besides the figures there are used pieces indicative of scene, such as trees, temples, pavilions, portals, clouds, tables, chairs and vases. These, hung to the sheet with pins, are rapidly stuck up or removed.

Like the regular Chinese drama, the plays are accompanied with music from a small orchestra; the declamation of the actor (or shadow-figure reciter) occasionally breaks into recitative and song.

Itinerant showmen who come into the courtyards of houses and give families private performances, made up of many short episodic pieces, lasting well into the night, have limited equipment and do without the orchestra. One man may both read the lines and operate the figures, as in a Punch and Judy show. He can manage a surprising number of figures at once, and his hands move so rapidly that the eye is baffled.

It will be noticed that in *The Drum Dance* only one figure is required to move at a time, save where the rival ladies enter together.

In the Marionette Fellowship production of *The Drum Dance* in

Evanston, Illinois, 1 and 2 March, 1929, two manipulators managed all the action, including the placing and removal of such properties as the drums and the prince's chair. These were fastened by thumb-tacks to the bottom of the wooden frame over which the shadow-sheet was stretched. One manipulator also spoke a part, and two readers, not manipulating, did the others. Genuine Chinese music, performed on flute, cymbal and gongs (as well as the drum and bells that sound during Hsia Ying-Ch'un's dance) accompanied the action.

The figures were cut from thick celluloid and painted in transparent lacquer. A thin steel rod, fastened with flexible linen cord at the middle of a figure's neck, supported it, and wires attached to the hands and feet moved the limbs. There were nine joints, on the average, in each figure, fastened with short wire shanks. The top of the shadow screen was tilted a few inches toward the audience, so that the figures laid against it of their own accord, and the illumination came from a row of white electric lamps (a regular border-strip in miniature) above the top edge of the screen and three feet behind it. Thus the operator's hands and the control wires, if held a few inches away from the screen, cast no shadow upon it.

Wu-Yen and Hsia Ying-Ch'un must be represented by two figures each, one in flowing court robes, the other in scanter dancing costume. The Spirits and the Bondsmen may be groups without articulation. As on the Elizabethan stage in England, on the Chinese stage change of scene is often indicated only by what the characters say. This holds true for this shadow play. Again, as with the Elizabethan stage, there is no halt in the playing where there is lapse of time between scenes. The action of this piece happens at various times during a day and its morrow.

CHARACTERS:

PRINCE HSÜAN-WANG OF CH'I (*who lived in the fourth century* B.C.).

WU-YEN, *his Consort.*

HSIA YING-CH'UN, *his First Concubine.*

SPIRITS.

BONDSMEN.

SCENE

While such properties as a throne and drums are necessary, there need be no scenic differentiation for the apartment in the palace of Hsia Ying-Ch'un, that in the palace of Wu-Yen, the T'ai-Ho Pavilion, and the undesignated places in which the action thereafter takes place.

A CHINESE SHADOW FIGURE

Showing articulation and bamboo control-rods (decorative details omitted)

THE DRUM DANCE

HSIA YING-CH'UN (*recitative*). My design is not attained—rather have I had to bear abuse. (*Speaks.*) I, Hsia Ying-Ch'un, having been engaged in a writing contest, by the conditions of which a thousand sheets of paper were to be covered, have been put to shame by the ugly Wu-Yen. I cannot give vent to the wrath that fills my breast. Truly, I have been wronged. (*Weeps.*)

HSÜAN-WANG. Alas, beloved wife, from afar I hear you bewail the wrong you suffer. Has injustice been done you, really? Do not weep; the wind is sharp and it chaps your face. Come, let me wipe away the tears.

HSIA YING-CH'UN. My lord, let us formulate a plan whereby I may be put in better countenance.

HSÜAN-WANG. Very well. You shall again write a thousand sheets in a contest against her.

HSIA YING-CH'UN. Not that; it would be fraught with ennui. We must devise such a contest that I shall win from her. . . . I have an idea!

HSÜAN-WANG. And it is . . .?

HSIA YING-CH'UN. From childhood up have I practised the drum dance, and I excel in it.

HSÜAN-WANG. What is this drum dance in which you so excel?

HSIA YING-CH'UN. Tomorrow, my lord, give the command by word of mouth that tomorrow there be ranged before the T'ai-Ho pavilion four-and-twenty parti-coloured drums adorned with dragons and with phœnixes. Let the drums be covered over with cotton and hung about with little bells. I shall doff my flowing robes, mount upon the

drums and execute some gasp-provoking feats. All the while neither the little bells shall tinkle, nor the cotton be lifted up. And so I shall be winner.

HSÜAN-WANG. But what if a small mistake be made?

HSIA YING-CH'UN. Then the contest is lost.

HSÜAN-WANG. Ha, ha, ha! I've never seen nor heard the like of it. Certainly will you defeat her thuswise.

HSIA YING-CH'UN. Certainly shall I defeat her.

HSÜAN-WANG. Her dancing on drums! She's rather too plump for that, to say nothing of her feet that are over a foot long! Besides, she's much too big around to be able to get up on a drum, and her breath comes short. Kerplop! and she'll fall right through into the drum. A man with a hook will have to stand ready to fish her out by the nape of the neck. And so will victory be certain for you. But you must be skilful, beloved, and do not underestimate the difficulty. Do not take a chasm for a crack and try to leap over it.

HSIA YING-CH'UN. This is not idle talk. I can do it in the twinkling of a toe.

HSÜAN-WANG. How so?

HSIA YING-CH'UN. I shall win, and not by a foot.

HSÜAN-WANG. I am afraid that you will tread over hot coals.

HSIA YING-CH'UN. What do you mean by that?

HSÜAN-WANG. A sole will be scorched.

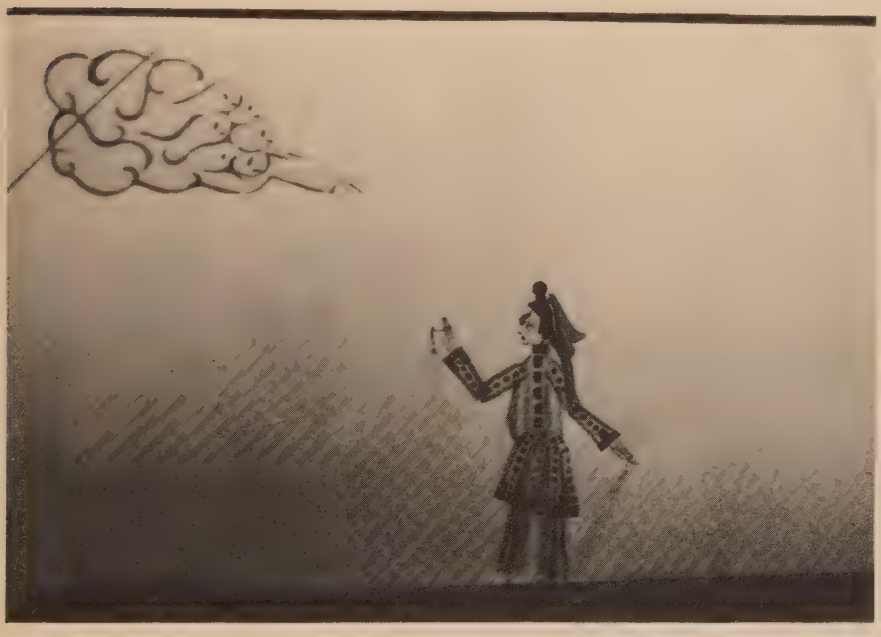
HSIA YING-CH'UN. I have the answer to that: light slippers will prevent it.

HSÜAN-WANG. How so?

HSIA YING-CH'UN. They will bear me to success.

HSÜAN-WANG. Ha, ha, ha! We'll say nothing more about it that you are superior to her; if you prove yourself her peer, I will so manage it that you shall triumph. I shall go to her and spur her on, for I know her temper. She is a human being, susceptible to praise, shrinking from blame. As soon as I have once praised her, she will fall straight into our trap. We have both devised a pretty scheme!

HSÜAN-WANG: "Come, let me wipe away the tears."



SPIRITS: "You called us, Mistress."

SCENES FROM THE MARIONETTE FELLOWSHIP PRODUCTION

HSIA YING-CH'UN. It's agreed; we shall destroy the stupid creature.

HSÜAN-WANG. Beloved, you are fairer than gleaming pearls!

HSIA YING-CH'UN. Nothing shall part us from each other for so much as the quarter of an hour. (*Exeunt.*)

WU-YEN (*enters; recitative*). I am the goddess of the peony-star, descended here to earth below. I affright mankind and strike terror into its heart.* I have sowed peace in the government of the realm and been a pillar to the state; through this I have made enemies on all sides. (*Speaks.*) I am Chung Wu-Yen. Now this unfaithful, foolish prince bestows trust and favour upon his intriguing concubine. Yesterday she came to grief through me, and now surely her bosom will hold hard feelings toward me.

HSÜAN-WANG (*enters*). Are you in the palace, my royal spouse?

WU-YEN. My king, I greet your majesty. (*Kneels.*)

HSÜAN-WANG. Rise and take your place.

WU-YEN. I thank your majesty.

HSÜAN-WANG. Did Hsia Ying-Ch'un anger you greatly yesterday?

WU-YEN. I feel neither anger nor resentment.

HSÜAN-WANG. Hsia Ying-Ch'un yesterday offended you. I can never discharge my indebtedness to you for so nobly and magnanimously forgiving her.

WU-YEN. What military business have you to talk over, my lord, that you have come to my palace?

HSÜAN-WANG. Since you ask me, then give ear. (*Sings.*) Before I make a beginning of my discourse, a smile comes over my countenance. Yesterday Hsia Ying-Ch'un was out of sorts. For no good reason she would have committed a wrong, thinking thereby to gain the prize herself. After she had covered eight hundred sheets with writing, all were smudged with ink. You had gained the victory from her and she blanched with fright. Who then would dare appear as mediator? Her

* Wu-Yen, the consort of Hsüan-Wang, is notorious in Chinese legend for her unparalleled ugliness, but celebrated likewise for her wisdom.

paltry life is hanging in the balance. For the sake of our conjugal love, forgive her this time. Though men are diversely opinioned, all would praise this as an extraordinary deed. She is, after all, my first concubine. As she has no fault and you have pardoned her, you should give her another chance. She is ever weeping and her tears flow ceaselessly; I can bear it no longer and come to beg requital for her.

WU-YEN (*sings*). Speak out directly, then, what you would say—why beat about the bush? This time your coming bodes me little good. What new plan is devised? Tell me, be straightforward and aboveboard.

HSÜAN-WANG (*sings*). Since you allow me to speak, I will take courage. Hsia Ying-Ch'un has a special skill: drums are covered over with cotton and hung about with little bells; then she shows upon the drums her gasp-provoking art, in the performance whereof she is mistress. Who surpasses her in it receives her head as a reward. None, perhaps, is capable of this. And who is anxious to become ridiculous?

WU-YEN (*sings*). Hearing such as that, I flame anew with wrath. Spare further words, my master. (*Speaks.*) You need not even say it: Hsia Ying-Ch'un has set out to fight for my head and my position, has she not?

HSÜAN-WANG. Hm. My worthy consort, this I know about your temper: little provocation is necessary to put you in a rage. The new contest is merely to afford her the opportunity of a come-back.

WU-YEN. Hm, I care not. Very well, I am ready to risk the drum dance with Hsia Ying-Ch'un. The prize remains the same, as do the bondsmen.

HSÜAN-WANG. Agreed! Meanwhile I do not go from the T'ai-Ho pavilion. (*Exit.*)

WU-YEN. Oh, foolish, foolish prince! In your trust and love for this intriguing concubine, you think that you can put me by. How should you know that I command secret resources without limit? I recite a

magic formula, accompanied by mysterious passes: Ye spirits of the four quarters of the firmament, come down hither at once!

SPIRITS (*unseen*). We come! (*They appear on a cloud.*) You called us, mistress; where would you employ our service?

WU-YEN. Not in vain should I have ventured to trouble you, venerable spirits. For Hsia Ying-Ch'un has groundlessly picked a quarrel in order to dance on cotton-covered drums with me. Assist me with your power and avail me of your help! The work happily accomplished, I will send you home again.

SPIRITS. We obey your command. (*They fly away.*)

WU-YEN. Hsia Ying-Ch'un, Hsia Ying-Ch'un, take it not amiss if I use magic; for you are the hard-hearted one. (*Exit.*)

The drums are set out. The BONDSMEN *take their places to either side.* HSÜAN-WANG *enters.*

HSÜAN-WANG (*recitative*). Phœnix drums are ranged before the T'ai-Ho pavilion; now would that Wu-Yen were thoroughly beaten; when Mistress Hsia is queen, the ugly woman will rage herself to death. (*Speaks.*) I, King Hsüan of Ch'i, called T'ien-Heng, today have had set out before the T'ai-Ho pavilion dragon and phœnix drums, that my beloved concubine may celebrate her triumph and gain requital. She said that she would wait here; why does she not appear?

WU-YEN AND HSIA YING-CH'UN (*enter*). Majesty, we step before the royal countenance. (*They kneel.*)

HSÜAN-WANG. Arise!

WU-YEN AND HSIA YING-CH'UN. We thank your majesty.

HSÜAN-WANG. My consort, today's game is nothing of the usual kind; today much depends on hand, eye and body, on skill and gait; the dexterity required is little like that for other things. You, my consort, must first mount upon the drums and open the sport. Take great pains!

WU-YEN. Since all is so far ready, my royal sister must open the sport; I shall follow afterwards.

HSÜAN-WANG. Oho! that will never do! It's not according to old custom. She must come afterwards; how dare she take precedence over you?

HSIA YING-CH'UN. It won't do. Dares the flood swell over the bridge? It is only fitting that the first lady of the land begin the game.

HSÜAN-WANG. And though the flood may swell over the bridge, may it also swell over a duck?

WU-YEN. If that is the case, then I am ready. (*Sings.*) I speak: I resign myself to the command and retire to change my robe. (*Exit; offstage.*) I throw phœnix dress and mantle off, grimly set to show my fighting skill. (*Enter.*) With winged step I mount the dragon and the phœnix drums. While I display divers and anciently renowned feats, neither the little bells make a sound, nor is the cotton lifted. How should they guess that I have long been versed in magic? The spirits of the four quarters of the firmament hold down the cotton. How should they understand my secret magic? The loathsome, plotting concubine has poison in her mind; she should not so rashly have practised her deceit on me! After I have long enough displayed my art, I quickly turn and turn and then step down from the drum. Straightway I place myself before the throne steps, crying, "Your majesty, I have the honour!" (*Speaks.*) Your majesty, I have made an end of the play and report to your highness.

HSÜAN-WANG. Arise, my consort; you have exerted yourself.

WU-YEN. Was my dance pleasing to you, majesty?

HSÜAN-WANG. Good, good, very good. I had not thought you capable of such artistry. It was really good! The servant maids shall remove the cotton pads and the drums and serve the queen with tea.

WU-YEN. Now that I have done my part, it is no more than fair that my exalted sister let her art be seen.

HSÜAN-WANG. This is enough, my consort; be content.

WU-YEN. Ha! What does that mean? It has been an age-long axiom that the lord does not make light of his word, nor does the minister ad-

vance a frivolous request. If this closes the affair, then give me her head and have done!

HSÜAN-WANG. Yes, yes, to be sure, but do not be so angry. She shall show her art; that's all. Do you go and dress more warmly, for it is cool.

WU-YEN. As you will. (*Exit.*)

HSÜAN-WANG. Ying-Ch'un, Ying-Ch'un, approach! The queen has done her part, now comes your turn. If you do not take it, prostrate yourself before her, and I will put in a good word for you, so that you do not compromise yourself. Is that satisfactory?

HSIA YING-CH'UN. Ha! Why strengthen her power and destroy my hidden witchcraft? At all events I shall defeat her. You must not carry out this your intention, my master; for what she has accomplished was merely a trifle to win your favour. Let me mount upon the drum and I will show myself a hundred times superior. The connoisseur demands technique; the dilettante wants only showiness.

HSÜAN-WANG. Are you her superior?

HSIA YING-CH'UN. Admittedly.

HSÜAN-WANG. Let us leave aside the point of superiority. Even if you do not come up to her, I shall take your part and see that this comes out a tie.

HSIA YING-CH'UN. No need of that.

HSÜAN-WANG. If that's the case, then change your robe.

HSIA YING-CH'UN. As you will. (*Exit; enters.*) See, my lord, am I not prettily dressed?

HSÜAN-WANG. Good, good, very good. You are decked out like a veritable acrobat. From head to toe you are altogether lovely to see. Mount carefully now; step on the rim and do not fall into the drum. When you have performed a few figures nicely, that will be enough.

HSIA YING-CH'UN. Very well. (*Sings.*) With winged step I mount upon the drum, strong-hearted, to display my gasp-provoking acrobatic art, thus to make my beauty count before my lord and bring the ugly

queen to wrath and death. In the presence of the assembled court, civil and military, I shall beat Wu-Yen and shall myself assume the queenly honours. First I execute the Dragon Melanchrome That Tests Its Talons Thrice; next the Snowy Tiger Nearing Tortuously; then the Graceful Swallow Swiftly Darting over Water; the Boy Who Prays to Kuan-Yin*; the Yaksha† Diving in the Sea; the Carp That Stems the Rapids Toward the Dragon Gate. Then I stand upon my head and do the Hawk That Circles Like a Top. But these tricks are much too tame; now I turn in whirlwind somersaults. (*The drums sound.*) The drums have sounded; fear is in my heart; my countenance grows hot and terror clutches me. (*The bells tinkle.*) The bells have tinkled and the drums resound again! Is it my destiny now to meet my end and go into the underworld? I did not deviate from my technique; no mistake was made. I suspect that demons are behind this. Now I shall perform something quite magnificent. We'll see if I shall win or lose. I'll ask his majesty's permission. (*Speaks.*) Your majesty, these tricks are not astounding; I have yet another piece, the Lion Playing with the Coloured Wools, which I beg your majesty see. (*She entangles herself in the cotton. The spirit which she really is speaks.*) Oh, woe, that bodes me no good! O mother! (*She gathers the cotton together about her and rushes out.*)

WU-YEN. Yen Ying and Meng-K'o, secure the bondsmen! (*Exit.*)

HSIA YING-CH'UN *enters, dragging the cotton with her.*

HSÜAN-WANG. Oh, woe, beloved! Why do you say nothing? Why do you make no sound? Ah, pain overpowers me! Beloved! (*Sings.*) Quickly, quickly I tear at the cotton with both hands; first with the right, then with the left, and do not penetrate it. It is like a turtle buried in the sand. Quickly I seize hold with my teeth; but the cotton sticks to them. How could she become so fast entangled that she is a mere dead ball? With all my might, using both hands, I try to tear the

* Goddess of mercy.

† A class of demons in Indian mythology.

WU-YEN: "With winged step I mount the dragon and the phœnix drums."

HSIA YING-CH'UN: "I stand upon my head and do the Hawk That Circles Like a Top."

SCENES FROM THE MARIONETTE FELLOWSHIP PRODUCTION

cotton apart; first I tear here, then I tear there until my breath is gone. Sweat runs from my body and soaks my clothes. Beloved, if evil has befallen you I, too, must go to the underworld. To leave you or to part with you would be hard. I weep my eyes blind for you. Why do you say nothing, why do you make no sound? The pain is killing me inch by inch. Turning my head apprehensively, I see the witch Wu-Yen!

WU-YEN. Whither are you running, foolish prince?

HSÜAN-WANG. Wu-Yen is truly a blood-thirsty demon! I tremble and run for fright. Unmindful of fear I tear the cotton bit by bit apart, but the more I tear and the less it gets, the tougher it becomes. Silently I pray to Buddha and the Bodhisattva that she may be protected and not stifle; I will offer incense-sticks with my own hand. My hands and feet move convulsively and cannot keep still, until my shoulders ache and pain. Oh, O-mi-t'o-fo,* enough of this! There I see the hair of my beloved; quickly I tear at it. Oh, woe, my hands have pulled it out by the roots! But no matter if it hurt her or not, I shall draw her out by the hair. I put her on my back and hasten off with her. (*Exit.*)

WU-YEN. I, Wu-Yen, tremble with anger. Where are you running away to? In any case I shall seize and kill that intriguing concubine. Do you still think you can stay my hands from her? Impossible as that dead wood bring forth new shoots! But now I make haste and with a few steps have overtaken them. (*Speaks.*) Foolish prince, where are you running?

HSÜAN-WANG. That I am, a foolish prince!

WU-YEN. Deliver me the head of Hsia Ying-Ch'un instantly!

HSÜAN-WANG. Yes, you shall have it. O my consort, do but first moderate your wrath. If you say nothing of the head of Hsia Ying-Ch'un I will give you my dragon's head. My spouse, you are not like other mortals;

* Amitābha Buddha, here merely used as an interjection.

you have the virtue of loving all that lives, and a forgiving magnanimity. You have subdued all the rebels in the realm, and she is but a little child. All her thousand and ten-thousandfold wrongs are my wrongs. I will humble myself before you, my kind-hearted wife. Have pity on me!

WU-YEN. Oh, you foolish, foolish prince! Again and again have you bestowed trust and favour on that intriguing concubine, and conspired with her to destroy me. Not so much as one thought did you take that I it was who, in the interest of the throne, turned back its enemies in the east and west and united the state of Ch'i in one whole. Do you now think of the service I performed and the trouble I incurred for you in war? No, with that scheming concubine you plotted to ruin me! That's enough to make me wrathful, surely!

HSÜAN-WANG. You are right. O my wife, curb your rage just for the present. Indeed it is my fault, and I rue it. I rue it that I conspired with her to do away with you, but I think that you will have pity on her and spare her. Henceforth I shall mend my faults and obey your word. I sink on my knees before you.

WU-YEN. Oh, get up, your majesty, I beg you! I cannot permit it. If your majesty realizes your faults and will cast them off, it is well. As a show of earnest, give me the bodice of Hsia Ying-Ch'un and I will beat it in order to silence the bondsmen.

HSÜAN-WANG. That is easily done. Wait, I will bring it to you. (*Exit. Weeping offstage.*) Do not cry, unrobe quickly.

HSIA YING-CH'UN'S VOICE. What shall I take off?

HSÜAN-WANG. Take off your bodice to give to her, that she may beat it and discharge her resentment.

HSIA YING-CH'UN. There it is; but bring it back quickly.

HSÜAN-WANG. Very well. (*Enters.*) Here, my consort, is her bodice.

WU-YEN. Hm, I put it down and turn around. I will banish her soul into

the bodice. I give the command. I must practise deep magic. Receive the beating, you plotting concubine!

HSIA YING-CH'UN (*offstage*). Woe! Woe!

The KING *pulls away the bodice.*

WU-YEN. Enough! Now she has had plenty. She is paid back in full for what she has done, this concubine. If it is time to release a man, let him go; if it is time to forgive, forgive!

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

MARIONETTE PLAY PRODUCERS IN ENGLAND

These lists of producers in England and America are not exhaustive; there must be many names that have not reached my attention, and there are many persons with whom I was unable to get in touch by letter. I have not classified amateurs or professionals, novices or experts; I leave the type of play and the number of productions to speak for the worker's manner of accomplishment.

Unless it is otherwise stated, the plays are written or adapted by the person under whose name they occur; in some cases, to give clarity, authorship is indicated by initials that may be identified readily. The name under which the record of a producing group is placed, is that, so far as I have been able to judge, of the person who is a moving force in, or the director of the group; this name is not repeated among the workers of the group, even if the person himself puppeteers or acts in other than his leading capacity.

The date and place of first performance only are given.

I shall be glad to receive information about their work from play producers, both British and American, who are not represented in these lists. Letters should be addressed to me in care of the Publishers.

P. McP.

AMBROISE. In a large room in Panton Street, London, 1775, showed *Ombres Chinoises*, with new pieces every day. He was associated with Brunn, the equilibrist. (Thomas Frost: *The Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs*, 2nd ed., London, 1875, p. 189.)

AYLEN, S. E. His puppet "Boris" received a prize at the 1928 exhibition of the British Model Theatre Guild.

BARRY, CLARE. *The Three Bears*, *Rumpelstiltskin*, a scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Raggle-Taggle Gipsies*, London, February 1928. Assts. Norah Gibbs, Dudley Short. Their puppets made for school use.

BLACKHAM, OLIVE. At The Ark, a private experimental puppet theatre, Birmingham: 1923, *Lima Beans*, by Alfred Kreymborg; 1924, *Moonshine*, by Laurence Housman; *The Blue Harlequin*, by Maurice Baring; 1925, *The Peasant and His Ass*, by O. B.; 1926, *Harbour*, by L. S. Jast; *Aria da Capo*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay; 1927, *The House Fairy*, by Laurence Housman; 1928, *People Who Die*, by Alfred Kreymborg.

BLAKE. *Jeptha's Rash Vow*, Bartholomew Fair, London, 1697. The next year this play was repeated in the same place, when Blake formed a partnership with Pinkethman (q. v.; Henry Morley, *Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair*, Chapman and Hall, London, 1859, p. 336).

BRINTON, CECIL C. Heatherington Theatre Royal, Belbroughton, Worcestershire, with 4-inch modelled figures moved by magnets beneath the stage floor. *Rivals of the North and South*, *Cinderella*, *The Kid* (*Le Cid*), *The Merchant of Venice*, *In Honour's Cause*, *The Rose and the Ring*, *Der Freischütz*. Asst. O. Brinton.

BULLEY, MARGARET H. At the old Bluecoat School building, Liverpool, gave three performances of *The Prodigious and Lamentable History of Dr. Johannes Faust*, 1912. The translation and a marionette for model were obtained from Miss Dora Nussey (q. v.). The readers were Lascelles Abercrombie, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Abercrombie, Arthur Watts and K. Forbes, Mr. Hickinbottom substituting for Mr. L. Abercrombie for the second and third performances; the operators: the Misses M. Bulley, E. Bulley, L. Bulley, H. Lindsay and Mr. H. Wood. (*The Mask*, V, pp. 234–47.)

CHARKE, CHARLOTTE. Thrown on her own resources, opened a very elaborate theatre in the Tennis Court, James Street, near the Haymarket,

London, toward 1737. She purchased mezzotint portraits of eminent persons to have the faces of her puppets carved from, and spared no expense for costumes and scenes. Her father, Colley Cibber, is said to have written plays for this theatre, but there is no mention of the fact in her autobiography. About 1740 she fell ill with a fever and had to abandon her theatre. Upon recovering she took her puppets to Tunbridge Wells, but found the field already occupied by Lacon, who had played successfully there for some years previous. For a while she hired out her puppets, but finally had to sell them, they having cost almost £500, for twenty guineas. In 1743 her farce, *Tit for Tat, or Comedy and Tragedy at War*, was acted at Punch's Theatre. About this time she found work with Russel's puppet Italian Opera at a guinea a day, but the engagement was cut short by Russel's arrest for debt and subsequent death. *See* Russel. (*A Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Charlotte Charke*, written by herself. London, 1755.)

CLAPTON. Offered a play of Grace Darling rescuing the crew of the "Forfarshire," "with many ingenious moving figures of quadrupedes," in the mid-eighteenth century. (Joseph, 1920, p. 154.)

CLOWES and his sons. Late nineteenth century. (*The Marionette*, I, p. 62.)

CLOYS, BARTHOLOMEW. Showed motions, 1623. (*Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, quoted in *The Marionette*, I, p. 322.)

COCKERELL, CATHERINE. Her Pierrot puppet won first prize at the 1928 exhibition of the British Model Theatre Guild.

COKELY. Performed in private houses, 1616. (Ben Jonson: *Bartholomew Fair*, III, i; *The Devil Is an Ass*, I, i.)

CRAIG, GORDON. Conceived the Uebermarionette, 1908; wrote *The Marionette*, 1918; worked with marionettes and encouraged their making, Arena Goldoni, Florence, 1912–1915.

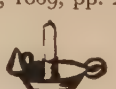
CRAWLEY. "At Crawley's Booth, over against the Crown Tavern, in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera, called *The Old Creation of the World*, yet newly revived; with the addition of *Noah's Flood;* also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the ark, with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a glorious manner: moreover, a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six angels ringing of bells. Likewise machines descend from above, double and treble, with Dives rising out of Hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom, besides several figures dancing jiggs, sarabands and country dances, to the admiration of the spectators; with the merry conceits of squire Punch and sir John Spendall." An early eighteenth-century advertisement. (Harleian MSS. No. 5931, British Museum.) He also played at Southwark Fair and for Queen Anne and the nobility.

DARK (Monsieur d'Arc). In Dublin permanently, 1865–1875. Mentioned by George Bernard Shaw in a letter, wherein he says that dramatic schools should employ marionettes to teach actors the art of exercising the audience's imagination. (Joseph, 1920, p. 209.)

DAVIS, W. About 1926, still gave Punch and Judy performances in the streets of London, although seventy years old.

DEVOTTE, ANTHONY. Was defended in a letter from Henry Herbert to Edward, Earl of Manchester, the Lord Chamberlain, dated 15 July, 1669, against the claim of one Mr. Price, a sergeant at Westminster, that he should pay the twelvepenny tax daily due from all players. Devotte maintained that he was not a player, but a puppet showman, and hence exempt. (*Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, quoted in *The Marionette*, I, pp. 321–2.)

DIBDIN, CHARLES (the elder). In the Patagonian Theatre (*Patagonian*, since the inhabitants of that part of South America called Patagonia were fabled to be giants), Exeter 'Change, Strand, London, 1779, recited lines in plays he himself had written, executed on a pipe-organ music he himself had composed, and painted the scenery. *The Comic Mirror*, a satire on David Garrick, was one of the pieces performed. The auditorium was divided into pit, boxes and gallery, seating about 200; the stage was six feet wide and eight deep, and the marionettes ten inches high. Asst. Hubert Stoppelaer, humourist and caricaturist. When the public tired of the show, Dibdin sold out, and his incompetent successors were obliged, in 1782, to dispose of it at auction. Philip James de Loutherbourg, the scenographer and landscape painter, then showed in the same auditorium his Eidophusikon, a miniature stage with mobile scenic effects. One of the most popular was a view from the summit of One Tree Hill, Greenwich. Distant objects were represented by cardboard cutouts painted in aerial perspective; cardboard clouds moved realistically across the sky; coloured lighting effects suggested changing hours and atmosphere. In 1784 the Eidophusikon was moved into a house in Panton Square, and was shortly thereafter discontinued. (Dutton Cook, *Art in England*, Sampson Low, Son & Marston, London, 1869, pp. 209–14.)



FAWKES. *See* Pinchbeck.

FINNEY, D. Several of her puppets for *Macbeth*

were shown at the 1928 exhibition of the British Model Theatre Guild.

FLINT, WIDOW and GYNGELL. Heirs to Flockton (q. v.) whose fantoccini they showed "up the Greyhound Yard," Bartholomew Fair and elsewhere, 1795; Gyngell continued alone for some years afterward. (Frost, *op. cit.*, pp. 207–8.)

FLOCKTON. At Bartholomew Fair from 1778 onward; to attract the crowds into his booth he performed conjuring tricks; in 1789 exhibited "the Original and Universally admired ITALIAN FANTOCCINI . . . as well as Striking Imitations of Living Performers, as represented and exhibited before the Royal Family, and the most illustrious Characters in this Kingdom." Died at Peckham, 1794. A memorable scene of his Punch show was the combat between the Prince of Darkness and a Newfoundland dog; the latter seized the former by the nose and carried him off. (Frost, *op. cit.*, pp. 203–7.)

GOOSE, YOUNG. A character in *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (printed 1575) threatens to run away and travel with this motion man.

GREY'S Fantoccini were shown in Scotland by Nelson Lee early in the nineteenth century. (Frost, *op. cit.*, pp. 320–1.)

HARGRAVE, JOHN. Showed designs for *Good Queen Bess* and *Jonah* at the 1928 exhibition of the British Model Theatre Guild.

HARTLY, MAT. Performed *The Old Creation of the World* at Bartholomew Fair early in the eighteenth century. (Playbill reprinted in *The Marionette*, I, pp. 320–1.)

HILL, PROFESSOR. Punch showman of Bath, early twentieth century. "The painful truth is he used to 'booze.'" (Wilkinson, *The Peep Show*, p. 220.)

HOLDEN, THOMAS. Toured in America and on the continent; in Paris, 1879 and 1887. His marionettes were considered more remarkable for their mechanical intricacy than for what they performed. (Maindron, pp. 191–7.)

JOBSON. Exhibited at Bartholomew Fair; prosecuted, 1797, for infringing on the licence of the patent theatres by having his puppets speak lines. (Frost, *op. cit.*, p. 208.)

LACON. Played at Tunbridge Wells for several seasons before 1740. (*See* Charke, Charlotte.)

LEATHERHEAD, LANTHORN. A character in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (V, i) who played *The Ancient-Modern History of Hero and Leander*.

LEVEREGE, JOSEPH. Proprietor of the Royal Gallantee Show, home address, 7 Ely Court, Holborn Hill, London. On Twelfth Night, 1818, William Hone made requisition of his entertainment. "Most unexpectedly, he 'compassed a motion of the *Prodigal Son*'; by dancing his transparencies between the magnifying glass and candle of a magic lantern, the coloured figures, greatly enlarged, were reflected on a sheet spread against the wall of a darkened room. The prodigal son was represented carousing with his companions at the Swan Inn, at Stratford; while the landlady in the bar, on every fresh call, was seen to score double. There was also *Noah's Ark*, with *Pull Devil, Pull Baker*, or the just judgment upon a baker who sold bread short of weight, and was carried to hell in his own basket." (William Hone: *Ancient Mysteries Described*, London, 1823, p. 231.)

LEWIS, CLUNN. Purchased some of his first marionettes from an old show originally known as Middleton's (q. v.). In 1860 his theatre was one of the leading attractions at Bartholomew Fair, standing next to Richardson's booth. Played through the countryside; generally took £100 clear at Canterbury Fair before the days of the great London expositions. In 1912 performed in London before the Camera Club and at Olympia for the Children's Welfare Exposition, where he was seen by 2500 people. Died 1927. Some of his old marionettes are now in Tony Sarg's collection, and the remainder of his outfit has been purchased by a collector in Paris.

MIDDLETON. In 1825 was imprisoned for performing in Minster without a licence. Upon the quashing of the conviction, he was taken back to his "disconsolate spouse" at Minster and welcomed by a popular demonstration. (From an old newspaper clipping reprinted in *The Marionette*, I, pp. 281–3.)

NUSSEY, DORA. As a model for her first marionette she used one purchased from a Russian, who subsequently left his lodgings and unpaid bills and was nowhere to be traced. She trans-

lated the old German puppet play of *Faust* and performed it in Clifford's Inn Hall, Chelsea, about 1912. Lent her MS. and Russian puppet to Miss Bulley (q. v.) for a production in Liverpool. Formed the Ilkely Players of Ilkely, Yorkshire. Has also played Maeterlinck's *Seven Princesses* and Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring*. (*The Mask*, V, p. 237; Joseph, 1920, p. 157.)

PICCINI. An Italian who started performing with Polichinella in his native tongue, but who picked up English and shifted his attentions to Punch. At the end of the eighteenth century he travelled through the countryside, but finally settled in London and lived at the King's Arms, in the Coalyard, Drury Lane. He was an old man when he furnished Collier and Cruikshank with the text and pictures for the classic *Punch and Judy*. (For a note on how the text was recorded, see *Punch and Judy* in the Selective Book Lists, Plays in English.)

PINCHBECK, EDWARD, and FAWKES. At the Old Tennis Court, London, 1734, had a show "consisting of large artificial wax figures five foot high, which have all the just motions and gestures of human life, and have for several years been shown at Bath and Tunbridge Wells, and nowhere else, except this time two years at the Opera Room in the Haymarket; and by them will be presented the comical tragedy of *Tom Thumb*. With several scenes out of *The Tragedy of Tragedies*, and dancing between the acts." *The Tragedy of Tragedies* was revived in 1742 under the subtitle of *The Humours of Covent Garden* by Henry Fielding, Esq. (Frost, *op. cit.*, pp. 123–4, 143–4.)

PINKETHMAN. During the reign of Queen Anne had a *Pantheon* with mechanical effects whereby the gods of Olympus ascended and descended to strains of music. (Collier, *Punch and Judy*, 6th ed., p. 29.)

POD, CAPTAIN. Flourished about 1599; by 1614 he had been for some time dead. (Ben Jonson: *Bartholomew Fair*, V, i; cf. "Epigram XCVIII.")

POWELL, MARTIN(?). Noticed in *The Tatler*, 1709; in 1710 rivalled the new Italian opera in the Haymarket, according to *The Tatler;* in 1711 set up under the eastern piazza of Covent Garden opposite Saint Paul's Church, and made use of the church bells to announce the beginning of performances. Played *Whittington and His Cat, or Whittington Three Times Mayor of London; Suzanne, or Innocence Discovered* (announced as with a new pair of elders); *The Children in the Wood; Dr. Faustus; King Bladud; Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay; Robin Hood and Little John; Mother Shipton* and *Mother Goose*. Noted for such mock opera as *Venus and Adonis* (published 1713). A marionette called Lady Jane made periodical appearances, when the ladies flocked to see the latest styles in clothes she was supposed to bring from Paris. Played during the season at Bath. Mrs. Delany (Mary Granville, born 1700) remembered sitting as a little girl in Lord Bolingbroke's lap to see Punch fight with a pig, burlesquing Nicolini's battle with the lion in the opera *Hydaspes*. This pig also danced a minuet with Punch. (Collier, *op. cit.*, pp. 29–31, 38; *Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany*, I, 16, Richard Bentley, London, 1861.)

PRISBY. A Punch showman mentioned in a verse, "Punch's Address on His Master's Recent Imprisonment" from a newspaper of 1825. (Reprinted in *The Marionette*, I, 282.)

PUNCHINELLO. In the overseer's books of St. Martin's in the Fields, London, for 1666–1667 are four entries of sums ranging from 22*s*. 6*d*. to 52*s*. 6*d*. as "Rec. of Punchinello, ye Italian popet player, for his booth at Charing Cross." (Frost, *op. cit.*, pp. 29–30.)

RINER, JOHN. Nothing seems to be known of his activities in England, but in Paris he added to his regular exhibition of rope-dancing in the Tennis Court, Rue des Fossés, *Monsieur le Prince*, a marionette show. On 10 March, 1726, in this was performed a parody of the opera *Atis* by Fuzelier, Lesage and d'Orneval. (Magnin, 1862, p. 159.)

ROWE, HENRY. Before 1797 gave Shakespeare, himself reciting all the parts, with talent, it was said, in York. Printed a critical edition of *Macbeth* in 1797. Died 1800. (Collier, *op. cit.*, p. 19.)

RUSSEL. One of the most renowned successors of Powell. Played at Mr. Hickford's Great Room, Brewer Street, London. Charlotte Charke (q. v.) played in his company. (Magnin, 1862, p. 257.)

SANDS, WILLIAM. Was showing motions in 1623. (*Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, quoted in *The Marionette*, I, p. 322.)

SARABAND, MRS. Played in the early eighteenth century. (Whanslaw, p. 153.)

SIMMONDS, WILLIAM. Contemporary. His small private shows originated as a Christmas entertainment in Wiltshire. They are now given, still more or less extemporaneously, in his Hampstead, London, studio. (Joseph, 1920, pp. 158–60.)

SMITH, PROFESSOR. Punch showman of Bristol, who played on the beach at Ilfracombe, late nineteenth century; died *circa* 1922. He was a large man who broke down a deck chair by sitting on it, his voice could be heard over half the town, and he could dance a hornpipe with his fingers. (Wilkinson, *The Peep Show*, pp. 84 ff.)

STADDON. One of the oldest families of Punch

showmen in England. (Wilkinson, *The Peep Show*, pp. 216–18.)

STRETCH. Played in the early eighteenth century; mentioned in Jonathan Swift's *The Puppet Show:*

"Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to please and to deride."

(Reprinted in *The Marionette*, I, 114–5.) Magnin supposes that he was a Dublin puppeteer. (1862, p. 254.)

UPWARD, C. F. *The Old Mill*, a one-act thriller; *The Egyptian Relic*, a farce with music, New Lyndhurst Theatre, Hampstead, 5 January, 1928. Performances with paper figures on a miniature stage. Assts. E. P. B. Musman, L. V. Upward.

WHANSLAW, H. W. Variety, shown in and about London, 1925 to time of my writing. Assts. Mr. Brandes, Waldo S. Lanchester.

WILKINSON, ARTHUR G. The Gair Wilkinson Puppet Show. A note by the showman: "I and my family [wife, son, daughter and brother Walter] made our first Puppets in Florence, and Italian peasants were our earliest audiences. Our Puppets spoke Italian with difficulty in those days, but this seemed to make them more amusing than ever and we never lacked an audience.

"In France we travelled in a 'camion couvert,' a bright yellow cart with a green cover like a toy itself, and our Puppets played to peasant and bourgeois alike. The French peasants were charming, and after a show would smother us in flowers, making our travelling cart so gay that we were often mistaken for a wedding party.

"During the last fifteen years the Gair Wilkinson Marionettes have been performing to English audiences in town and country. We have pulled our caravan into remote country places where the Puppets found themselves so old-fashioned as to be almost a novelty."

Shut the Door, a domestic drama; *Lord Dryasdust in London Town*, a morality; *Black Magic; King Puppet Abdicates; The Magic Stick*, Margaret Morris Theatre, Chelsea, March 1916; *The Witch Bewitched*, a moral play; *Father Has the Fantods*, a still more moral play; *A Séance; The Lucky Beggar*, Kensington Town Hall, May 1916; *His Lordship Goes A-Courting; Dagged with a Dagger; Sam the Dragon* and how he captivates the Princess Pimpinella; *Pantaloon Comes to Town.*

WILKINSON, WALTER. The Peep Show. (*See* Selective Book Lists, History.) *A Romantic Ghost Play; The Magic Chest; Pippi Does His Lessons; The Old Cloak*; *Soldier, Soldier, Won't You Marry Me?* a folk song; *Thersytes*, an old English morality play. A burlesqued quarrel scene from Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, *A Boxing Bout, circa* 1925.

YATES. Played in the early eighteenth century. (Whanslaw, p. 153.)

MARIONETTE PLAY PRODUCERS IN AMERICA

I wish to thank all the puppeteers who co-operated with me by furnishing data for this list, and especially Miss Helenka Adamowska and Mrs. I. W. Carpenter, Jr. of the Junior League, Mr. Perry Dilley, Prof. James Juvenal Hayes, Mrs. Helen Haiman Joseph, Mr. Nicholas Nelson and Mr. Frank Marshall, whose puppet-making business in Chicago is the oldest in the country.

ACKLEY, EDITH FLACK. *The Enchanted Princess:* flying carpets and fairyland, New York, 1923; *The Son of Heaven and the Wizard,* a Chinese piece, New York, 1923; *The Adventures of Mary:* a little girl finds magic in the woods, New York, 1924; *An Oriental Sketch,* a pantomine for grown-ups, New York, 1925; *The Wishing Fairy:* Jimmie and Susie visit the Giant, Mamaroneck, N. Y., 1926; *Down the Well:* Jimmie and Susie have an adventure with a Chinese wizard, New York, 1927; also scenes with clowns, animals and dancers. Sometimes improvises plays for children's parties, using the name of the child host for the hero's. Asst. Elizabeth Flack.

AIKEN, VIVIAN. *Lima Beans,* by Alfred Kreymborg, Los Angeles, 1919. (Joseph, 1920, p. 183.)

ALBRIGHT, CHARLES W. and HARDIE H. Albright's Puppet Shop. *Punch and Judy* in modern dress, with the added characters of a Showman, Punch's manager; Tom Mix and his horse Tony; the Sheik, Judy's boy friend; Ike, the bootlegger; and Dada, the old war veteran, by C. W. A., Pittsburgh, January 1925; *The Monk and the Friar,* from a seventeenth-century legend, by Theodore Viehman, Pittsburgh, 15 July, 1925; *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in 12 scenes, by C. W. A. and Theodore Viehman, New York, 8 September, 1926; Variety: Hawaiian dancer and group, clown, organ-grinder and monkey, educated monkey, Felix the cat, skeleton dance, piccaninny dance, elephant and trainer; *Jack and the Beanstalk* in preparation. Operators: Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Albright, Jr., William Burch. Construction and design: C. W. A. and H. H. A. Costumes: Helen Patrick.

ALEŠ PUPPET THEATRE. *See* Griffin, Zaidee.

ALLEN, PUNCH. Punch showman, early twentieth century.

ANDRESS, PROF. CHARLES. In his "Carnival of Novelties," which played in small-town halls, had marionettes, *circa* 1875.

ARNOLD, M. LOUISE. *Sleeping Beauty,* Redlands, Cal., 1921; *The Tale of the Cowardly Headsman,* by M. L. A., Redlands, 1922; *The Princess and the Jack-in-the-Box,* Redlands, 1922; *The Man Who Tried to Please Everybody,* a modern version of Æsop's fable by H. G. Clement, Redlands, 1922; *Pierrot and Columbine,* by Kenneth Dow, Redlands, 1923; *Krazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse,* after Herriman, Redlands, 1923; presented by students of the art department of the Redlands High School.

AZELLA, PAUL. Punch showman, early twentieth century.

BARCLAY, HARRY. *See* Smith, Sam.

BARKER, ENOLA. *Ten Nights in a Barroom,* by William W. Pratt, Blanding Sloan Marionette Theatre, San Francisco, 1 November, 1928. Assts. Harry Barclay, Albert Crofts, Clarence Ferguson, Vallejo Gantner, Donn Huberte, Albert Smith.

BARKER, MRS. WILLIAM T., Boston, Mass. Junior League. *Robin Hood in Sherwood,* by Helen T. Richmond, 1929; in preparation: *Ali Baba; The Gooseberry Mandarin,* by Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg. Assts. Mrs. Henry Jackson, Barbara Rice, Helen T. (Mrs. Carleton R.) Richmond.

BARNES, GRACE. *Peter Rabbit* and a circus, Seattle, Wash., *circa* 1925.

BECKER, GARRETT. International Marionette Laboratory, New York. For two years manager for Jean Gros on the road, and with Tony Sarg as asst. manager until November 1928. In preparation: *The Mummy,* in 3 acts, after *Some Words with a Mummy,* by Edgar Allan Poe; *The Golem,* by H. Leivick. Assts. A. R. Baizerman, Mrs. George Fischer, Jo La Spina, Paul Moore, Marshall Weiland.

BELL FAMILY. Well known in Mexico for their marionettes, Punch and Judy and ventriloquism.

BELMONT'S MANNIKINS. *See* Nelson, Nicholas.

BLAINE, ELEANOR G. Winnetka, Ill., Attic Puppets. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,* after Grimm by Mrs. Richard Bull, Friday Club, Chicago, 1923; *Dr. Doolittle,* after Hugh Lofting by Mrs. Sebastian Hinton and Mrs. Nathaniel Blatchford, Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, 1924; *A Christmas Carol* after Dickens by Mrs. Richard Bull, Fortnightly Club, Chicago, 1925;

The Three Princesses in the Blue Mountain, after a fairy story, by Mrs. Richard Bull, Winnetka, 1927; *The Discreet Hans*, an operetta, words by Mrs. Richard Bull, music by Mrs. Norman Harris, and *The Frog Prince*, after Grimm, by Mrs. Richard Bull, 1928. Assts. Mmes. Nathaniel Blatchford, Richard Bull, Dudley Cates, J. Francis Danemann, Jr., Samuel Greeley, Norman Harris, Sebastian Hinton, Frederick Mason, Perry Dunlap Smith, Henry F. Tenney, Russell Walcott. Stage built by Perry Dunlap Smith.

BOTTINIER, NED. Early twentieth-century marionettes.

BOYD, ALFRED. At Grand Forks, N. D., *Red Riding Hood*, by Anne Stoddard, 1921; Assts. Mrs. Alfred Boyd, Gordon Boyd, Alice Louise Boyd. *Snow White*, by Anne Stoddard, 1922; revived, Lansdowne, Penn., 1925; workers: Dr. and Mrs. H. E. French, Townsley French, Mary Margaret French. *A Pirate Play*, by A. B., 1922 (The Boyds); *Two Blind Men and a Donkey*, by Mathurin Dondo, 1924 (The Boyds and the Frenches); *The Wash Tub*, translated from the French of Mathurin Dondo by Mr. and Mrs. A. B., 1925 (The Boyds and the Frenches together henceforward); *The Pie and the Tart*, by Mathurin Dondo, 1927; *University Burlesque*, by Mrs. H. A. Doak, 1927.

BRAND, LOUISE F. *Know-Naught, the Witch of Ignorance*, in 5 short acts, Milwaukee, Wis., October 1926. A health play shown to children in schools by the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association. The portable 3-screen booth and puppets designed by Robert Barnes.

BUFANO, REMO. *Orlando Furioso* legends (in Italian), Richmond Hill House, New York; 1914; Assts. Charles Frattaloni, Toni Sisto. *Orlando Furioso* legends (in English); *Pagliacci; The Doctor in Spite of Himself*, by Molière; *Bluebeard; Hansel and Gretel; Red Riding Hood; Snow Drop*, Richmond Hill House, New York, 1915; Assts. Charles Frattaloni, Emily Heyward, Joseph Pesce, Michael Tomasulo. *Orlando Furioso* legends revived; *Uncle Sam, the Devil, or the Kaiser*, Thimble Theatre, New York, 1918; same assts. as in 1915. Curtain-raiser for *Wake Up, Jonathan*, Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, Md.; Assts. Winifred Harling, Esther Stockton. *Lima Beans*, by Alfred Kreymborg, Provincetown Playhouse, New York, 1920; Asst. Leland Morris. *Orlando Furioso in Fantastic Fricassee*, Greenwich Village Theatre, New York; Assts. Florence Koehler, Leland Morris. *Two Slatterns and a King*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay, Provincetown Playhouse, New York, 1922; Assts. Morris Feldman, Florence Koehler. *The Tinderbox*, Little Lyric Theatre, Baltimore, Md.; *Gallant Cassian*, by Arthur Schnitzler, Triangle Theatre, New York, 1923; Assts. Florence Koehler, Jack Tworkov. *El retablo de Maese Pedro*, operetta by Manuel de Falla (life-sized marionettes used for Don Quixote, Sancho Panza and Pedro's boy), Town Hall, New York; Assts. Kenneth Cobb, Allan Cox, Mordecai Gorelik, Gertrud Hepworth, Florence Koehler, Russell Mathews, Daisy Questa, A. Spolidoro, Ruth Squires. Marionettes for *The Knife in the Wall*, by Frances Lightner, Selwyn Theatre, New York; Assts. Florence Koehler, A. Spolidoro. *The Last Night of Don Juan*, by Edmond Rostand, Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, 1925; puppeteer, Augustin Duncan. *The Tragedy of Mr. Punch, Jack and the Beanstalk, The Three Bears, Mother Goose Review, The Giant of the Enchanted Voice, The Old Man of the Mountain, The Frog Prince*, Studio at 51 West 12th Street, New York, 1926; Assts. Kenneth Cobb, Gertrud Hepworth, Florence Koehler, Russell Mathews, Daisy Questa. *Fantasy in Flutes and Figures*, by Em Jo Basshe (using actors and marionettes representing algebraic symbols), Studio, New York, 1926; Assts. Evelyn Clifton, Kenneth Cobb, Manuel Essman, Gertrud Hepworth. Directed *The Oracle Drum*, by Julian Freedman, Galerie Au Sacre du Printemps, Paris, 1926. *Rumpelstiltskin*, Fifth Avenue Playhouse, New York; Assts. Florence Koehler, Ruth Squires, Anton Van Dereck. *Pinocchio* (using marionettes and actors), Richmond Hill House, New York, 1927; Ruth Squires manipulated Pinocchio. *Cinderella, Julius Cæsar's Circus, The Big Fight, The Fisherman and His Wife*, Provincetown Playhouse, New York, 1928; Assts. Gertrud Hepworth, Wallace House, Florence Koehler, Molka Reich.

BURNETT, HARRY and BROWN, FORMAN. Started 1923 as The Puppeteers of the University of Michigan, touring out from Ann Arbor; Asst. Robert Henderson. Later became The Puppeteers of Yale University, with the Yale Theatre at New Haven, Conn., as their base; Asst. Richard Brandon. Plays by F. B.: *Weather, On the Road to Bombay, The Lavender Elephant* (each for two trick figures) and *The Five-Foot Shelf;* by Ernestine Songer: *The Three Wishes;* by Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg: *Bluebeard* (designed by Norman-Bel Geddes), *The Gooseberry Mandarin, The Poetic Whale, Hansel and Gretel;* by Shakespeare: *Pyramus and Thisbe* from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Incidental music for *Bluebeard* and *Hansel and Gretel*, Provincetown, Mass., July 1928, by F. B. *The Princess of the Hibiscus, The Poet Keeps His Head, Puss in Boots* (music by F. B.) by H. B., Gloucester, Mass., July 1929. In preparation: *The New Song*, a Pan play; *My Man Friday*, a musical comedy version of *Robinson Crusoe*, by F. B.

BUTLER, MURRAY B. *Punchinello*, Cleveland, Ohio, 1925.

BUXTON, ROGER K. Buxie's Marionettes, a home company at Watertown, Mass. *The Bell Tavern*, a drama of old Salem in the eighteenth century, by Frances Buxton, 25 December, 1921; *Hansel and Gretel*, after the libretto of Humperdinck's opera, 25 December, 1922; *The Three Wishes*, 25 December, 1923; *The Night Before Christmas*, a pantomime played to the reading of Clement Moore's poem, 25 December, 1924; *Nimi-Nimi-Nott, Childe Rowland*, from old English tales, by F. B., 25 December, 1925; *Fatima*, an

Oriental farce, by R. K. B. and F. B., 25 December, 1927; *The Piper of Roussilon*, a mediæval fantasy by F. B., 25 December, 1928. Assts. Frances R. Buxton, Mace Buxton, Newell Keyes.

CARPENTER, ELIZABETH R. (Mrs. I. W., Jr.) Omaha, Neb., Junior League. *The Three Bears, Jack and the Beanstalk*, 13 April, 1928; *The Town Musicians of Bremen, Red Riding Hood*, 13 November, 1928; in preparation: *Cinderella, The Red Horse*, from a story by Elsa Moeschlin. Assts. Marion Coleman, Eileen Keliher, Wilma McFarland, Mmes. Sidney Cullingham, Philip Downs, Mildred Grainger, C. Lee Johnson, Jr., Thomas Norris, John Reed, Amos Thomas.

CARR, MICHAEL CARMICHAEL. Worked with Gordon Craig in Florence, *circa* 1918. Died 1928. "A true puppet craftsman; his modernistic puppets really unique."—Helen Haiman Joseph.

CASCIO, SALVATORE. A Sicilian showman of chivalric legend, New York, *circa* 1920. The flooring of his stage was so damaged by the fierce onslaughts of Christians and Moors in their heavy armour that it had to be renewed every fortnight. Asst. Maria Grasso, daughter of the actor Giovanni Grasso. (Joseph, 1920, pp. 172–3.)

CHESSÉ, RALPH. *Hamlet*, by Shakespeare (with solid and shadow figures), Blanding Sloan Puppet Theatre, San Francisco, 10 May, 1928; *The Emperor Jones*, by Eugene O'Neill (solid and shadow figures), Blanding Sloan Puppet Theatre, 19 July, 1928; Assts. Patsy Callahan, Jo Chessé, G. Ferguson, Jack Ford; *Macbeth*, by Shakespeare, Blanding Sloan Puppet Theatre, 6 December, 1928.

CHISOLM, MARY B. and STEWART, MARY. Produced the plays in Miss Stewart's book (see Selective Book Lists, Plays in English), Newtonville, N. Y., *circa* 1920. M. B. C. died 1927.

CLARK, G. FLETCHER and CLARK, CELIA RANTZ. *The Singing Master*, from the French, University of California Marionette Club (which G. F. C. was instrumental in founding), Berkeley, 1922; *Doctor Faustus*, a comedy version of Marlowe's drama by G. F. C., University of California Marionette Club, 1922; *The Bird Feng*, from an Oriental fairy-tale, Hollywood School for Girls, 1923. Hand-puppets carved, principally from mahogany, by G. F. C., and painted and dressed by C. R. C.

CONNELL, HAROLD W. Began with hand-puppets, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 1919; string-marionettes privately from 1924, publicly, from December 1928. Variety: Mitzi, master of ceremonies, who smokes cigarettes; Tony, the organ-grinder and his monkey; Harry Lauder, whose song comes from a phonograph record; Jim Sin, the Chinese magician; the Dolly Sisters, twin dancers; Toto, the acrobatic clown; Barnacle Bill, the singing salt; *The Dancing Lesson*, with Prof. Doolittle and Miss Lucy; Don Pedro, the educated horse; in preparation for autumn, 1929: *The Legend of the Moor's Legacy*, after Washington Irving. Assts. Edna Powell Connell, Alice Goddard, Florence Gute, Leila Hallfrisch, Wright F. Hallfrisch.

COOMBS, JACK. *The Wicked Wang-Pah*, a Chinese fantasy by Floralyn Cadwell, Charles Hopkins Theatre, New York, 31 March, 1929; *Snow White*, a fairy-tale play by Winthrop Ames, Charles Hopkins Theatre, 6 April, 1929; also a Revue with half a dozen variety pieces.

DALLAS, WEAVER. The Puppet Show, Rag-Bag Alley. *Brer Wolf an' de Little Rabs, In Mistah Man's Gyard'n, Ghostes*, University of Georgia, Athens, July 1927; *Helpin' de Lawd, Followin' de Fashions, De Courtin' Couple, De Basket Trap*. Aunt Appeline introduces. The pieces are founded upon southern folklore, especially that of the Georgia negro, and his songs, dances and superstitions. Assts. Kathryn Dallas, Lois Halman.

DAVIES, PROF. Came from England about 1865 and showed his marionettes in town halls and small variety theatres.

DEAVES, HARRY. Began about 1875, playing all the large cities in the United States for 45 years. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a burlesque with a tiny Uncle Tom and a tall Little Eva (played in Chicago for a 28 weeks' run); *Red Riding Hood*, also a burlesque. I wish to thank Frederick Donaghey, drama editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, for printing a letter of inquiry about Deaves in his columns, with artful deletion of essentials, so that his readers could make no point of the resultant nonsense.

DEAVES, WALTER. Brother to Harry, played vaudeville from 1880 to 1900, finishing in Australia.

DE ESTA. Marionettes, *circa* 1890.

DEODATA, MARY (Order of St. Francis). Alvernia High School, Chicago, 4 June, 1928: *Jack and the Beanstalk*, by Stoddard-Sarg; puppeteers: Bessie Brown, Grace Carroll, Margaret Chermak, Anne Fitzgerald, Amy Quinlin, Anna Wiegand; scene makers: Dorothy Beckman, Marjory Potter, Helen Underwood, Anna Wiegand. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, by Jessie Braham White, 4 June, 1929; readers: Barbara Beyenka, Florence Hammer, Marie Peterman, Mary Louise Roberts; puppeteers: Alice Alexander, Catherine Chapman, Rose Di Maria, Loretta Dunn, Burnette Frigone, Margaret Heing, Viola Kerrigan, Helen Penchar, Dorothy Reid, Ruby Tunk, Alys Waelti; scene makers: Helen Hough, Myrtle Thomas. Senior art class productions.

DE VERE, CHESTER. Marionettes early twentieth century.

DILLEY, PERRY. Started 1919; played at Cali-

fornian universities, theatres and clubs. *Adventures of a Chimneysweep*, trans. from *La fortune du ramoneur*, by Duranty; *A Hungry Man*, trans. from *Les boudins de Gripandouille*, by Duranty; *Pierrot and the Pastrycook*, trans. from *Pierrot et le pâtisseur*, by Duranty; *Dr. Glyserobobolus*, trans. from *Les drogues de Cataclysterium*, by Duranty, April 1922; *The Green Nose*, trans. by Henry Reinecke from *Der Räuber Jaromir*, October 1922; *A Merry Death*, by Nicholas Evreinov (at first done with abstract ovoid-headed puppets, later with more realistic ones), March 1923; *Red Riding Hood and the Wolf*, in 3 acts, February 1924; *A Barrel o' Trouble*, trans. from *Le tonneau*, by Duranty, Cleveland, 29 December, 1924; *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, in 4 acts, Cleveland, 15 January, 1925; *Mysterious Playthings*, trans. from *Jouets et mystères*, by Maurice Sand, Cleveland, 29 January, 1925; *Boiled Celery*, a Kyogen farce, trans. from the Japanese by Takeo Hoshino, July 1926; *The Three Wishes*, *The Dragon Who Wouldn't Say Please*, in 3 acts, by Grace Stearns, July 1927; *Columbine's Birthday*, in one act, by Grace Stearns, July 1928; *The Bricklayer's Dilemma*, for the San Francisco Community Chest campaign, 14 February, 1929. Assts. Sylvia Hall Sarber, Grace Stearns, Grace Wickham. *Guignol Goes A-Fishing* (*Une journée de pêche*), by Lemercier de Neuville; *The Emperor's New Clothes*, after Andersen, University of California, Berkeley, 24 July, 1929.

DOMINO MARIONETTES, THE. *See* Ransom, Charles F.

DONDO, MATHURIN. *L'oncle d'Amérique*, *Après la guerre*, *Pathelin*, Smith College, Northampton, Mass., 1918; *Two Blind Men and a Donkey*, *The Wash Tub*, Columbia Marionette Players, Earl Hall, Columbia University, New York, 16 May, 1922. Assts. John B. DeMille, Stanley Hart, S. Theodore Hecht, Paul McPharlin, Donald Pendleton.

DRAKOULALOS, BILL. Karaghuez shadow-showman, touring from Chicago, 1929.

DUNCAN, WILLIAM and MABLEY, EDWARD. The Tatterman Marionettes. *The King of the Golden River*, after John Ruskin, Detroit, 22 October, 1923; *Androcles and the Lion*, Detroit, 9 May, 1924; *The Circus*, variety: clown, snake charmer, banjo player, Detroit, 9 May, 1924; *The Keys of Heaven*, song, Detroit, 9 May, 1924; *The Melon Thief*, a Japanese Kyogen, Detroit, 14 June, 1924; *The Three Billy Goats Gruff*, from a Norse fairy-tale, with shadow puppets, Detroit, 15 October, 1924; *The Three Wishes*, from an old English fairy-tale, Detroit, 15 October, 1924; *Puss-in-Boots*, with shadow puppets, Detroit, 26 November, 1924; *The Fisherman and the Genii*, from the Arabian Nights, Cleveland, 23 February, 1925; *The King of the Golden River*, after Ruskin by Catherine Reighard, Detroit, 5 October, 1925; *Hey Diddle Diddle*, Mother Goose fantasy, Hazleton, Penn., 25 November, 1925; *Jack and the Beanstalk*, by Catherine Reighard, Detroit, 4 October, 1926; *Master Pierre Patelin*, from the old French by Catherine Reighard, Detroit, 13 October, 1926; *Rumpelstiltskin*, by Catherine Reighard, Detroit, 28 September, 1927; Picaninny dancers, Detroit, 28 September, 1927; Toe dancer, Detroit, 7 October, 1927; *The Circus Clown at Practice*, a pantomime, Detroit, 17 October, 1927; *The King of the Golden River*, by C. R., with hand-puppets, Detroit, 17 April, 1928; *The Marriage Proposal*, by Anton Chekhov with hand-puppets, Detroit, 17 April, 1928; *The King of the Golden River*, by C. R., third production with string-marionettes, Albion, Mich., 24 September, 1928; *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*, by C. R., Toledo, Ohio, 15 October, 1928; *The Marriage Proposal*, by Chekhov, with string-marionettes, Niagara Falls, N. Y., 17 November, 1928; in preparation: *Pan Pipes and Donkey's Ears*, by C. R.; *On the Stairs*, after Arthur Morrison by C. R.; *Our Lady's Tumbler*; *Washington Square*, a pantomime by C. R.

DUNN, LOUISE M. *See* Mills, Winifred H.

EMMERSON. Marionettes, *circa* 1890.

ENGLE, FANNIE GOLDSMITH. Kegg and Goldsmith's Marionettes. *Cinderella*, in 4 acts and prologue, Players Club, San Francisco, 26 February, 1923. Marionettes carved and properties made by George W. Kegg. Music arranged and costumes made by Mabel Kegg. Assts. Betty Geddis, Alberta Langley, 1928–1929, the fourth company, Al Carthe, Rena Foxworthy, Ione Gilbert, Henrie Lerfield, Alberta Langley Seydlitz. Goldsmith Engle Marionettes: *The Nightingale*, a Chinese fantasy after Andersen in prologue and 4 acts, Loring Theatre, Riverside, Cal., 21 November, 1927. Marionettes carved, sets and costumes designed by Richard W. Earle. Music arranged by Gertrude Barrett. Assts. Al Carthe, Lois Chambers, Richard Earle, Rena Foxworthy, Henrie Lerfield, Alberta Langley Seydlitz. Assts. at other times: Vera Allison, Robert Biggs, Augusta Diamond, Rose Frank, Ralph Geddis, Irene Meyers, Ben Newman, Marvel Phillips, Melvin Roberts, Benedict Sobler, Grace Wickham.

ESCHMAN, KARL H. *Krazy Kat*, a jazz pantomime based on the cartoons of George Herriman, with music by John Alden Carpenter, done with shadow figures at Denison University, Granville, Ohio, January 1929. Asst. Stephen D. Tuttle.

ETHONETTES, THE. *See* Page, Elizabeth.

FAULKNER, LILLIAN. Daughter of Madam Jewel, in vaudeville. Variety and *Play Ball*, a sketch in which a batter in a baseball game stalls for time until it begins to rain—very realistically,

with water coming down from the top of the proscenium frame.

FAUZIO. *The Duchess Liberated, St. George and the Dragon,* by James Mitchell from the Italian, Hull-House, Chicago, 27 April, 1929. Director, Daniel Houghton. Assts. Tony Amaro, Ernest Fauzio, Leo Fauzio, Michael Gamboney, Sam Massillami.

FENTON, MRS. J. B. Buffalo, N. Y., Junior League. *The Three Bears, Hansel and Gretel,* by Sarg-Stoddard, 17 November, 1928; *Peter Rabbit, Little Black Sambo,* by Edwine Noye Mitchell. Assts. Francelia Esenwein, Evelyn Hillman, Margaret Lindemann, Carolyn S. Noye, Betty Wattles.

FETZER, HENRIETTA. *Jack and the Beanstalk,* in 3 acts; *Robinson Crusoe,* in 3 acts; dramatized Chinese folk tales: *The Casting of the Great Bells, The Stolen Prince, The Cow-Herd and the Weaving Maid, The Wicked Wang-Pah Meets the Dragon,* Chicago South Park playgrounds, *circa* 1927 to present.

FORD, JACK. *The Enchanted Horse* and other plays with hand-puppets, *circa* 1928. Manipulated with Ralph Chessé (q. v.).

FULTON, BOBBY. Played with companies of Lilian Owen, Tony Sarg, Rachel Sewall. Began independently, January 1924, playing at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse and the Civic Repertory Theatre, New York, and at the Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. *Jack and the Beanstalk, Robinson Crusoe, Hansel and Gretel, The Sleeping Beauty, Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, The Three Bears, Cinderella, Aladdin and the Lamp, The Three Wishes.* Assts. Fernanda Campanella, Altha Gray, Elvira C. Jones, Kinnosuke Fujisaki, Florence Lowe, Osmond Molarsky, Carleton Winckler.

GALPIN, ELLEN. *Jack and the Beanstalk, The Princess Who Had No Hat,* Los Angeles Playground Department, 1922; *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,* Playground Department, 1923; *Rip Van Winkle,* Los Angeles, 1923; *The Tempest,* by Shakespeare, Los Angeles, 1924; *Hansel and Gretel, The Juggler of Our Lady,* Juneau, Alaska, 1925; *Goldie Locks and the Three Bears, The Tinder Box,* after Andersen, *Noon Time Moon,* an Eskimo version of Cinderella (much of the production was made by Eskimo women and carried by Miss Galpin on her back for 1500 miles over the snow to the nearest white settlement), Los Angeles, 1925–1926; *Sleeping Beauty in a Wood,* 1926; *Jack and the Beanstalk,* revision, 1927; *Hansel and Gretel* revived, Honolulu, Hawaii, summer, 1928; in preparation: *The Man Who Would Tend the House, The Dragon Who Wept Fire.* Assts. Stoddard Atwood, Frances Bauld, Stephen Benton, Dorothy Anne Boyd, Roy Crippen, C. E. Davidson, Violet Davidson, Jessie Dugan, Clifford Foster (stage manager), Ruth Gentle, Ellen Lowe, Frances Lowe, Gladys Meredith, Helen Payton, Louise Phelan, Lyle Rooks, Tommie Turner, Paul Vickers.

GARRICK PUPPETEERS. *See* Lachlan, Jean.

GILL, AMY (Mrs. Harold D.). Portland, Ore., Junior League. *Jack and the Beanstalk,* by Sarg-Stoddard, Couch School, Portland, 20 April, 1928; *Cinderella,* by Elsa Gill, at the residence of Miss Mackenzie, 30 October, 1928; *The Three Bears,* by Elizabeth R. Carpenter. Assts. Mrs. Theodore Adams, Mrs. Harold Dodge, Elizabeth Ducey, Mrs. Paul Feldenheimer, Mary Frances Finch, Elsa Gill, Jean Hall, Mrs. Russell Hawkins, Isabel Kerr, Louise Linthicum, Margaret Mackenzie, Jane Martin, Mrs. Henry Reed, Jessie Smith, Margaret Spencer, Anna C. Warren.

GILMORE, SPENCE HELBER (Mrs. Alan M.). Played every other Saturday, with outside performances for schools and clubs, at the Women's Press Club, Denver, Col., from 19 December, 1925, to July 1928: *The Dark Forest, The Land of the Man in the Moon, Pierrette and Columbine, The Three Wishes, Master Pierre Patelin,* Variety: dance by Columbine and Harlequin, Russian dance by Zoija, Jo-Jo the clown, dance by Farmer and Scarecrow. Assts. Janet Davidson, Yetta R. Helber. Will play in California, autumn, 1929.

GOLDNER, DOROTHY THOMPSON and ORVILLE CHARLES. *See* Nawn, Tom.

GRAY, BARRY. Having played on the variety stage as a singing comedian, entered partnership with Harry H. Walker in 1885, using marionettes made by Walter Deaves (q. v.). Parted with Walker in 1889 and built a new act for himself, with music arranged by Warren Beebe, pianist at Drew's Museum, Cleveland, Ohio. For a week called his figures "automets," but nobody knew what he meant, so he called them by the old-fashioned name of marionettes until European manipulators made "mannikin" the stock term for them in vaudeville. Ceased playing variety in 1916. In 1927 was a Punch showman and announcer for "Living Curiosities" in the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey combined circuses.

GRIFFIN, ZAIDEE. The Aleš Puppet Theatre, Webster Branch, New York Public Library. 1924: *Vodník,* by Fr. Zátka, *Vodníkova Hanička,* by L. Tesařová, *Vodník a Kašpárkův Bělušek,* by B. Brožová. Puppeteers: Bohdana Čapek, Karla Friedrich. *Hanicka and the Waterman,* trans. from *Vodníkova Hanička.* Puppeteers: Emma Linhart, Elizabeth McCarrick, Alexandria Sanford. 1929: *The Water-Sprite and the Jester's Běloušek,* trans. from *Vodník a Kašpárkův Běloušek,* by Louise Hlaváč. Puppeteers: Louise Hlaváč, Jarmila Lier.

GROS, JEAN. *I Pagliacci,* by Leoncavallo, Pittsburgh, 1922; *Babes in Toyland,* by Victor Herbert, 1923; *Robin Hood;* Vaudeville; *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* by Shakespeare, with music by Mendelssohn; *The Blue Bird,* in 10 scenes, by Maurice Maeterlinck, with music by Irene Griffin Gros; *The Adventures of Uncle Wiggily, Uncle Wiggily in Wonderland, Uncle Wiggily at the Circus,* by Howard R. Garis; *The Magical Land of*

Oz, by Ruth Plumley Thompson; *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, after Mark Twain. Linnea Roberts, violin, and Geraldine Vance, harp; Lilian Owen and William Thompson, marionette making; John O'Neil, art director; Garrett Becker, properties; Irene G. Gros, music.

GUIGNOL STUDIOS. *See* Hestwood, H. and R.

HARTFORD MARIONETTE THEATRE WORKSHOP. *See* Herrschaft, William.

HARTO, JAMES. Punch showman, early twentieth century.

HASTINGS, SUE. Began in 1924, while taking a play-writing course at Columbia University, with a travesty of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Played with Tony Sarg. *Pies and Pirates*, *Breakfast for Two*, *The Funeral March of a Marionette*, *The Gooseberry Mandarin*, by Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg; *The Pancake Princess*, by G. D. R.; *Cinderella*, *The Yellow Dwarf*, *Sleeping Beauty*, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *A Trip to the Moon*, *Peter Rabbit*, *The Puppet Follies: A Bicycle Built for Two*, The Wooden Soldiers, Butterflies, The Buggy Ride, The Oriental Dancer, The Jazz Band, The Charleston Dancer, The Lulu Belle Sisters, Picanniny Songs and Dances, Pets of the Circus Ring, *Side by Side*, The Circus, The Sleigh Ride, Raggedy Ann and Andy, Gems from *The Mikado*, *Once in a Blue Moon*, *The King's Breakfast*, by A. A. Milne, *Don't Mind the Rain*, The Milkmaid and Her Cow, The Clown and His Dog, *Underneath the Yum Yum Tree*, *Katinka;* in preparation: *Noah's Troubles*, *Alice in Wonderland*. Played in the Washington Stables, Sesquicentennial Exposition, Philadelphia, 1926. Asst. Elsa Clement.

HAYES, JAMES JUVENAL. Morningside Marionettes, Morningside College, Sioux City, Ia. *Punch and Judy*, original version, December 1927; *Jack and the Beanstalk*, by Wilson Taylor, October 1928; two short farces, March 1929. Assts. Gladys Blair, Clinton Finch, Mildred Sirken, Wilson Taylor.

HERRSCHAFT, WILLIAM. Hartford, Conn., Marionette Theatre Workshop. *The Cow Died Of . . .*, *Olga the Russian Spy*, by W. F. Trayes, Troll Scene from *Peer Gynt*, by Ibsen, January 1929; *The Arkansas Bear*, with special music by M. Hartzmark, May 1929. Assts. Maria C. Brace, Edward J. Brown, Estelle Greenhut, Igor Gregorieff, M. Hartzmark, Elena L. Herrschaft, Flora A. Kaplan, Dorothy Leavitt, Dwight C. Lyman, Burton Moore, Edith H. Moore, Margaret W. Pierce, Adele Rogal.

HENDERSON. Punch showman, late nineteenth century.

HESTWOOD, HAROLD and ROBERT. *The Gawpy Ballet*, a fantasy "done entirely with stylized birds and beasts, pelicans mostly." H. H., composer of music and author, R. H., designer and sculptor. First performed at Carmel, Cal., then as part of programme for Guignol Studios Marionette Players, The Little Theatre, New York, 16 December, 1928. Reproduced by Movietone. Variety: The Yaller Gals, The Deceitful Bull, English Singers. Assts. Bil Baird, Ralph Geddis, Jeanette Selby, Marvel Vantine, Helen Viscanio.

HINES, ALBERT B. Madison Square Boys' Club, New York. Began *circa* 1926. *The Wizard of Oz*, after L. Frank Baum; *They Ain't No Ghosts*, a Hallowe'en play; *The Upper Room*, by Father Benson; *The Toy Shop; A Christmas Carol*, after Charles Dickens; Variety: Down on the Levee, A Night at Camp, Indian Dance, Dempsey and Tunney Bout. Heads and bodies by Harriet Babcock, costumes by Mrs. Albert B. Hines, other construction by boys, original coaching by Sue Hastings (q. v.). Puppeteers: James Clark, Thomas Daly, James Larkin, John O'Haggin, William Prinz, Rinaldo Quigley, Lawrence Weill.

HOLDEN, THOMAS. Visited America in the 1890's. One of his *tours de force* was a production of *Salome* with the dance of the seven veils.

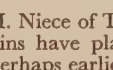
HOLLYWOOD PLAYERS. *See* Nawn, Tom.

HOLMES, (Miss) BOBBIE. Knoxville, Tenn., Junior League. *The Three Bears*, by Jane Davis, 2 April, 1929; *Peter Rabbit in the Cabbage Patch*, by Nancy Rogers, 19 April, 1929; *Little Black Sambo*, by Maude Owens Walters, 26 April, 1929; *Hans and Gretchen*, by Mrs. LeRoy Drum, 16 May, 1929; *The Three Little Kittens*, by Maude Owens Walters, 24 May, 1929. Assts. Jane Davis, Mrs. LeRoy Drum, Emma House, Marguerite Mountcastle, Weta Mountcastle, Nancy Rogers, Mrs. Charles Waite.

HOSIE, GRACE. Produced, at Scranton, Penn., an eighteenth-century pantomime to phonograph records of Mozart music played on the xylophone. (*Theatre Arts*, October 1928, p. 763; November 1928, correction in "Editorially Speaking," page not numbered.)

HOYT, HAZEL. The Panel Playhouse Puppets, New York. *Phillida and Her Bear*, *St. George and the Dragon*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Torquil MacFerron*, a mighty melodrama, all by S. Lyle Cummins. November 1927. Ruth Gladys Hoyt makes the scenery, H. H. the puppets.

HULL-HOUSE MARIONETTES. Miss Jane Addams writes, "We have had various attempts with puppet shows at Hull-House and with marionettes but nothing very successful." These were shows made by children. Hull-House has, however, sponsored the Sicilian marionettes of Fauzio (q. v.) and the Græco-Turkish shadow plays of Harris Patrinos (q. v.).



JAN HUS HOUSE MARIONETTES. *See* Raym, Mrs. Max E.

JEWEL, MADAM. Niece of Thomas Holden (q. v.); her mannikins have played in vaudeville since 1910 and perhaps earlier. Her act consists of small boxes to either side of the miniature pro-

scenium, with animated spectators seated in them, and a variety of dancers, acrobats, etc.

JOHNSON, LLOYD. *Hallowe'en Night, The Three Wishes*, Variety, with a prize fight, Sioux City, Ia., 1928.

JORDAN, MARGARET. *Snow White and the Dwarfs, Little Red Riding Hood*, by Anne Stoddard, as a second-year high school project, Battle Creek, Ia., April 1925; *The Three Bears*, by Margaret Skewis, *The Story of Queen Esther*, from the Bible, by Margaret and Saralou Jordan, summer tour, 1925. Assts. Quentin Jordan, Edwin McClain; *Little Red Riding Hood, The Three Bears, Snow White*, as classroom projects, Rockwell City, Ia., 1926; *Ichabod Crane*, after Irving, evolved by class, Rockwell City, 1928; *In the Morning*, by Paul Laurence Dunbar, Rockwell City, 1929.

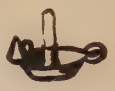
JOSEPH, HELEN HAIMAN. *Seven at a Blow*, a shadow play by Ida Treat, Cleveland Play House, 1915; *The Death of Tintagiles*, by Maurice Maeterlinck, Cleveland Play House, winter, 1917. Marionettes designed by George Clisby, made and dressed principally by Grace Treat, who was also chief puppeteer. *Shadowy Waters*, by William Butler Yeats, Cleveland Play House, costumes and scene designed by John Black; *The Death of Chopin*, a pantomime by Albert Gehring, Cleveland Play House, designed by Carl Broemel; *Hansel and Gretel*, with Humperdinck's music; *Snow White and Rose Red*, by Lora Maynz; *Aladdin*, by Charles S. Brooks; *Beauty and the Beast*, from Perrault; *Red Riding Hood*, from Perrault; *The Black Spot*, from Stevenson's *Treasure Island; A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Shakespeare, Cleveland Play House, 1926; *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury; Puss in Boots*, from Pocci; *Jack and the Beanstalk; Little One-Eye, Two-Eye, and Three-Eye; Pandora and Epimetheus; Punch and Judy*, Collier version; *The Coat of Many Colours*, a Biblical shadow play, with figures made by Julia McCune Flory; *The Golden Fleece; Robin Hood and His Merry Men; The Life and Death of Dr. Johannes Faust*, from the old German puppet play; *Adventures of Pinocchio*, after Collodi; *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. Max Eisenstadt and Don Crockett made Mrs. Joseph's puppet booth; Duane Harmon decorated it, assists in puppeteering and making scenery.

JOWERS, LUCIE GILES. Worcester, Mass., Art Museum, Educational Department. *The Snow Queen*, after Andersen, 14 May, 1927; Assts. Earle Brown, Jr., Elizabeth Churchman, Frances Churchman, Russell Fuller, Donald Kayer, Marie Kalat, Whitney Morgan, Geraldine Persons. *Don Quixote*, after Cervantes by Sarg-Stoddard, 2 June, 1928; *Jack and the Beanstalk*, by Sarg, 23 February, 1929.

KALB, DOROTHY B. Plays chosen by Alberta Walker, worked out by students and critic teachers, and constructed in D. B. K.'s classes: *The Three Billy Goats Gruff, The Three Pigs, The Three Bears, Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, The Tar Baby, The Gingerbread Boy, Jack and the Beanstalk, The Fisherman's Wife, The Tongue-Cut Sparrow, Little Black Sambo*, 1924, 1927, Wilson Normal School, Washington, D. C.

KALTENBACH, PAUL. *Jack and the Beanstalk*, Variety, Detroit, *circa* 1924.

KREYMBORG, ALFRED and DOROTHY. *Lima Beans*, New York, 1920, with hand-puppets obtained through Remo Bufano (q. v.), A. K. reading the lines while D. K. manipulated. Toured with the Merry-Andrews and Mushroom Theatre to California and back. *Jack's House, Monday, Lame Minuet*, Wheeler Hall, Berkeley, Cal., in a larger booth built by Gerald Hillyer for the occasion. (Kreymborg, *Troubadour*, pp. 338–58, Boni & Liveright, New York, 1925.) A second tour in 1926, with a booth designed by Herman Rosse and puppets carved by Theodore Spicer-Simson and Carroll French.



LACHLAN, JEAN. Garrick Puppeteers. *Medusa*, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1928. Asst. Mrs. Earl B. Harris.

LAMB, WALTER. In vaudeville, *circa* 1902–1922.

LA NOIS MARIONETTES. Early twentieth century.

LARKIN, OLIVER W. *Androcles and the Lion*, by George Bernard Shaw, Boston, 1922; Assts. Ruth L. Larkin, Mrs. Alan Novak. *Pantaloon*, by J. M. Barrie, Concord, Mass., 1923; *The Birthday of the Infanta*, after Oscar Wilde, Northampton, Mass., 1927; Assts. Ruth L. Larkin and Smith College students. In preparation: *Salome*.

LA TOURE, FRANK. Marionettes, early twentieth century.

LEE, BEATRICE (Mrs. Archibald). St. Louis, Mo., Junior League. *Jack and the Beanstalk*, Regional Conference of the Junior Leagues of the Central States, November 1926 (hand-puppets with heads made of painted Irish potatoes by Elizabeth Waller; stage designed and scenes painted by Elizabeth Robert; this performance was instrumental in starting other Junior League groups doing puppets; over two dozen are now at it); *The Three Wishes, Hansel and Gretel, Red Riding Hood*, Sarg-Stoddard versions; *One-Eye, Two-Eye and Three-Eye*, by Mrs. Charles Brush, Jr.; *Cinderella*, by Marie Cair Taylor; *Blue Beard*, by B. L.

LEE, DAVE. *See* Nelson, Nicholas.

LEONARD, MELANIE ELIZABETH. Gave shows in a garden at Sandwich, Cape Cod, Mass. (MacKay, *Children's Theatres and Plays*, D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1927, p. 242.)

LEVIN, MEYER. Relic House Marionettes, Chicago. *From Morn to Midnight*, by Georg Kaiser, 1926; *Abraham and Isaac; Affairs of Anatol*, by Arthur Schnitzler; *The Bow-Legged Leaf*, in one act; *Dr. Faust*, in 4 acts, Hedderwick

translation; *Maître Pierre Patelin*, by Guillaume Alecis; *The Crock of Gold*, after James Stephens; *Lima Beans*, by Alfred Kreymborg; *Jack and the Beanstalk; Cinderella; Alice in Wonderland*, Alice Gerstenberg dramatization, 1927. Assts. Louis Bunin, Maurine Johnson, Eleanor Lee, Heintz Nordan.

LEWIS, LAURA LINN (Mrs. Ralph). Greensboro, N. C., Junior League. *Little Red Riding Hood*, 10 April, 1929; *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, May 1929. Assts. Mrs. William Crawford, Caroleen Lanbeth, Mrs. Jack Mason, Mrs. John P. Young, Jr.

LINDERGREEN, HAROLD F. *The Young King*, from Oscar Wilde, *The Gooseberry Mandarin*, by Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg, Variety, Vesper George School of Art, Boston, April 1929. Assts. Doris Ballard, Eleanor Braden, John Fuller, Rebecca MacKenzie, Isabel O'Brien, John Stevens.

LITTLE PLAYERS. *See* Smiley, Helen A.

LOWERY, BERT. Punch showman, early twentieth century.

LUDGATE, JANE STEARNS. State Teachers College, Edinboro, Penn. *The Sleeping Beauty*, by Mabel Goodlunder, *A Modern Aladdin*, by Louise Tyler, *Pierrot and Pierrette*, by Emily Knarr, 1928; *The Knave of Hearts*, by Louise Saunders, Variety; *The Gooseberry Mandarin*, by Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg, in preparation, 1929. Dorothy Skinner, puppet making; J. S. L., director.

LYONS, MILTON P. Punch showman, Philadelphia, early twentieth century; first introduced the Lyonnaise Guignol to America. (Russell, "The Most Popular Play in the World," *Outing Magazine*, New York, January 1907, p. 473.)

LYVERS, HELEN. With Tony Sarg for four seasons. *Master Peter Patelin*, Variety, South End House, Boston, *circa* 1928.

MABLEY, EDWARD. *See* Duncan, William.

MacKAY, GILBERT S. The California Theatre, 1923, then the Lilliputian Playhouse, in his home, Oakland, Cal., up to time of my writing. *Around the World, A Trip to Australia, New Zealand and the South Seas*, Variety: Drunken Sisters, Anna Kicklower, Bud Jolson, Mlle. Jambon's Pets, The Mystery Room, *The Original Ziegfeld Sillies Revue*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, by Sarg-Stoddard. Assts. Marylee Nahl, Perham Nahl.

MANTELL, ROBERT. Played in vaudeville, starting about 1905, in the United States and Australia, retiring in Seattle, Wash.

MANTEO, AGREPPINO. *Charlemagno*, with his followers Orlando, Rinaldo, Bradamante, his sister, Olivero, Ugiero the Dane, and Agollaccio, defenders of the Christian faith, by Giuseppe Legio and Giusto Lo Dico, New York, 3 March, 1928; *Guido Santo*, Rinaldo's nephew, New York, May 1929. A. M., proprietor, maker of marionettes and armour and reader of men's parts; Catherine, his wife, maker of costumes; Aida, his daughter, reader of women's parts; his sons Michael and Dominick, manipulators, and Pino, Jr., handy boy about the stage. Ernest Giufrida assists.

MARGO'S MANNIKINS. Early twentieth century.

MARLETTE, BOB. Played in vaudeville, beginning about 1912.

MARSH, FRED DANA. Seven caricatures of movie actors intended for a satiric film play: Mary Pickford has curls of copper wire and Douglas Fairbanks is made all of springs. Worked from below with rods, save for the exception of one string. Never used, but filmed in a Pathé feature of Mr. Marsh, *A Master of Murals*.

McPHARLIN, PAUL. The Marionette Fellowship, Evanston, Ill. *The Taming of the Shrew*, by Shakespeare, 21 November, 1928; *Noël, or the Mystery of the Nativity*, by Maurice Bouchor, 4 January, 1929; *The Tragedy of Tragedies, or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*, by Henry Fielding, 1 February, 1929; *The Chinese Nightingale*, after Andersen, *The Drum Dance*, a shadow play from the Chinese, 1 March, 1929; *Olla Podrida Plus*, including *The Taming by the Shrew*, *Tom Thumb Triumphant* and *Tu Quoque*, by Austin Dobson, 6 April, 1929; *Mr. and Mrs. H. Abroad*, a comedy of hats in 4 scenes, a shadow play, Highland Park, Ill., 17 April, 1929. Assts. (readers and manipulators) Edith Bacon, Roger Balke, Guy Bezy, Charlot Bickell, Edna M. Blake, Omar Campbell, Isabel Cline, Alice Dean, John L. Dean, Charles Baron Fleischmann, Helen M. Kates, Amy Loomis, Jean Moss, Catherine Muller, Louise Robinson, Dick Rose, Lewis J. Ruskin, Juanita Wardenburg, Clarence Westerlund; (singers and musicians) Margaret Albright, Margaret Bluthardt, Arian Delander, Lottie Kuenkle, Pauline Manchester, Molly Mickey, Winnifred Mickey.

MEADER, DEBORAH. *Hansel and Gretel*, St. Paul, Minn., *circa* 1928.

MICK, HETTIE LOUISE. Began with Ellen van Volkenburg; played with Tony Sarg; has made marionettes and written on their technique (*see* Selective Book Lists, Technique).

MIDDLETON. In vaudeville, late nineteenth century.

MILLS COLLEGE, California, puppetry class, conducted by Perry Dilley (q. v.) and Ralph Geddis. *The Birthday of the Infanta*, after Wilde, by Joyce Lobner; *Concerning Florizel*, by Lois Hanscom, Alumnæ Hall, 5 August, 1929. Members of the class: Sarah Barrett, Beatrice Deschamps, Charlotte Gettelson, Lois Hanscom, Helena Jenkins, Joyce Lobner, Esther Mack, Marian Richter, Harriet Swasey, Mrs. Margaret Weyburn.

MILLS, WINIFRED H. and DUNN, LOUISE M. Fairmount Junior High School, Cleveland, with eighth and ninth grade students, performances being given both at the school and the Cleveland Museum of Art. *The Childhood of*

David Copperfield, after Dickens, May 1921; *Sigurd the Volsung*, January 1922; *The Knave of Hearts*, by Louise Saunders, January 1923; *Men of Iron*, a play of mediæval chivalry, May 1923; *Adventures of Alice*, after Lewis Carroll, May 1924; *Petroushka*, a ballet with music by Igor Stravinsky, Assts. Parker Bailey, Douglas S. Moore, Arthur W. Quimby, May 1925; *Arjuno*, a Javanese hero play. Since the Fairmount pupils had done the first play there eight years before, they initiated at the Art Museum the new marionette stage given by Mmes. Edwin C. Higbee and R. Henry Norweb, February 1929.

MOLARSKY, OSMOND. Having seen puppets at Gloucester, Mass., demonstrated by Lilian Owen one summer, at the age of twelve started making his own. Performed at Nutley, N. J., High School, Montclair Art Museum and Newark Junior Museum; played in the Swarthmore, Penn., Chautauqua show, summer 1929. Variety: scene between Shylock and Antonio from Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice;* an accordian-playing sailor; Clementina and Samantha, darkies; Hans and his dachshund Fritz; Sambo, shuffle dancer; juggler; acrobat. Assts. James Michner, Delmar Molarsky.

MONTAGU, HARRY. His "marionnettes américaines" played at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, Brussels, from 11 to 26 May, 1879. (Lionel Renieu, *Histoire des Théâtres de Bruxelles*, Paris, 1928, I, p. 167.)

MOON, ELISE CHAPIN (Mrs. Deaderick). Chattanooga, Tenn., Junior League. *Snow White and the Dwarfs*, by Anne Stoddard, Knoxville, Tenn., 1 November, 1928; *Jack and the Beanstalk*, by Anne Stoddard, 9 February, 1929; *Little Red Riding Hood*, by Anne Stoddard, 26 March, 1929; *Hansel and Gretel*, by Anne Stoddard, 28 March, 1929. Assts. Mrs. W. E. Brock, Jr., Mrs. Spencer Clinton, Mary Frances Davenport, Mrs. Edgar Elmore, Mrs. Hugh Huffaker, Jr., Dorcas Hutcheson, Laura Hutcheson, Katherine Jackson, Theodora Lasley, Mrs. William McAllister, Mary Rhoda Montague, Mrs. Lupton Patten, Isabella Temple, Mrs. Tom Trotter, Jr., Leslay Wallace.

MURDOCH. Punch showman, early twentieth century.

MUSHROOM THEATRE. *See* Kreymborg, Alfred and Dorothy.

NAWN, TOM. *Rip Van Winkle*, *Snow White*, *The Barnstormers*, *Punch and Judy*, Hillsdale, N. J., 1926. Asst. Evangeline Dixey. The Hollywood Players: *The Three Little Pigs*, *The Tongue-Cut Sparrow*, from a Japanese fairy-tale, both by Dorothy Thompson Goldner, summer, 1929. Assts. D. T. G. and Orville Charles Goldner.

NAY, JOSEPH. Amateur Punch showman, of Chicago; died 1928.

NELSON, NICHOLAS. Belmont's Mannikins. Nelson inherited the name Belmont from his partner in a team of circus athletes. Learned to make his marionettes from Dave Lee, an old showman he met in a so-called Museum in Minneapolis, Minn. His first figures, with which he started out in July 1899, were a mule, a skeleton, a contortionist, a juggler and blackface comedians. With them he played road shows, gradually replacing the figures with better. Played vaudeville throughout the United States, 1909–1923, with 3-foot figures. His pantomimes were *Down on the Plantation*, *The One-Ring Circus*, *Red Lion Inn* (with a drunkard and slapstick meal), and the miniature spectators in the stage boxes before his puppet proscenium: the lady with opera-glasses, the violently applauding gentleman, the country rube who spat and rubbernecked; also *The Krazy Kat Theatre*, with characters from newspaper comic strips. Since giving up vaudeville has played *Rip Van Winkle*, *Puss in Boots*, trans. from Pocci by Eletta de Rapalje, and first staged by Alfred Stury (q. v.) at the Children's Playhouse, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, 1926, *Red Riding Hood*, *Hansel and Gretel*, *The Three Bears*, *The Night Before Christmas* and *The Yule-Tide Puppets* with Variety: Sambo, Sailor's Hornpipe, Dancing Doll, Royal Juggler, Little Johnny Bear, The Minuet, Jack and Jill, The March of the Wooden Soldiers. Assts. His wife Edna, his sons Edwin, Walter and Arthur and his daughter Viola.

NEWMAN, JEANNE MARJORIE. *The King of the Golden River*, *The Stonish Giant*, Miles Standish Board of Education Playground, Cleveland, 1928.

NOLT, ANNE S. (Mrs. L. H.) Lancaster, Penn., Junior League. Variety: orchestra, negro announcer who dances and has a little monkey, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, Iris Club, 29 December, 1928. Assts. Rhoda Boyd, Mrs. J. Laird Brown, Jr., Mrs. Louis Fortier, Elise Kalbach, Marie Lantz, Mrs. J. Henry Marshall, Mrs. J. Nevin Schroeder, Jr., Mrs. J. Fred Sener III, Mrs. James Shand, Mrs. J. Fleming Smith, Mrs. Charles Watt, Mrs. Chester M. Woolworth.

ODLIN, RICHARD. With Ellen van Volkenburg's Chicago Little Theatre Marionettes, 1918–1919; constructed *The Willow Plate* for Tony Sarg (q. v.) 1925, and puppeteered for him five seasons at the Bal Tabarin, Chicago, in the *Stepping Stones* prologue, and on tour with *Ali Baba*. Then assisted Sue Hastings. Taught marionette making at the Cornish School, Seattle, Wash., summer 1928: *The King's Breakfast*, by A. A. Milne, *Peter Rabbit* and Variety; summer 1929: *Hynd Horn* and Debussy impressions. Fall 1929, revived Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in London for Maurice Browne, with E. v. V's Marionettes made by Perry Dilley. Has done portrait puppets of Jeanne Eagles, Beatrice Lilly, Angna Enters, Josephine Baker and other actresses.

OSBORNE, ROSALYNDE F. *Punch and Judy of Long Ago*, by Mary Stewart, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, 1923; *The Gift of the Fairies*, by Netta Syrett, Toronto, Canada, 1929. Assts. Elise Allan, Evelyn Beahan, Helen Luhrman.

OWEN, LILIAN. Played with Tony Sarg. *Hynd Horn*, 1920. Portrait puppets of actors used as a prologue to the *Greenwich Village Follies* of 1921, New York. *A Christmas Carol*, after Dickens; *Cyrano de Bergerac*, by Edmond Rostand. Made figures for Jean Gros (q. v.) 1924 and ensuing years. Assts. Hamilton Condon, Bobby Fulton, Rachel Sewall.

PAGE, ELIZABETH S. and RUTLER, GEORGE W. A. The Ethonettes Club, Evanston, Ill., High School. *Rip Van Winkle*, by Jean Saliers, 20 December, 1928; *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, by Jean Saliers, Dewey School, Evanston, 18 March, 1929. Play direction, G. W. A. R.; construction, E. S. P. Puppeteers: Lowell Goodhue, Bill McCreary, Carol McNeil, George Miller, Marjory Mulloy, Nelson Repsold, Cloyd Stifler, Harry Teufert, Richard V. Trusdell, Jr., Richard Wheeler.

PALMER, RUBY M. Santa Barbara, Cal., Marionettes, beginning at the Recreation Centre with the Junior Dramatic group, 1924. *Cinderella*, in 4 acts, by Marjorie Hoyt; *The Sleeping Beauty*, by M. H. and R. M. P.; *The Way to Happiness; Adelai*, a Mexican love lyric in 2 scenes, August 1927; *The Miraculous Window*, a fantasy of old Spain, August 1927; *The Coming of St. Nicholas*, incorporating Clement Moore's *The Night Before Christmas*, 19 December, 1927; *Jack and the Beanstalk*, by the Junior Dramatic Club; *The Frog Prince; The Last Dream of Don Juan*, Umbrella Patio, Margaret Baylor Inn, 31 July, 1928; *A Legend of Monterey*, same place and time; *Cuando el diábolo vinó a Montecito*, an old Santa Barbara legend, dramatized by M. H. and R. M. P.; Margaret Baylor Inn, 2 August, 1928; *A Desert Minstrel*, same place and time; *Mr. Abbott's Nightmare*, a farce for the Community Chest Campaign; *The King's Breakfast*, by A. A. Milne; *A Fairy Fantasy*, by M. H. and R. M. P.; Variety. Manipulators: Edna M. Blake, Elizabeth Buell, William Chapman, Catherine Chapman, Margaret Elizalde, Rudolph Elizalde, Betty Fisher, Richard Forward, Lois Hallman, Marjorie Hoyt, Margaret Lewis, Mary Linane, Roscoe Maguire, William Maxwell, Mary Morrissey, Corlice O'Banion, Helen O'Banion, Bob Riedell, Laurence Ruiz, Bernice Saxby, Julia Smith. Readers and singers: William Ashworth, Claire Ayles, Wallace Blair, Edna Blake, Margaret Lewis, Deborah Maxwell, G. Randolph Palmer. Musicians: Margaret Blair, Mrs. Leontine Phelan, Jane Timmons.

PALMER, WINTHROP BUSHNELL (Mrs. Carleton H.) *Maître Pierre Patelin*, by Carleton H. Palmer and W. B. P., Fairfield, Conn., 25 June, 1927; *Old Put and Tom*, a comedy of the American Revolution and Indian, by C. H. P. and W. B. P., Fairfield, 14 September, 1927; *Tom and the Tailor*, from the eleventh-century French by W. B. P., Brooklyn, N. Y., 28 October, 1927; *Jack and the Beanstalk*, by Beatrice Lee, Fairfield, 2 July, 1928; *The Cat That Walked by Himself*, after Kipling by C. H. P. and W. B. P., Bridgeport, Conn., Public Library, 5 August 1928. Assts. Beatrice Binger, Walter Binger, Dorothy Gutterson, Wilder Gutterson, Claire Kennard, Perry Kennard, Carleton H. Palmer, Mary Purves, Frank Wells.

PANEL PLAYHOUSE PUPPETS. *See* Hoyt, Hazel.

PATRINOS, HARRIS. Karaghuez shadow showman, came from Patras, Greece, to Chicago in 1906. There, save for a few years from 1912 onward when he was back in Greece, he played in the Greek coffee-houses and toured about the country with such plays of the struggle for Greek independence as *The Flag of '21*, *The Sufferings of the Greeks During Turkish Oppression* and *The Enemy of the Christians*, as well as comedies like *The Wedding of Karaghuez* and legends like *The Lost City*, in which Gilda the enchantress works her sorcery.

PAXTON, PHOEBE F. The Attic Theatre, Greenville, Miss. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, 10 March, 1928; *Little Black Sambo*, 31 March, 1928; *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, by Helen Haiman Joseph, 28 April, 1928; *Little Red Riding Hood, Goldilocks and the Three Bears*, 6 June, 1928; *Rumpelstiltskin*, 6 October, 1928; *Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp*, 27 October, 1928; also *Hansel and Gretel*, *Jack and the Beanstalk* and dances. Asst. Mrs. A. G. Paxton, Jr.

PEASLEY, HARRIETT. *The Elephant's Child*, *The Butterfly That Stamped*, after Kipling's *Just So Stories; Jack and the Beanstalk; Treasure Island* in preparation, Cheshire, Conn., 1928. A godchild in puppetry of Rosalynde F. Osborne (q. v.).

PENROD, MABEL A. Friends School, Wilmington, Del. *The Ancient Mariner*, after Coleridge, 1926; *Drake*, after the poem by Alfred Noyes, 1927; *The Boatman of Mytilene*, 1928; *Columbus's First Westward Voyage*, 1929. Each production was done in February. Puppet group of the class of 1932: Stephen duPont, George Graff, Paul Hessler, William Shaw, Newbold van Trump.

PETTEY, EMMA. Learned puppetry from Hettie Louise Mick (q. v.) at a Drama League Institute class in 1922. *The Three Wishes*, by Sarg-Williamson, Dallas, Tex., 13 May, 1923; *Jack and the Beanstalk*, Dallas, 30 May, 1924; *Goldilocks*, Dallas, March 1925; Puppet circus, Waxahashie, Tex., High School, March 1926; *Red Riding Hood*, Dallas, October 1926; *Rumpelstiltskin*, Denton, Tex., 18 April, 1928; *Snow White*, Dallas Little Theatre, 27 October, 1928; *Aladdin*, Dallas Little Theatre, 27 October, 1928; *Lima Beans*, by Alfred Kreymborg, same time and place; *Pyramus and Thisbe*, from Shakespeare's *A*

Midsummer Night's Dream, same time and place; *Hansel and Gretel*, Highland Park, Tex., December 1928. Assts. Fred Anderson, Helvetia Baldwin Anderson, Louise Bond (Mrs. Dixon) Bowser, Jean Higgins, Lela McNair, Shirley Carr Skinner.

PITT, ISABEL. Variety; scenes from *Winnie the Pooh*, by A. A. Milne, Stamford, Conn., *circa* 1928.

PODRECCA, VITTORIO. Teatro dei Piccoli of Rome, Frolic New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, September 1923; *Puss in Boots*, operetta after Perrault, in 2 acts and 4 scenes, music by César Cui; Variety, including Salome, the singing negress, the rope-dancer, Fortunello in Pumpkin Land.

POTEAUGHT, BEN. With Jean Gros (q. v.) as The Kinsolving Marionettes. *Robin Hood*, 1924.

PUPPET SHOW, THE. Rag-Bag Alley. *See* Dallas, Weaver.

RANSOM, CHARLES F. and SACKETT, ERNEST D. The Domino Marionettes. *Julius Cæsar*, by C. F. R. and E. D. S. with hand-puppets, Tufts College, Mass., 1924; *The Grand Cham's Diamond*, by Allan Monkhouse, Tufts College, 12 February, 1927; *The Adventures of Cellador*, by C. F. R. and E. D. S., Tufts College, 28 May, 1927; *The Student from Paradise*, from Hans Sachs, *Love and Sausages*, by C. F. R. and E. D. S., Tufts College, spring, 1929.

RAYM, MRS. MAX E. At Jan Hus House, New York, dramatized folk tales and incidents in Czechoslovak life, played in Czech.

REID, THEODATE N. (Mrs. George C.) and KENT, SARAH S. (Mrs. Gordon). The String Ensemble, playing at the Woman's Club, Rome, N. Y. *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *Red Riding Hood*, *Snow White*, *The Miraculous Pitcher*, from Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1923–1924; *Treasure Island*, 1925; *Two Slatterns and a King*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay, *The Birthday of the Infanta*, by Stuart Walker from Wilde, February 1928; *The King's Breakfast*, by A. A. Milne, January 1929; in preparation, *A House of Cards*, by S. S. K. and *The Old Woman Who Went to Market to Buy a Pig;* Variety: orchestra, piano player, juggler, dancer on drum, Pierrot and Pierrette, Russian dancers, a critic, a bull fight. Assts. (construction) Mrs. Edwin Andrew, Grace Carpenter, Howard Clements, Florence Kent, Louise Reid, Mrs. W. E. Williams, Alfred Zingerline; (manipulation) Florence Andrew, Frances Clyde, Mrs. Robert Cutting, Edward S. Dickenson, Lydia Roth, Phila Stout, Vela Vaughn.

RELIC HOUSE MARIONETTES. *See* Levin, Meyer.

RINGLING, AL. and MRS. *Little Red Riding Hood* in small-town halls, *circa* 1885.

RIVOLI, BENEDICT. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 1867. (Joseph, 1920, p. 214.)

RODGERS. Punch showman, late nineteenth century.

ROSS, BETTY. With Ellen van Volkenburg's Little Theatre marionettes, 1916. *The Tents of the Arabs*, by Dunsany, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, 1919; *But They Didn't*, by B. R., Chicago, 1920. Assts. Max Grove, Eleanor Lee, Shirley Ross, Herman Schuchert, Bailey Whiting.

ROSSE, HERMAN. Shadow figures, *circa* 1922.

ROSTETTER, ALICE. Washington Irving High School, New York. *Ferdinand and Miranda*, from scenes in *The Tempest*, by Shakespeare, 1927; *The Queen's Lost Dignity*, by A. R., 1928; *St. George and the Dragon*, by Bettina Barbara Butler, 1919.

RUSSELL, ERNEST. Amateur Punch showman, Boston, *circa* 1907.

RUSSELL, T. J. At El Paso, Tex.: *Hazards of the Desert*, a comedy romance of the wild west in 4 scenes, 10 August, 1924; *The Enchanted Bowl*, a fantasy of the west in 4 scenes; *Wonders of the Deep*, a pantomime, 12 October, 1924; Assts. Alfred Compton, Charles Roehl. *Aladdin's Lamp*, in 9 scenes, by Elizabeth Kelly, Public Library, 23 November, 1924; Assts. Alfred Compton, Robert Hewitt, Charles McKinnon, Charles Roehl, John Schuller. *Jack and the Beanstalk*, in 5 scenes, by Elizabeth Kelly, Public Library, 1 October, 1925; new Assts. Rogers Lassetter, Richard Knowles. In preparation for October 1929, *The White Cat*, by E. K.; Assts. Mickey Cole, Helen Smith.

SANDERS, DOROTHEA K. Little Theatre, New Haven, Conn. *Rumpelstiltskin*, February 1928; *Hansel and Gretel*, *Pipes and the Dryad*, *St. George and the Dragon*, May 1928; *The Bad Little Lucky Girl*, by D. K. S., January 1929; *The Princess and the Elf*, 25 May, 1929; Variety with circus stunts. Libby Crawford is chief asst. and has written several of the plays.

SANDERSON, JOHN. Born in England. Toured America in vaudeville from 1880 until his death, about 1910.

SARG, TONY. *A Night in Delhi*, studio in "Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop." London, 1914; *The Music Lesson*, studio in the Flatiron Building, New York, 1915, Assts. Frank Godwin, Charles E. Searle; *The Three Wishes*, from Pocci, *The Green Suit*, *The Stolen Beauty and the Great Jewel*, by Mrs. Hamilton Williamson, Neighbourhood Playhouse, New York, November 1916; *The Rose and the Ring*, after Thackeray, by Hettie Louise Mick, Punch and Judy Theatre, New York, December 1917; *Jack and the Beanstalk*, by Knowles Entrikin, Neighbourhood Playhouse, New York, 1917; *Rip Van Winkle*, after Irving, by George Mitchell, 1917–1918; *The Rose and the Ring*, revived with larger figures, 1919–1920; *A Strange Romance or a Marionette's Dream*, with a living actor, 1919–1920; *Uncle Wiggily's Fortune*, *The*

Children's Hour, *A Night in Greenwich Village*, 1922; *Treasure Island*, after Stevenson, Punch and Judy Theatre, New York, 1923; *The Willow Plate*, a Chinese shadowgraph by Hamilton Williamson with music by Victor Herbert, 1925; *Don Quixote*, after Cervantes, by Anne Stoddard, Edythe Totten Theatre, New York, 1925; *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, by Knowles Entrikin, Edythe Totten Theatre, New York, 1926; *Adventures of Christopher Columbus*, after Irving, by Anne Stoddard, Lucile La Verne Theatre, New York, October 1928; in preparation for 1929: *Rip Van Winkle* revived, and *Undine*. Also figures of piano player and singer, Oriental dancer and musicians for the Bal Tabarin room, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, autumn, 1925; *Punch and Judy*, Main Street Fête, Nantucket, Mass., 11 August, 1927; marionette prologues for *Stepping Stones* with Fred Stone, 1927, and *Jealous Moon* with Jane Cowl, 1929.

SCHICHTL'S MANNIKINS. Karl Schichtl, who has played in vaudeville for many years up to the time of my writing, is a member of the Bavarian family of puppeteers, of whom Johann Xaver in Magdeburg and Karl Charton-Schichtl are most prominent. Karl Schichtl's figures are all of the trick variety, with a tight-rope acrobat, a strolling gentleman who suddenly loses his legs but rides off in an airplane, and a stout lady whose skirts undergo metamorphosis into an automobile, and a dozen little children, who climb into the back seat and ride off with her.

SCIONTE, JOSEPH. *Orlando Furioso* in Italian, Cleveland, 1918. (Joseph, 1920, opp. p. 172.)

SEMON, ZERA. As part of his "Gift Show" had marionettes, *circa* 1889.

SEWALL, RACHEL. With Tony Sarg, then Lilian Owen. Puppets intimes (some with pedestal bases, invented by Miss Sewall) starting in Urbana, Ohio, June 1923. *The Workhouse Ward*, by Lady Gregory; two scenes from *Antigone*, by Sophocles; the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, by Shakespeare; *George Washington and the Cherry Tree*, a ballad by Gertrude James; *The Peasant and the Bear*, a fable by Guy Wetmore Carrol; *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*, a ballad; Variety: grand opera singers, orchestra and director, dancing picaninnies, circus, gavotte dancers. Scenes painted by Florence Murdoch, heads modelled by Alice A. S. James. Assts. Christine Brown, Bobby Fulton, Helen E. Reisdorf, Mary Isabel Wright.

SILVERS, PROF. MAURICE. Punch showman, played with the principal circuses in Europe and America for 50 years. Died at the age of 87 in Chicago, summer, 1928.

SIMONIAN, ROY. At Fresno, Cal.: *Sleeping Beauty*, 31 May, 1925; *The Three Wishes*, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, 25 June, 1926; *Adventures of Pinocchio*, 1928; *The Gooseberry Mandarin*, by Grace Dorcas Ruthenberg, 5 June, 1929.

SINGLETON. Punch showman, late nineteenth century.

SKILLERN, MRS. JACK. Boise, Ida., Junior League. *The Three Bears*, *Jack the Giant-Killer*, a shadow play, 5 June, 1929. Assts. Myra Dairdsa, Mrs. William Koelsch, June Walker.

SLOAN, BLANDING. *Down on the Levee*, *Rastus Rasmus Plays Pirate*, Polk Street, San Francisco, 1925; at the Blanding Sloan Puppet Theatre, Montgomery Street, San Francisco: scenery and lights for *Hamlet* and *The Emperor Jones*, produced by Ralph Chessé (q. v.); for *Ten Nights in a Barroom*, produced by Enola Barker (q. v.); entire production of *Heavenly Discourse*, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood, 28 February, 1929; Assts. Harry Barclay, McLeod Batten, Geoffrey Bell, Edward Day, Ruth Pfeiffer, Sam Smith; scenery, lights and direction for *Anna Christie*, Smith-Barclay production (*see* Smith, Sam); in preparation for 1 July, 1929, *Sky Girl*, by Ivan Narodny, with projected scenery and motion pictures. Jack Ford (q. v.) has shown his hand-puppets at the Theatre.

SMILEY, HELEN A. *Sleeping Beauty*, Temple University Teachers College, Philadelphia, 1927. The Little Players were an outgrowth from the ranks of this student production. *One Good Turn*, adapted by Helen K. Myers; *Jimbo and His Dog*, a sketch, 1928; in preparation for autumn, 1929: *Peer Gynt* with Grieg music. Assts. Dorothy D. Dawes, Edna Dowland, Helen K. Myers, Blanche E. Smiley.

SMITH, HOWARD W., JR. and MULLIGAN, BARRY, JR. These were done by Barry Mulligan alone: *Sham*, by Frank Tompkins, *The Dyspeptic Ogre*, *Hard-Boiled Hampton*, Washington, D. C.; in preparation for 1929: *The Tinder Box*, after Andersen, *Beauty and the Beast*, *The Marionettes' Reunion*, Variety, *So This Is Love*, a fairy play.

SMITH, SAM and BARCLAY, HARRY. *Anna Christie*, by Eugene O'Neill, Blanding Sloan Puppet Theatre, San Francisco, May 1929. Assts. Ann Anderson, McLeod Batten.

SNOWDEN, RUTH J. (Mrs. C. L., Jr.) Pittsburgh, Penn., Junior League. *Bobby Jones: His Voyage*, in 3 acts, 15 February, 1929. Mrs. Joseph M. Scribner made the heads, Mrs. Oliver Keller was in charge of the music and Mrs. A. V. Wasson of the diction. Assts. Mrs. C. Dudley Armstrong, Mrs. J. S. Hammond, Mrs. R. Kent Hanson, Mrs. George M. McLaughlin, Mrs. A. V. Wasson.

SPOONER, WILLIAM. *The Three Wishes*, by Sarg-Williamson, Variety: The Wooden Soldiers, Black Magic, Mr. Cumapart the Skeleton, River Forest, Ill., Tennis Club, October 1927; *The Comical Tragedy of Dr. John Faust*, 14 February, 1928; Variety: Monkey Business, Darktown Duet, Morgiana the Sultan's Favourite, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy, Limber Jim, the Tin Woodman and Scarecrow of Oz. Assts. Fred Pellet, Esther Spooner.

STEPHENS. Punch showman, late nineteenth century.

STRING ENSEMBLE, THE. *See* Reid, Theodate N.

STURY, ALFRED. *Sleeping Beauty*, from Pocci, Columbia School of Expression, Chicago, spring, 1925; *The Legend of the Evening Star*, by Martha

Boyd Linn and A. S., Columbia School, December 1925; *Hansel and Gretel, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, spring, 1926; at the Children's Playhouse, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, autumn, 1926: *Sleeping Beauty, Hansel and Gretel*, trans. by Omar Campbell, *Puss in Boots* from Pocci, with marionettes by Nicholas Nelson (q. v.); *The Tragedy of Dr. Faust, The Legend of Hallowe'en*, by Paul DuPont and A. S., The Fair Store, Chicago, October 1926; *The Tragedy of Punchinello, Rumpelstiltskin*, Municipal Pier, Chicago, summer, 1927; *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, The Fair, October 1927; *Cinderella*, Norwood Park School, Chicago, March 1928; *The Birthday of the Infanta*, studio on Mildred Avenue, Chicago, April 1928; *And a Little Child Shall Lead Them*, by Mrs. Byfield, Woman's World's Fair, Furniture Mart Building, Chicago, May 1928. Assts. Edythe Agulnick, Harold Barker, Frances Dougherty, Russell Dye, Margaret Gardner, Robert Kuss, Marie Merrill, William Noltner, Dick Rose, Gladys Van Wagner, Jerry Visser.

SUTCH, MARIAN ADAMS. David B. Oliver High School, Pittsburgh, Penn. *Snow White and the Dwarfs*, in 3 acts in verse, by Lottie Claire Scott, 1928; *The Little Lame Prince*, in 3 acts, by L. C. S., 1929.

SWEIGERLING. Came from Europe; played in vaudeville early twentieth century.

SYMPSON, MARTHE. *Aladdin and the Lamp*, by Eleanor Lee and M. S., Two Grenadiers Restaurant, New York, 1923; *The Sea Child*, Public Library, New Haven, Conn., 1924; *Beauty and the Beast*, Principia School, St. Louis, Mo., 1926; three French songs, *Il était une bergère, Margoton et son âne, Marlbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*, San Francisco, 1927; *Bab Ballads*, by W. S. Gilbert, San Francisco, 1927; *Kafoozlum*, a nineteenth-century song, Maui, Hawaii, 1928; *Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, Little Black Sambo, The Christmas Truants, 'Twas the Night Before Christmas, The Silly Jelly Fish*, after a Japanese fairy-tale, by Fern Weaver, *Tittymouse and Tattymouse, Captain Bing the Pirate King, Moneybags the Miser*, from the French, Honolulu, 1928; *Rumpelstiltskin*, Maui, Hawaii, 1928.

TATTERMAN MARIONETTES. *See* Duncan, William.

TILL, JOHN and LOUISA. Marionettes played at Hyde and Behman's Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1879.

TROY, FRANCES DEE. Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Junior League. *The Three Bears*, in 3 acts, by Mrs. Harold R. Dean, 23 April, 1929. Mrs. Marshall N. Waterman, director. Assts. Jane Graham, Mrs. A. Russell Heaton, Katherine N. Sague, Marion A. Smith, Lois T. Travis.

TRUSDELL, RICHARD V., JR. *Gareth and Lynette, Ivanhoe, Androcles and the Lion, The Birthday of the Infanta*, Evanston, Ill., *circa* 1927.

TWORKOV, JACK. With Remo Bufano (q. v.), 1923. Modjacot Shpeel Yiddish Marionette Theatre. *What Ails You?* by J. Cutler, and other domestic pieces; *King Ahasuerus* and other Biblical pieces, New York, *circa* 1925. Assts. J. Cutler, Z. Maud.

TYSON, J. H. Punch showman, early twentieth century.

VANDERGOULD, CHARLES W. *See* Albright, Charles W.

VAN VOLKENBURG, ELLEN. Chicago Little Theatre Marionettes: *The Deluded Dragon*, from an old Chinese legend, *Columbine*, by Reginald Arkell, 1915; *Jack and the Beanstalk, The Little Mermaid*, after Andersen, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Shakespeare, 1916; *The Frog Prince, Little Red Riding Hood*, by Hettie Louise Mick, *Alice in Wonderland*, adap. by E. v. V., 1917. Assts. Mrs. Seymour Edgerton, H. Carrol French, Eleanor Lee, Lilian Owen, Betty Ross, Katherine Wheeler, Mary Isabel Wright. In the spring of 1919, staged *The Rose and the Ring* for Tony Sarg. In 1924 revived *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in California, with new figures by Perry Dilley (q. v.); Assts. Charlotte Doty, Ralph Geddis, Marguerite Harrigan, Roy Middleton, Sylvia Hall Sarber, Grace Stearns. Has since worked with marionettes at the Cornish School, Seattle, Wash., producing *Peter Rabbit*.

VER VALIN. Punch and marionette showman, early twentieth century.

VON PILAT, VERA. In an art gallery (now the Blanding Sloan Puppet Theatre), Montgomery Street, San Francisco, beginning June 1927, gave hand-puppet shows; later in the season moved to Filbert Street, where string-marionettes as well were used, and matinée and evening performances given Thursdays and Saturdays. *A Nativity Play*, from the Provençal, *Good King Wenceslaus*, with marionettes carved by Robert Boardman Howard, December 1927; *Booby Hans* and *The Frog Prince* from Grimm; *Punch and Judy*, Collier text; *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*, from the Arabian Nights; *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, from an old Russian tale; *The Wooing of Clementina, A Bull Fight in Sevilla, The Shepherdess*, a pantomime to a French song, *The Green Bird*, from the Spanish tale of Juan Valera. The season closed March 1928. Assts. Enola Barker, Carol Beals, Ralph Chessé, Vallejo Gantner, Donn Huberté, Georgette Szöke.

WALKER and REEDY. Marionettes, *circa* 1890.

WELISCH, WALTER T. *The Three Bears*, in 3 acts, 8 December, 1928; *Jack and the Beanstalk*,

in 3 acts, *Punch and Judy*, 30 March, 1929; *Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf*, in 3 acts; all in the Welisch Puppet Theatre for Children, San Francisco. Assts. Suzanne Levy, Patricia O'Brien, David Welisch, Jack Welisch, Walter T. Welisch, Jr.

WENZELL. Punch showman, late nineteenth century.

WHEAT, GLADYS M. *The Antimacassar*, using both marionettes and child actors, Columbia, Mo., *circa* 1927; began 1922.

WHEELER, RICHARD. Original plays and musical skits, Evanston, Ill., 1928.

WHITMIRE, LAURA G. Roosevelt High School, Seattle, Wash., 1926–1927: *Aladdin's Wife*, by Babbette Hughes; *There Was an Old Woman*, by Ruth Hecht; *The Four Princesses*, adapted from Helen Haiman Joseph's *The Princesses*, by Thomas Herbert; *The Knave of Hearts*, by Louise Sanders; *The Slave with Two Faces*, by Mary C. Davies; *Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil*, by Stuart Walker; *The Three Wishes*, by Sarg-Williamson; *The Birthday of the Infanta*, by Stuart Walker after Wilde. Assts. Helen Anderson, Lucille Baker, Wyona Gretorex, Haven Hansler, Thomas Herbert, Lucille Lasnier, Arthur Leonard.

WIDMER, MRS. S. W. The Don-Jack Dolls, beginning 1921. Hand and shadow puppets. *The Cat and the Mouse*, *The Tar Baby; Peter Rabbit* and *The Three Little Kittens* in preparation, La Grange, Ill. Assts. Don and Jack Widmer.

WILSON, HARRY LEON, JR. *The Curse of Money*, a farce, Carmel, Cal., July 1927; *Crime in the Far East*, *Once Upon a Time*, *Foolish Father*, farces, *The Juggler of Notre Dame*, from the libretto of Massenet's opera, *Farmer Grigg's Boggart*, from the tale by Howard Pyle, *Clever Peter*, from a Russian fairy-tale, Carmel, 1928; Variety, Catlin School, Portland, Ore., November 1928; *The Untamed Shrew*, farce comedy, Portland Art Museum, May 1929; in preparation to give at Carmel, summer, 1929: *The Flying Dutchman*, from the libretto of Wagner's opera, *Snow on the Bamboos*, from the No play by Seami, *Faust*, from the sixteenth-century legend, *Boiled Celery*, a Japanese Kyogen, *Constantinople in the Good Old Days, or Surprising Matrimonial Complications*, farce, *Punch and Judy*, done with a set of 100-year-old puppets, *Ten Nights in a Barroom*, melodrama, by William Pratt, *The Fairy Picture*, interlude in one act. Asst. Helen Charis Wilson.

WIN LOVE MARIONETTES. *See* Winlow, Anna C.

WINDECKER, SAM. Punch showman, early twentieth century.

WINLOW, ANNA C. *Father Frost*, from the Russian tale, by Anna Zelenko and Clara V. Winlow, Los Angeles, 17 December, 1922; *The Tinder Box*, after Andersen, by C. V. W., Maryland Hotel Theatre, Pasadena, 1923; *The Real Princess*, after Andersen, by Anna Z. and C. V. W., The Potboiler, Los Angeles, 1923. Assts. Clara V. Winlow, Alexander Zelenko, Anna Zelenko. Win Love Marionettes: *The Princess and the Pea*, after Andersen, by A. C. W., Los Angeles, 28 May, 1925; *Long, Broad and Strong-Sight*, after the Czechoslovak, by A. C. W., Kosa atelier, Los Angeles, January 1925; *The Silver Cobweb*, after the Czech puppet play, by A. C. W., Paul Elder Gallery, San Francisco, 7 April, 1928. Puppets designed by Emil Kosa.

WINNETKA ATTIC PUPPETS. *See* Blaine, Eleanor G.

WINTERS, CHARLES: *Princess Dulcinea*, *The Magic Powder*, romantic plays; *The Adventures of Felix*, a comedy. New York City, winter, 1928–1929. Asst. Dorothy Burdue.

WRAY'S MARIONETTES. Early twentieth century.

YALE PUPPETEERS. *See* Burnett, Harry.

ADDENDUM

MARCH, BENJAMIN. *Punch and Judy*, Bohemian Settlement, Chicago, 23 November, 1917, and many times thereafter elsewhere.

SELECTIVE BOOK LISTS

BIBLIOGRAPHY

ANDERSON, MADGE: *The Heroes of the Puppet Stage*. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York [1923]. On pp. 415–20 is a list of articles on marionettes in periodicals, with specific indications of volume and date.

JACOB, GEORG: *Geschichte des Schattentheaters im Morgen- und Abendland*. Orient-Buchhandlung Heinz Lafaire, Hannover, 1925. This contains a full bibliography of shadow-plays, printed and in manuscript, in Oriental and European languages, from the twelfth century A.D. onwards.

JEANNE, PAUL: *Bibliographie des marionnettes*. Couverture et Illustrations d'Eugène Lefebvre. Editions de la Très Illustre Compagnie des Petits Comédiens de Bois, à la "Soupente de Guignol," 78 Rue de Turenne, Paris IIIe., 1926. This is very complete up to 1926 for works in French, particularly the Lyonnaise Guignol repertory. It gives only a few of the German, English and Italian books. Although there are detailed bibliographical indications, typographical errors make them none too reliable.

REISDORF, HELEN E.: *Marionettes and Puppets: a Bibliography of books and magazine articles in the Detroit Public Library*. Detroit, April 1929. A manuscript filed in the collection of cuttings under the heading "Marionettes" in the Music and Drama Room, Detroit Public Library, main building.

SCHMIDT, HUGO: *Bibliographie des Handpuppentheaters*, eine notwendige Ergänzung zur edlen Kunst der Kasperei. (*Börsenblatt für den Deutschen Buchhandel*, Redaktioneller Teil, No. 250, 25 October, 1928, pp. 1184–5 and No. 252, 27 October, 1928.) A complete list of recent German Casper pieces, arranged under the names of their publishers.

Wendingen, Marionette Number, Fourth Year, Nos. 7–8, Amsterdam, 1921. On pp. 31–2 is a heterogeneous list of books and magazine articles, not always giving adequate page references, but usable.

HISTORY

Almanach and *Bulletin*, published by La Société les Amis de Guignol, Lyons. Founded in 1913, this society prints annual Almanachs and a quarterly Bulletin (begun in 1926), both of which have articles on various phases of the marionette, especially in its local representative, Guignol.

B. KURE: *The Historical Development of Marionette Theatre in Japan*. Columbia University Printing Office, New York, 1920. A short rambling sketch that does not confine itself altogether to its subject, making excursions into the history of the whole Japanese theatre.

BUNING, J. W. F. WERUMEUS; WESSEM, CONSTANT VAN; and KELK, C. J.: *Marionetten*. S. L. van Looy, Amsterdam, 1926. Contains a good account of modern Dutch marionettes and a bibliography.

JACOB, GEORG: *Geschichte des Schattentheaters im Morgen- und Abendland*. Orient-Buchhandlung Heinz Lafaire, Hannover, 1925. The latest edition of this scholarly study of the shadow-play in its travels from the Orient to the Occident.

JOSEPH, HELEN HAIMAN: *A Book of Marionettes*, 2nd edition, revised. The Viking Press, New York, 1929. A spirited popular account, with many illustrations.

Loutkář, Měsíčník pro Studium a Povzneseni českého Loutkářství (*The Puppeteer*, a monthly for the study and encouragement of the Czech puppet play) edited by Dr. Jindřich Veselý, Choceň, Czechoslovakia. The first three volumes, appearing about 1913 in German as *Böhmische Puppenspieler* (Bohemian Puppeteers), have been continued in Czech under the present title down to date of my writing.

MAGNIN, CHARLES: *Histoire des marionnettes en Europe depuis l'antiquité jusqu'à nos jours*, 2nd edition, Michel Lévy Frères, Paris, 1862. Although written over half a century ago, this remains the standard work on which all modern histories are based. It is not altogether accurate, and has typographical errors, but authorities are cited which makes correction simple.

MAINDRON, ERNEST: *Marionnettes et guignols*, les poupées agissantes et parlantes à travers les âges. Félix Juven, Paris [1900]. Valuable for its account of the French theatres of the nineteenth century.

The Marionette Tonight at 12:30, Volume I, Box 444, Florence, Italy, 1918. Only the first volume has been published. It contains invaluable translations, quotations and illustrations, as well as four original plays by Tom Fool.

The Mask, Volumes I–VII, Florence, Italy, 1908–1915. The marionette references in this are listed in *The Marionette*, I, pp. 91–3.

Naše Loutky, s rubrikon Prakticky Loutkář (*Our Puppets*, under the rubric of the Practical Puppeteer), edited by Professor K. Kobrle, Prague, 1924 to date of my writing, published six times a year.

NIESSEN, CARL: *Das Rheinische Puppenspiel*, ein theatergeschichtlicher Beitrag zur Volkskunde. Fritz Klopp Verlag, Bonn, 1928. A monograph on marionettes in the Rhine region, especially at Cologne, with texts of *Intermezzo für Hennesgen*, by M. J. de Noël, *Henneschen kömmt wieder*, *Die Kreuzfahrer*, *Die Narren von Dülken*, *Faust*, *Die Weibertreu* and *Eine gestörte Kölner Kirmes*.

Notes and News and the *Monthly Bulletin* of the British Model Theatre Guild, London, 1926 to date of my writing, contain notices of English puppeteers and their work, as well as of makers of miniature paper theatres.

Notes et documents pour servir à l'histoire des Amis de Guignol, Pierre Masson, Lyons, le Mardi-Gras, 1927. An illustrated book of 172 pages telling how the Amis de Guignol became organized, and giving minutes of their meetings and banquets.

Das Puppentheater, Zeitschrift für die Interessen aller Puppenspieler und für Geschichte und Technik aller Puppentheater, Volumes I–III (in progress), Joseph Bück, Leipzig, 1923–1929. Concerned mostly with Germany, reporting current news; also prints the texts of plays and articles on marionette making.

REHM, HERMANN SIEGFRIED: *Das Buch der Marionetten*, ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Theaters aller Völker. Ernst Frensdorff, Berlin [1905]. Although largely derivative, contains valuable original material on German theatres, with the texts of *Der Prinz als Narr* and *Et Kirmesgeld*.

TSUNAO MIYAJIMA: *Contribution à l'étude du Théâtre de Poupées*, 2nd edition. Société de Rapprochement Intellectuel Franco-Japonais: Institut Franco-Japonais du Kansaï à Kyoto. En vente aux Presses Universitaires de France, Paris, 1928. Brief accounts of the history and manipulation of Japanese marionettes, with the outlines of two plays.

WARSAGE, RODOLPHE DE: *Histoire du célèbre Théâtre Liégeois de Marionnettes*, étude de folklore. Dessins d'Armand Henrion. Librairie Nationale d'Art et d'Histoire, G. Vanoest & Cie., Brussels, 1905. A bibliography, account, and list of the marionette theatres in Liège in 1902, with the text of *La naissance*, a popular nativity play.

WILKINSON, WALTER: *The Peep Show*, Geoffrey Bles, London [1927]. This is a delightful account of a young man's wandering, a summer or two before the publication date of the book, through Somersetshire and Devonshire, with hand-puppets and a booth fitted up on wheels. This he pulled, camping by the wayside, living on his earnings of coppers, after the fashion of the Punch and Judy men of old.

TECHNIQUE

ACKLEY, EDITH FLACK: *Marionettes:* Easy to Make! Fun to Use! Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, 1929. Illustrations by Marjorie Flack. Contains chapters on making and presenting marionettes and their plays, as well as five plays.

BULLEY, M. H.: *The Production of a Puppet Play*. (*The Mask*, V, pp. 237–47. Florence, 1913.) Miss Bulley describes her experiences in producing *Doctor Faust* in Liverpool.

CRAIG, GORDON: *The Game of Marionettes:* Letters to a Friend. (*The Mask*, V, pp. 145–54. Florence, 1913.) Descriptions and sketches for making marionettes and their theatre.

DEMMÉNIE, E. and KACHALIN, V.: *Teatr Petrushki pre GTUZ* (Petroushka in the State Theatre for Young People). Illustrated. Government Publications, Moscow-Leningrad, 1927. Has articles on dramaturgy, music, Petroushka and living actors, children and hand-puppets, and audiences.

———: *Kak Ustroite Petrushechny Teatr* (How to Build a Petroushka Theatre). Leningrad, 1927.

DIXON, RACHEL TAFT and HARTWELL, MARJORIE: *The Make-It Book*. Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, 1928. On pp. 41–4 a theatre made of a hatbox and marionettes of simple materials to be found at home are described.

GARIS, HOWARD R.: *Tuftoo the Clown*. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1928. Dedicated to Jean and Irene Gros, this little story tells with authenticity and detail how marionettes are manipulated, and how a travelling show is managed.

HAYES, JAMES JUVENAL: *Regarding Puppet-Stage Curtains*. (*The Drama*, XIX, p. 48. Chicago, November 1928.) Alfred Stury's method of using a double curtain-rod.

——— with NELSON, NICHOLAS, in *The Drama*, XVII–XVIII, Chicago, 1927–1928. *The Dancing Skeleton of a Marionette*, May, p. 247; *Trick Marionettes*, *I. The Pole-Tosser*, October, p. 46; *II. The Trapeze Performer*, November, p. 14; *III. The Ball Juggler*, December, p. 80; *IV. The Army and the Chorus*, February, p. 145; *V. Puppet Animals*, March, pp. 175, 192; *VI. The Musicians*, April, p. 211.

JOSEPH, HELEN HAIMAN: *A Book of Marionettes*, 1st edition, B. W. Huebsch, New York, 1920. *The Making of a Marionette*, pp. 221–4; *Construction of a Marionette Stage*, by Raymond O'Neil, pp. 225–8.

KREYMBORG, ALFRED: *Writing for Puppets*. (*Theatre Arts Magazine*, VII, pp. 302–16, New York, 1923; reprinted in *Theatre*, edited by Edith J. R. Isaacs, pp. 313–21, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1927.) A clever essay on the nature and properties of the marionette as a medium for drama.

MARKOV, V. and NADIEZDINA, N.: *Petrushechnyi Predstavlenie* (Petroushka Performances). Tea-Kino Press, Moscow, 1928. Contains a discussion of the Petroushka Theatre as an instrument for broadcasting political opinion, with notes and diagrams for productions.

McISAAC, F. J.: *The Tony Sarg Marionette Book*. B. W. Huebsch, New York, 1921. On pp. 24–38 the making and producing of a marionette play are described; on pp. 10–16 is told how some of Tony Sarg's tricks were managed.

McPHARLIN, PAUL: *To Make Puppets*, a series

of eight articles in the Chicago *Evening Post*, 1929: 19 March: *The Sorts of Puppets; Plays for Puppets; Materials to Work With;* 26 March: *Starting in to Work; Making the Head;* 9 April: *A Hand-Puppet's Clothes; A String-Marionette's Body;* 16 April: *A String-Marionette's Clothes; Properties and Furniture;* 23 April: *Controls for a String-Marionette; Stringing a Marionette; Working a String-Marionette;* 30 April: *The Stage; Lighting; Scenery;* 21 May: *Shadow-Figure Plays; The Screen and Light; Black Shadow-Figures;* 28 May: *Coloured Shadow Figures; Controlling Shadow Figures; Shadow Scenery.*

MICK, HETTIE LOUISE: *Producing the Puppet Play* (*Theatre Arts Magazine*, V, pp. 142–7, New York, 1921). Miss Mick discusses the fun and difficulties involved.

———: A series of articles appearing in *The Drama*, XIII, Chicago, 1923: *The Face of a Puppet*, January, pp. 138–40; *How a Puppet Gets His Head*, February, pp. 173, 174, 198; *Puppets from the Neck Down*, April, pp. 266–7; *Dressing and Stringing a Puppet*, May–June, pp. 297–8.

MILLS, WINIFRED H. and DUNN, LOUISE M.: *Marionettes, Masks and Shadows*. Illustrated by Corydon Bell. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York, 1927. Pages 33–139 contain the most helpful directions to be found in English, beginning with the choosing of the play, going step by step through the making of the marionettes and the stage, and ending with the training of the manipulators and the presenting of the play.

NEUVILLE, LEMERCIER DE: *Histoire anecdotique des marionnettes modernes*. Calmann Lévy, Paris, 1892. On pp. 293–301 the construction of a Guignol booth is described; there are two plates of working drawings.

NOLT, ANNE S.: *Lancaster's Directions for Making Puppet Heads.* (*The Junior League Magazine*, New York, June 1928, p. 108.) A somewhat elaborate method of paper strips pasted into shape over a clay base, and then backed with plaster of Paris.

PAINTON, FRED C.: *The Marionette as a Correlator in the Public Schools.* (*School Arts Magazine*, December 1922, pp. 202–9.) Mathurin Dondo's type of rod-control is shown.

PETTEY, EMMA: *The Puppet as an Elementary Project*, with illustrations from schoolroom work and adapted plays, Pioneer Publishing Co., Fort Worth, Texas, 1925. Good practical suggestions and directions for using the hand-puppet in the kindergarten and primary grades; has patterns for cutting the cardboard figures for two of the included plays.

Playwriting for the Puppet Theatre. (*Current Opinion*, LXX, pp. 641–2, New York, May 1921.) A review of an article by George Mitchell in the New York *Evening Post Magazine*, wherein he told how he wrote his *Rip Van Winkle* for Tony Sarg.

Das Puppentheater, I–II, Joseph Bück, Leipzig, 1923–1927, contains these articles: I: Ivo Puhonný: *Ueber die Physiognomie der Marionette* (translated by Helen Haiman Joseph in *Theatre Arts Monthly*, XII, pp. 507–12, July 1928, New York), pp. 17–22; Siegfried Spengler: *Die Versenkung im Puppentheater*, pp. 71–2; Friedrich in den Birken: *Wie kann ich die moderne Bühnenbeleuchtung für das Puppentheater nutzbar machen?* pp. 97–9, 117–9; II: Katharina Lipke: *Das Ende des Halberstädter Puppenspiels*, pp. 4–7; Ludwig Schuster: *Dramatische Produktion für das Puppentheater*, pp. 33–6; Theodor Schück: *Das Kostüm der Handpuppen*, pp. 49–58; Leo Weismantel: *Die Abteilung "Puppenspiel" auf der "Gesolei" zu Düsseldorf*, pp. 161–77; Otto Eberhard: *Das Schnitzen von Köpfen*, pp. 215–8.

RACCA, CARLO (Akkar). *Burattini e marionette*, il loro teatro ed i loro fantocci, con 75 illustrazioni del pittore Biscaretti. G. B. Paravia & C., Turin, n. d. Complete directions and detailed colour drawings for making hand-puppets, marionettes, stages and scenes, with the text of *Il morto del Mantello Rosso*, commedia in tre atti.

ROSE, A. *The Boy Showman and Entertainer*. Illustrated. Samuel French, London and New York, n. d. Good working drawings and directions for making a marionette show, pp. 1–35; for making a Punch and Judy show, pp. 115–41 (with the text of the play); for making shadow shows, pp. 176–93.

SARG, TONY: *How to Make and Operate a Marionette Theatre*, with *Jack and the Beanstalk:* a play in 3 acts. Coloured Illustrations. (*The Ladies' Home Journal*, XLIV, pp. 16–7, 145–6, Philadelphia, December 1927.) Simple directions for children.

——— and STODDARD, ANNE: *A Book of Marionette Plays*, Greenberg, New York [1927]. Tony Sarg's methods and trick marionettes.

SEWELL, ERNEST: *Marionettes in the Making and Manipulation.* The London Magical Co., London [*circa* 1908]. Mr. Sewell tells about animated figurines with the manipulator's head, poked through a slit in black curtains, attached to them. While he is perhaps permitted to call them marionettes, and they are undoubtedly lots of fun, I shouldn't try them if I could have a real, entire inanimate marionette.

STEPANOV, V.: *Derevenskie Krasneye Petrushka* (The Red Peasants' Petroushka) with sketches by I. Efimenko. Moscow, 1926. Directions for making a portable hand-puppet theatre.

VLADIMIROV, V.: *Malenkie Teatr* (A Little Theatre). Government Publications, Moscow-Leningrad, 1928. How to make a miniature stage with what the author calls "Venetian marionettes."

WAITE, EMMA FORBES: *The Buttonettes: their Ways and Plays.* (*The Drama*, XVIII, p. 175. Chicago, March 1928.) How to make marionettes of clothespins with button faces.

WALTERS, MAUDE OWENS: *Puppet Shows* for Home and School. Dodd, Mead & Co. New York, 1929. Concerned principally with the educational values of the puppet and discoursing upon them, this book devotes only a few of its pages to sketching the ways of making and presenting shows.

WEISMANTEL, LEO: *Das Werkbuch der Puppenspiele.* Verlag des Bühnenvolksbundes, Frankfurt

am Main, 1924. A complete and practical guide for making Casper theatres, flat jointed figures of wood, marionettes worked by strings from above and below, and shadow-figures.

WHANSLAW, H. W.: *Everybody's Theatre and How to Make It.* Illustrated. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., London 1924. Detailed attention is given to the making of scenery, lighting equipment, and effects; the advice on handling tools and obtaining materials is excellent. The actual making of marionettes and their controls is a little slighted. This and Mills and Dunn's *Marionettes, Masks and Shadows* form good companion books.

Your Own Show in Your Home—with Wooden Actors. (*Popular Science Monthly*, p. 47, New York, April 1922.) Describes Mathurin Dondo's patented marionettes.

PLAYS IN ENGLISH
(*Including Translations*)

ACKLEY, EDITH FLACK: *Marionettes:* Easy to Make! Fun to Use! Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, 1929. Contains *The Adventures of Betty; The Wishing Fairy; The Enchanted Princess; The Tragic Tale of Pierrot; An Oriental Sketch.*

BUFANO, REMO: *The Show Book of.* Macmillan & Co., New York, 1929. Contains drawings of the characters and properties, and directions for production with actors or marionettes of these plays: *Red Riding Hood; Cinderella; Rumpelstiltskin; Jack and the Beanstalk; The Three Bears; The Frog Prince; David and Goliath.*

DONDO, MATHURIN: *The Pie and the Tart; Two Blind Men and a Donkey.* Modern Plays Series. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1925. Two one-act farces set in mediæval France. Although not called marionette plays, they were written for and originally performed by Professor Dondo's puppets.

Faust, a Phantasia in three acts, translated by D. J. P. Drakeford, of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, 1847. This is from Karl Simrock's version of the old German puppet play. I have not seen it. Hedderwick calls it inaccurate and incomplete.

——— *The Old German Puppet Play of Doctor Faust*, turned into English with an introduction and notes, by T. C. H. Hedderwick, M.A. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. London, 1887. Although the translation leaves something to be desired, the introduction is scholarly and there is a copious bibliography.

FOOL, TOM (Gordon Craig): Motions for marionettes: *Mr. Fish and Mrs. Bones.* (*The Marionette*, I, pp. 12–9, Box 444, Florence, Italy, 1918.) *The Tune the Old Cow Died Of.* (id., pp. 48–53.) *The Gordian Knot.* (id., pp. 82–7.) *The Men of Gotham* (id., not numbered in page sequence of volume; presented to subscribers with issue No. 11, and included in bound volumes.) Four short satiric interludes.

The Galanty Showman: Three Diverting Dialogues, 1864. This I have not seen. The first is *The Broken Bridge*, after the piece popularized by the French showman Seraphin.

JOSEPH, HELEN HAIMAN: *Princesses*, a Symbolic Drama for Marionettes. Stewart and Kidd Co., Cincinnati [1923]. A three-act play after the manner of Maeterlinck.

———: *Ali Baba* and Other Plays for Young People and Puppets. Drawings by Julia McCune Flory, Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York [1927]. Contains *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, a Merry Melodrama in a Prologue and four acts, for hand-puppets; *Beauty and the Beast*, a Fairy Play for Children, for string-marionettes; and *The Coat of Many Colours*, a Biblical Shadow Play in eight Tableaux; there are also Notes to the Producer.

KELLY, JOHN: *A Play for Puppets.* (*The Morningside*, XI, No. 1, pp. 3–6. Columbia College, New York, 1922.) This short piece, after the manner of Oscar Wilde, created a small scandal, and its author, who used a pen-name, was requested to leave Columbia College; he complied with the desire of the authorities. Since the issue of *The Morningside* in which it appeared became impossible to obtain after the newspaper publicity it stirred up, a synopsis of the play is here given. Two centurions guarding the tomb of Christ engage in worldly speculations. The voice of God calls upon Christ to arise; at first reluctant, the Saviour obeys. The centurions then bewail their misfortune that the body in the sepulchre should have disappeared from under their eyes, fearing that this is a punishment for their loose talk.

KREYMBORG, ALFRED: *Puppet Plays.* Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York [1923]. Contains *When the Willow Nods, Blue and Green, Manikin and Minikin, Jack's House, Lima Beans, People Who Die* and *Pianissimo.* Obviously some of these short pieces are impossible with marionettes. But others, notably *Lima Beans*, lend themselves very well to performance by this medium.

MAETERLINCK, MAURICE: *Plays.* First and second series, translated by Richard Hovey. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, 1894–1896.

———: *Alladine and Palomides, Interior*, and *The Death of Tintagiles:* Three Little Dramas for Marionettes, translated by Arthur Sutro and William Archer. London, 1899. This and the above translations, often reprinted, include the early dramas of 1890 to 1894 that Maeterlinck intended marionettes to play.

PEPLER, HILARY D. C.: *Plays for Puppets.* Illustrated with wood engravings by M. Dudley Short. 450 copies printed on hand-made paper, signed by the author. St. Dominic's Press, Ditchling, Sussex, 1929. Contains *The Horse, The Ox and the Ass*, a Nativity play; *St. Martin and the Beggar; The Cat Burglar*, a play in dumb show except for three songs which, however, may be omitted; *Running Water*, a fairy story; *The Crocodile.* Charming pieces, well suited to string-marionettes, interspersed with verses.

POWELL, MARTIN: *Venus and Adonis*, or the Triumphs of Love, a Mock Opera, acted in

Punch's Theatre in Covent Garden. London, 1713. Mentioned by Magnin, 1862, p. 250. I have not seen a copy. There is none listed in the catalogues of the British Museum.

Punch and Judy, with Illustrations Designed and Engraved by George Cruikshank, Accompanied by the Dialogue of the Puppet-Show, an account of its origin, and of Puppet Plays in England [by John Payne Collier]. Septimus Prowett, London, 1828.

2. Septimus Prowett, London, 1828, with more pages and hence different letterpress to accommodate the same matter. The plates were issued plain and coloured in both editions.
3. Tegg, London, 1844.

3a. Tegg, London, 1856.

4. Thomas Hailes Lacy, London [1859]. With new matter.
5. Bell and Daldy, London, 1870. Coloured plates issued separately.
6. Bell and Daldy, London, 1873.

6a. Bell and Sons, London, 1881.

7. (Broadway Booklets) Routledge, London, 1905.
8. Nelson, London, 1919.

I do not list the translations into French, German and Russian, the American pirated editions, and the versions with varying text, such as *Punch and Judy*, a Tragical Drama in one act for Toys, altered and arranged by E. T. Richmond, giving full instructions for the proper production of this most amusing drama. Samuel French, New York [1904]. This includes the Doctor, Toby and Joey. The current edition, with an introduction by Charles Hall Grandgent, is printed by Washburn & Thomas, Cambridge, Mass., 1925, and George Allen & Unwin, London, 1928.

George Cruikshank gives this description of how the play was recorded: "Having been engaged by Mr. Prowett, the publisher, to give various scenes representing the street performances of *Punch and Judy*, I obtained the address of the Proprietor and Performer of that popular Exhibition. He was an elderly Italian, of the name of Piccini, whom I remembered from Boyhood, and he lived at a low public-house, the sign of The King's Arms, in the Coalyard, Drury Lane. Having made arrangements for a Morning Performance, one of the window-frames on the first floor of the public-house was taken out, and the stand or Punch's Theatre was hauled into the Club-Room. Mr. Payne Collier (who was to write the description), the publisher, and myself, formed the audience; and as the performance went on, I stopped it at the most interesting parts to sketch the figures, whilst Mr. Collier noted down the dialogue; and thus the whole is a faithful copy and description of the various scenes represented by this Italian, whose performance of *Punch* was far superior in every respect to anything of the sort to be seen at the present day."

REIGHARD, CATHERINE: *Plays for People and Puppets*. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton, New York [1928]. Contains *Jack and the Beanstalk, or The Cream-Puff Giant*, a Play in four scenes; *The King of the Golden River, or The Black Brothers*, arranged from the story by John Ruskin, a Play in five scenes; *Rumpelstiltskin, or Split-Me-in-Two*, a Play in five scenes; *Pierre Patelin*, a Farce of Mediæval France in three scenes; and *Aladdin*, a Play in two acts. Miss Reighard's plays have been used by the Tatterman Marionettes of Detroit.

RUTHENBURG, GRACE DORCAS: *The Gooseberry Mandarin*, a Semi-Tragedy for Puppets. (*Theatre Arts Monthly*, XII, pp. 501–4, New York, July 1928; also reprinted in *Plays of American Life and Fantasy*, edited by Edith J. R. Isaacs, pp. 437–48, Coward-McCann, New York, 1929.) This piece is now in the repertory of the Yale Puppeteers, Sue Hastings and others.

SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR: *Gallant Cassian*, a Puppet Play, translated by Moritz A. Jagendorf. (*Poet Lore*, XXXIII, No. 4, pp. 507–20. Winter Number, Boston, 1922.) A spirited translation of this clever and ironical piece. Schnitzler did not consider too carefully the limitations of the medium he was writing for, in calling for delicate by-play and the handling of many properties by his characters. But the Marionette Theatre of Munich Artists has long played the piece.

STEWART, MARY: *The Land of Punch and Judy*, a Book of Puppet Plays for Children, illustrated by Mary B. Chisholm from her own puppets. Fleming H. Revell Co. New York [1922]. Contains *Punch and Judy of Long Ago*, *Blue Beard*, *The Three Wishes* (adapted from Howard Pyle's *Wonder Clock*), *The Ogre and the Three Little Pigs*, *Moon Magic*, *The Dream Fairy and the Spider*, *What the Camels Brought to Miser Claus*. The first collection of marionette plays in English.

STODDARD, ANNE and SARG, TONY: *Snow White and the Dwarfs*, a Play for Marionettes in five scenes; *Little Red Riding Hood*, a Play for Marionettes in three scenes, in *The Tony Sarg Marionette Book*, B. W. Huebsch, New York, 1921.

———: *Don Quixote*, after Cervantes, in *Another Treasury of Plays for Children*, edited by Montrose J. Moses, Boston, 1926.

———: *Jack and the Beanstalk*, a Play for Marionettes in three acts. (*The Ladies' Home Journal*, Philadelphia, December 1927, pp. 146, 148, 151.)

———: *A Book of Marionette Plays*. Greenberg, New York [1927]. Contains *Red Riding Hood*, a Play in three scenes (revised from *Little Red Riding Hood* in *The Tony Sarg Marionette Book*); *Jack and the Beanstalk*, a Play in four scenes; *Hansel and Gretel*, a Play in three scenes; *The Singing Lesson*, a one-act Play; *Rip Van Winkle*, a Play in six scenes; also *Red Riding Hood* and *Hansel and Gretel*, simplified versions for playing in Tony Sarg's Toy Theatre, made of cardboard.

WALTERS, MAUDE OWENS: *Puppet Shows* for Home and School. Dodd, Mead & Co., New

York, 1929. Contains: *The Three Little Kittens*, from Eliza L. Follen's poem; *The Three Bears; Little Red Riding Hood; The Three Little Pigs; Little Black Sambo; The Sleeping Beauty; Jack and the Beanstalk; Cinderella; Epaminondas; Snow-White; Humpty Dumpty*, from Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass; A Mad Tea-Party*, from Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland; Rip Van Winkle.*

WILLIAMSON, HAMILTON G. and SARG, TONY: *The Three Wishes*, in *A Treasury of Plays for Children*, edited by Montrose J. Moses, pp. 239–52, Boston, 1921. This play, first puppetized by Franz von Pocci for Papa Schmid's theatre in Munich, was given in this version in 1918 under the management of Winthrop Ames at the Neighbourhood Playhouse, New York, and later at the Punch and Judy Theatre there, on a programme with *The Green Suit* and *The Stolen Beauty and the Great Jewel*, both by Mrs. Williamson, starting Tony Sarg on his career as a professional marionette play producer.

Plays for Paper Theatres

AMERICAN TOY THEATRE CO., 215 Fourth Avenue, New York. Makes theatres wherein the characters may be moved across the stage by drawing a magnet under it; this attracts the metal base of the figure through the cardboard floor. Plays unknown to me.

MERIWETHER, SUSAN: *The Playbook of Robin Hood; The Playbook of Columbus; The Playbook of King Arthur; The Playbook of Troy*. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1926–1928. The story is furnished for a child to make his own play of. Following the text are pages of characters and properties to be cut out; the detachable covers of the book form the scenery against which to place them.

POLLOCK, B.: *The Blue Jackets* (9 plates), *Cinderella* (18 plates), *The Corsican Brothers* (13 plates), *The Forty Thieves* (33 plates), *The Miller and His Men* (21 plates), *Oliver Twist* (23 plates), *Timour the Tartar* (19 plates), *Baron Munchausen* (28 plates), *Jack the Giant Killer* (29 plates), *Whittington and His Cat* (28 plates), *Sleeping Beauty* (27 plates) and other pieces of the penny plain, twopence coloured repertory. The booklet of words comes with each set of plates.

SARG, TONY: A cardboard theatre about 8 by 12 inches is obtainable through Greenberg, New York, to which *Red Riding Hood* and *Hansel and Gretel* (see *A Book of Marionette Plays*) are adapted.

The Theatre Game. I have not been able to discover the publisher of this. It was sold by F. W. Woolworth in December 1927. The stage front is 7½″ by 10″, and there are three scenes and fifteen 2-inch figures for *Robin Hood*, *Cinderella* and *Little Red Riding Hood*, in two, three and two acts, respectively. The game consists in shuffling numbers corresponding to the characters, the players reading the parts of those whose number they draw.

WEBB, H. J.: *The Maid and the Magpie* (12 plates), *Aladdin* (20 plates), *Robin Hood* (23 plates), *The Miller and His Men* (26 plates), *Jack and the Beanstalk* (27 plates), *The Rifle Volunteers* (7 plates), *Richard the First* (10 plates) and other pieces of the penny plain, twopence coloured repertory, with play-books to each set.

YEATS, JACK B.: *James Flaunty, or The Terror of the Western Seas; The Treasure of the Garden; The Scourge of the Gulph*. Elkin Mathews, London, n. d. Text and scenes in the manner of the penny plain, twopence coloured plays.

Plays with Puppets and Men

FALLA, MANUEL DE: *El retablo de Maese Pedro*. J. and W. Chester, London, 1924. This is the musical score of the operetta founded upon Don Quixote's adventure with Master Pedro's puppets (*Don Quixote*, Part II, chaps. 25–6). The English version, by J. B. Trend, is based upon Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote* made in 1620. There are also Spanish and French versions.

KNIGHT, RAYMOND: *Strings*, a romantic comedy in one act, in *Goin' Home and Other Plays*. Longmans, Green & Co. New York, 1928. A bashful boy and girl, manipulating puppets, manage to tell each other of their love through the puppets.

NETHERCOT, ARTHUR H.: *The Funeral March of a Marionette*, a Fantasia. (*Poet Lore*, XXXI, No. 2, Summer Number, Boston, 1920.) While the Master of the Marionettes comments upon the action, his figures enact their play: the Clown jealously breaks the Lover, and the King and Queen and court hold a funeral for him, but at the entreaty of the Girl, the Master restores him to life. Gounod's music suggests and accompanies the theme.

THORNDIKE, RUSSEL and ARKELL, REGINALD. *The Tragedy of Mr. Punch*, a fantastic play in prologue and one act, with an introduction by Max Beerbohm and illustrations by Arthur Watts. Boni & Liveright, New York [1924]. Although the rôles of the puppets were acted by men in the original production, they might very well be done as they should be, by puppets. Here the traditional Punch and Judy play gains a sophisticated overtone of real tragedy, in that Mr. Punch, although triumphant over all adversaries, still is only a clown before his audience.

WILDER, THORNTON: *Proserpina and the Devil*, a Play for Marionettes, in *The Angel That Troubled the Waters*, pp. 27–30, Coward-McCann, New York, 1928. After the Manager has given his spiel at a marionette show in Venice, 1640, the First and Second Manipulators quarrel together so that Proserpina rushes into the arms of Dis, rather than seeking the aid of Demeter and Hermes. An airy bit, its cleverness lying largely in the stage directions.

(*There are many plays in which puppets play a more or less incidental part.*)

Pseudo-Puppet Plays

The Apotheosis of Punch, a Satirical Masque, with a Monody on the Death of the Late Master Punch. London, *circa* 1779. Not in the catalogue of the British Museum. In part a parody of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's Monody on the death of Garrick, which was read in Drury Lane Theatre. Mentioned in Magnin, 1862, p. 271.

FIELDING, HENRY: *The Pleasures of the Town*, in Act III of *The Author's Farce*, played in 1730. Actors here played the parts of puppets.

Politicks in Miniature, or The Humours of Punch's Resignation, a tragi-comi-farcical, operatical Puppet Show, J. Mechell, at the King's Arms, London [1742]. A political satire.

PLAYS IN FRENCH

BOUCHOR, MAURICE: *Mystères païens*, édition revue, Ernest Flammarion, Paris n. d. Contains *La naissance du Bouddha*, *Les yeux de Kounâla* and *Les mystères d'Eleusis*.

———: *Mystères bibliques et chrétiens*, édition revue, Ernest Flammarion, Paris [1920]. Contains *Tobie*, *Noël, ou le mystère de la nativité* and *Conte de Noël*.

Chat Noir Repertory: These shadow plays, either given at the cabaret of the Chat Noir, or inspired by its performances, number eighteen, and were published with music and plates of scenes in oblong albums, principally by Enoch et Flammarion, Paris, without date. Among the titles are *La tentation de saint Antoine*, *L'enfant prodigue*, *Le Sphinx*, *Clair de lune*, *Le Juif errant* and *Jeanne d'Arc*.

DONDO, MATHURIN: *Pathelin et autres pièces*. Heath & Co., New York, 1923. These plays were intended for marionette performance.

DURANTY, LOUIS EMILE: *Théâtre des Marionnettes du Jardin des Tuileries*, Dubuisson et Cie., Paris [1863]. Second edition, Charpentier, Paris, 1880. Contains *Polichinelle précepteur*, *Les voisines*, *La tragédie d'Arlequin*, *La malle de Berlingue*, *Polichinelle et la Mère Gigogne*, *L'homme au cabriolet*, *Pierrot et le pâtissier*, *Le mariage de raison*, *Le tonneau*, *Cassandre et ses domestiques*, *Les boudins de Gripandouille*, *Le sac de charbon*, *La grand'main*, *La comète du roi Mirambole*, *Les plaideurs malgré eux*, *La fortune du ramoneur*, *Polichinelle retiré du monde*, *La poule noire*, *Le marchand de coups de bâton*, *L'exercice impossible*, *Le miroir de Colombine*, *Les deux amis*, *Les drogues de Cataclysterium and Le revenant*.

EUDEL, PAUL: *Les Ombres Chinoises de mon père*, Edouard Rouveyre, Paris [1885]. Contains *Cendrillon*, *L'âne embourbé*, *Le savetier*, *L'avare*, *Robinson Crusoé*, *Le pont cassé*, *Perrette au Pot au Lait*, *Une noce au village*, *La caverne des voleurs*, *Le malade imaginaire*, *Le petit ramoneur*, *Les animaux*, *Les battus paient l'amende*, *La branche cassée*, *Une place publique* and *Rose de Tanebourg*. These are shadow plays made by the father of Paul Eudel, the art-critic, to amuse his children when they were small. Illustrations of the silhouette figures he cut, and the incidental music are included.

GUIGNOL: *Théâtre Lyonnais de Guignol*, publié pour la première fois avec une introduction et des notes par M. Onofrio. Two volumes, N. Scheuring, Lyons, 1865, 1870. Second edition, one volume, Vve. Monavon, Lyons, 1890. I wish to thank M. Léopold Dor for enabling me to see this. Third edition, Lardanchet, Lyons, 1910. These editions contain *Les couverts volés*, *Le pot de confiture*, *les frères Coq*, *Le portrait de l'oncle*, *Le duel*, *Le marchand de veaux*, *Un dentiste*, *Le marchand de picarlats*, *Les valets à la porte*, *Le déménagement*, *Le testament*, *Le marchand d'aiguilles*, *Les voleurs volés*, *Tu chanteras, tu ne chanteras pas!*, *L'enrôlement*, *La racine merveilleuse*, *Le château mystérieux*, *Les conscrits de 1809*, *Les souterrains du vieux château* and *Ma porte d'allée*.

———: *Nouveau recueil de pièces de Guignol*, publié sous le patronage de la Société les Amis de Guignol, Pierre Masson, Lyons, 1925. Contains *Trop causer nuit*, *Le père Grapignan*, *La chatte*, *L'oncle de Vaise*, *Le miracle d'Anaïs*, *En manœuvres*, *Gnafron en loterie*, *Le diamant*, *Le terme*, *L'apprentisse*, *L'école des ménagères*, *Le gone à la tête en bois*, *Le trésor*, *Mamz'elle Gnafron*, *Guignol boursicotier* and *Le piqueur d'once*.

———: *Théâtre de Guignol*, publié par la Société les Amis de Guignol, Lyons, 1929. With a preface by the Abbé Lavarenne, this new collection contains thirty-nine pieces, consisting of selections from Onofrio, the Académie du Gourgillon, prize-winning plays of the Amis de Guignol and hitherto unpublished pieces by Lyonnaise authors.

MAETERLINCK, MAURICE: *Alladine et Palomides*, *Intérieur*, *et La mort de Tintagiles*, trois petits drames pour marionnettes, Deman, Brussels, 1894.

———: *Théâtre*, P. Lamm, Paris, 1901–1904. Contains the other early pieces intended for performance by marionettes.

NEUVILLE, LEMERCIER DE: *I Pupazzi*, Dentu, Paris, 1866. Contains *Le procès Belenfant-des-Dames*, *Un drame à enfant*, *Le vrai bonhomme* and *Le Camp de Saint-Maur*.

———: *Le Théâtre des Pupazzi*, N. Scheuring, Lyons, 1876. Contains *Le procès Belenfant-des-Dames*, *Les fourberies de M. Prudhomme*, *Le système de M. Prudhomme*, *Mme. Benoîton est indisposée*, *La sixième chambre*, *Le roi Prudhomme*, *Une partie d'échecs*, *Une activité dévorante*, *L'île des Gredinfilards ou l'essai loyal*, *Jules*, *Les autorités*, *Le mandat impératif*, *Le grand-duc de Gérolstein*, *Le pays de cocos fêlés*, *Une séduction*, *Les prétendus d'Isabelle*, *L'affaire Saint-Menuphar*, and *La République Athénienne*.

———: *Nouveau Théâtre des Pupazzi*, E. Hilaire, Paris, 1882. Contains *Le bain du Consul*, *L'esclave ivre*, *Le Conseil municipal de Saint-Potin*, *La femme du monde et l'Auvergnat*, *Où nous en sommes? Cinquante-deux millions, savez-vous! La robe de soie*, *Un drame impossible*, *Un déménagement*, *Le duc de Carcassonne*, *Une instruction criminelle*, *Marches et systèmes* and *Les lundis de Mme. Bas d'Azur*.

———: *Les Pupazzi inédits*, Ernest Flammarion, Paris [1903]. Contains *Les hommes de chambre*, *Les souvenirs d'un préfet de police*, *Les conspirations*,

Les diplomates, Une soirée sous la Décadence, La soirée Bécassin, Le député improvisé and *As-tu vu la lune, mon gas?*

SAND, MAURICE: *Le Théâtre des Marionnettes*, Calmann Lévy, Paris, 1890. Contains *Le flageolet* (1863), *Nous dînons chez le Colonel* (1867), *La clémence de Titus* (1867), *Funeste oubli, fatale baignoire* (1868), *Jouets et mystères* (1871), *Les esprits frappeurs* (1871), *Le candidat de Trépagny* (1874), *Le lundi de la Comtesse* (1874), *Une nuit à Châteauroux* (1875), *La chambre bleue* (1875), *J'ai oublié mon pantier* (1875), *La rosière de Viremollet* (1879), *Zut!* (1884), and *Balandard aux enfers* (1886).

Feu Séraphin: Histoire de ce Théâtre depuis son origine jusqu'à sa disparition (1776–1870). N. Scheuring, Lyons, 1875. Contains these marionette plays: *L'entrepreneur de spectacles*, vaudeville by Guillemain, *La belle aux cheveux d'or*, fairy piece by Noisette, *La perruque de Cassandre*, fairy piece by Pauline Séraphin, *Les fées*, fairy comedy by Noisette, *Le nain jaune*, fairy piece by Noisette and *La caverne de la Forêt Noire*, by Saillant; also these shadow plays: *Le pont cassé*, by Guillemain, *Arlequin corsaire*, by Dorvigny, *La manie corrigée ou Arlequin Pluton*, by Caron and *L'Ile des Perroquets*, by Capperonnier.

VAN DER HORST, ADRIEN. *Orlando Furioso*, tragédie burlesque de chevaliers . . . pour les marionnettes. Adaptation française de Paul Jeanne. Edition de la Très Illustre Compagnie des Petits Comédiens de Bois, Paris, 1929. In Dutch, this play forms part of the repertory of De Kangeroe Theatre, Amsterdam.

Plays with Puppets and Men

CLAUDEL, PAUL: *L'ours et la lune*, farce pour un théâtre de marionnettes, Nouvelle Revue Française, Paris, 1919. A prisoner of war dreams the action, which takes place with the Moon, the Bear, the Chorus, the Footless Aviator, Rhodo, the Bone-Setter and the Black Dwarf in a marionette theatre. Darius Milhaud has composed the rhythm for three voices chanting to the accompaniment of a drum.

ROSTAND, EDMOND: *La dernière nuit de Don Juan*, Poème dramatique en deux parties et un prologue, Eugène Fasquelle, Paris, 1921. Since no woman he has loved has ever loved Don Juan, he is doomed to become a puppet in a booth; he meets his fate as the play closes.

PLAYS IN GERMAN

BAER, ALBERT: *Biblische Puppenspiele*. Figurinen von Käthe Baer-Freyer. Verlag Aufbau, Berlin, 1925. Contains *Joseph und seine Brüder, David und Goliath* and *Salomo und die Königin von Saba*.

———: *Die Arche Noah*, ein lustiges Spiel für die Kinderbühne. Verlag Aufbau, Berlin, 1926.

ENGEL, CARL: *Deutsche Puppenkomödien*, mit geschichtlichen Einleitungen. R. Schwartz, Oldenburg, 1874–1892. Twelve volumes: I. *Das Volksschauspiel von Doctor Johann Faust;* II. *Der verlorene Sohn; Der Raubritter, oder Adelheid von Staudenbühel;* III. *Don Juan, oder der steinerne Gast; Cyrus, König von Persien;* IV. *Genoveva; Hans Wurst als Teufelbanner; Almanda, die wohltätige Fee;* V. *Christoph Wagner, ehemals Famulus des Doctor Johann Faust; Antrascheck und Jurascheck, oder die Räuber in Siebenbürgen;* VI. *Haman und Esther; Das Reich der Toten;* VII. *Glückssäckel und Wünschhut; Rosa von Tannenburg;* VIII. *Doctor Faust; Die bezauberte Insel;* IX. *Die beiden alten deutschen Volksschauspiele von Doctor Johann Faust und Christoph Wagner, Fausts Famulus;* X. *Doctor Johann Faust*, Volksschauspiel vom Plagwitzer Sommertheater; XI. *Der Prinz als Narr, oder der geheimnisvolle Zauberspiegel; Die verwandelten Herzen, oder Wurst wider Wurst; Eine schöne lustige triumphierende Comödia von eines Königs Sohn aus Engellandt und des Königs Tochter aus Schottlandt;* Comödia von *Macht des Kleinen Knappen Cupidinis;* XII. Comödia von *dem verlorenen Sohn*, in welcher die Verzweiflung und Hoffnung gar artig introduziert werden Don Juans zweites Leben oder *Kasperles Gefahren; Die Wasser- und Feuerprobe, oder Kasperle als Wunder-Doktor*.

HAMM, WILHELM: *Das Puppenspiel von Doctor Faust* zum erstenmale in seiner ursprünglichen Gestalt wortgetreu herausgegeben mit einer historischen Einleitung und kritischen Noten. Averanius & Mendelsohn, Leipzig, 1850.

KOLLMANN, ARTHUR: *Deutsche Puppenspiele*, Wilhelm Grunow, Leipzig, 1891. Contains *Judith und Holofernes, Doctor Faust*, etc.

———: *Alte Puppenkomödien*, Lehmann & Schüppel, Leipzig, 1924—. I. *Fanny und Durmann*, bearbeitet von Paul Scherrer.

LOKESCH, ARTHUR: *Alte Kasperlstücke*, Eigenbrödler, Berlin, n. d. Contains *Der Prinz von Oranien* and *Doctor Faust;* a pretty little edition.

MAHLMANN, SIEGFRIED AUGUST: *Marionettentheater*, Leipzig, 1806. This collection, which I have not seen, was originally published by the author under the pseudonym of Ehrenhold Schnirfax.

MEIER-GRAEFE, JULIUS: *Orlando und Angelica*, ein Puppenspiel in zehn Akten von Kaiser Karl und seinen Paladinen und ihren Kämpfen wider die Heiden, auch von Angelica und Rolands Liebe, Wahnsinn und Genesung und manch anderen Umtrieben. Paul Cassirer, Berlin, 1912. Translated by Meier-Graefe from the Italian; the lithographs in the volume picture actual scenes from the production of the Teatro Stella Cerere in Naples, before it was destroyed by fire in December 1911.

POCCI, FRANZ VON: *Sämtliche Kasperlkomödien*, eingeleitet von Dr. P. Expeditus Schmidt, three volumes, Etzold & Co., Munich and Leipzig, 1921–1924. I. *Prinz Rosenrot und Prinzessin Lilienweiss oder die bezauberte Lilie; Kasperl in der Türkei; Blaubart; Kasperl als Porträtmaler; Dornröslein; Die drei Wünsche; Kasperl unter den Wilden; Heinrich von Eichenfels; Doktor Sassafras; Die Taube; Muzl, der gestiefelte Kater;* II. *Herbed, der vertriebene Prinz; Kalasiris die Lotosblume oder Kasperl im Aegypten; Hans und Gretl oder der Menschenfresser; Die stolze Hildegard oder Asprian mit dem Zauberspiegel; Das*

Märchen vom Rotkäppchen; Albert und Berta oder Kasperl im Sacke; Die Zaubergeige; Kasperl als Prinz; Kasperl als Garibaldi; Die geheimnisvolle Pastete; Die sieben Raben; Das Glück ist blind oder Kasperl im Schuldturm; Waldkönig Laurin oder Kasperl unter den Räubern; Das Eulenschloss; Aschenbrödel; III. *Der artesische Brunnen oder Kasperl bei den Leuwutschen; Kasperl wird reich; Der Zaubergarten; Krokodilus und Persea oder der verzauberte Krebs; Schimpanse, der Darwinaffe; Undine, die Wassernixe; Kasperl in der Zauberflöte; Kasperl als Turner; Die Erbschaft; Schuriburiburischuribimbampuff oder Kasperl als Bergknappe; Der gefangene Turko; König Drosselbart.*

There are innumerable editions, more or less complete, of Pocci's Casper pieces, also called *Lustiges Komödienbüchlein.* Under this title, the edition of the Deutsche Meister-Verlag, Munich, 1921, contains thirteen pieces and an introduction by Franz Pocci, the writer's grandson.

SCHINCK, JOHANN FRIEDRICH: *Marionettentheater,* Berlin, 1777. This I have not been able to see. Schinck's pieces had their beginning in his home theatre.

SIMROCK, KARL: *Doctor Johannes Faust,* Puppenspiel in vier Aufzügen, Frankfurt am Main, 1846–1848.Latest edition: Nach der Ausgabe von 1872 herausgegeben, eingeleitet und um weitere Puppenspieltexte vermehrt von Robert Petsch, Philip Reclam, Jr., Leipzig, 1923. This version, pieced together from various sources, has literary charm and is often used.

WEISMANTEL, LEO: *Vaterländische Spiele,* mit Spielanmerkungen, Bühnenvolksbundverlag, Berlin, 1925. Contains *Das Hildebrandspiel, Das Spiel von Wilhelm Tellen, Schlacht auf dem Birkenfelde, Theophilus, Totengräber vom Feldberg* and *Reiseschatten.*

———: *Die sechs schönsten Festnachtspiele von Hans Sachs,* mit Spielanmerkungen, Bühnenvolksbundverlag, Berlin, 1926. Contains *Fahrend Schuler im Paradies, Narrenschneiden, Der bös Rausch, Der Teufel und das alte Weib, Der Rossdieb zu Fünsing,* and *Skt. Peter vergnügt sich mit seinen Freunden unten auf Erden.*

Plays for Paper Theatres.

SCHOLZ, JOSEPH, VERLAG, Mainz; *Wilhelm Tell,* Schauspiel in drei Akten, für das Kindertheater bearbeitet von Anna John. Similar adaptations from other operas, such as *Fidelio, Der fliegende Holländer,* etc.

SCHREIBER, J. F., Esslingen, Munich, Stuttgart: *Kinder-Theater* (Figurenbogen anhängend) n. d. Nearly a hundred plays, including *Hänsel und Gretel, Aschenbrödel, Doctor Faust, Dornröschen, Kalif Storch, Wilhelm Tell, Der Rattenfänger von Hameln, Oberon, Robinson Crusoe, Max und Moritz, Genoveva, Mikado, Die Reise um die Erde in 80 Tagen, Die Jungfrau von Orleans, Tannhäuser, Hans Sachs, Don Quijote, Iphigenie in Aulis* (Tragödie in fünf Akten von Euripides bearbeitet von Hugo Schoeppl) and *Die Russen in Ostpreussen.* At the back of each play book is a plate of coloured characters to be cut out. Sheets with the proscenium, scenery and properties come separately.

Such sheets may be had in America from J. H. Lindblom, Post Box 311, Gary, Indiana, who imports them from Germany. The German paper theatre scenes are more up to date than the English penny plain, twopence coloured; that is, they represent stage scenes of 1870–1880, rather than of 1820–1830. Since taste in decoration slumped as the nineteenth century advanced, it is obvious that the English scenes are more agreeable, taken by the whole, to look upon today.

PLAYS IN SPANISH

Despite the much-appreciated assistance of Professor Walter Starkie of Dublin University, and that of my good friend Victor Amand Lemaitre, I have been able to find no texts of actual marionette plays, old or modern. These are the nearest of kin:

Plays for Paper Theatres

SEIX & BARRAL HERMS., Barcelona: *El Teatro de los Niños.* Among others, these pieces are listed in the *Catálogo de juguettes y libros* issued in 1927: *El mercador de Venecia,* comedia en dos actos, adaptación del argumento de la obra del inmortal Shakespeare; *El alma de las ruinas,* comedia dramática en dos actos, episodio conmovedor de la gran Guerra Europea; *El tesoro del Rajá,* comedia en dos actos, evocación de la vida oriental: como el ocio engendra la desesperación; *La fierecilla domada,* comedia en dos actos, sencilla y linda adaptación del argumento de la comedia del gran poeta inglés Guillermo Shakespeare; *La leyenda de San Jorge,* comedia en dos actos, la conocida leyenda de la lucha de San Jorge y el dragón, puesta en escena con singular maestría; *Caperucita azul,* comedia en dos actos y en verso, escrita exprofeso para El Teatro de los Niños por el culto literato don Antonio Zozaya; *Sancho Panza, gobernador,* comedia en dos actos, adaptación escénica para El Teatro de los Niños de varios episodios de la obra inmortal de Miguel de Cervantes, *El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha; La estrella de los Reyes Magos,* el dulce advenimiento del Mesías ha sugerido esta preciosa evocación escénica; consista en tres actos, con espléndido decorado; *El pirata arrepentido,* linda comedia que pone de relieve las torturas que agitan a quién se enriqueció con malas artes; su desenlace es de un sentimentalismo conmovedor. From the English text of the catalogue: "Three types of stages are produced in our workshops, varying only in the matter of decoration. In each case the size of the stage proper is the same. . . . Each play is sold in an attractive wrapper containing the following items: the beautiful scenery required for the

performance of a two-act (in a few cases three-act) play; the corresponding figures ready to use; the necessary mounts by means of which their movements are controlled; two booklets with the text of the play, one for each of the two children in charge of the performance; a play-bill; tickets; instructions, etc., etc." A Shadow Theatre is also made by this firm; the figures and play of *Doña Experiencia* are supplied with it. The scenery, necessarily of the old-fashioned wing type, is well designed and printed; the nature of the plays may be gathered from the publishers' descriptions above.

Plays for Puppets and Men

FALLA, MANUEL DE: *El retablo de Maese Pedro.* See under Plays in English, p. 343.

GRAU DELGADO, JACINTO: *El Señor de Pigmalión*, in a prologue and three acts.

Pseudo-Puppet Plays

BENAVENTE Y MARTÍNEZ, JACINTO: *Los intereses creados*, comedia de polichinellas en dos actos, tres cuadros y un prólogo original. R. Velasco, Madrid, 1907. Translated as *The Bonds of Interest* by John Garrett Underhill in *Plays by Benavente*, First Series, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1917. In the prologue Crispin says, "This is a little play of puppets, impossible in theme, without any reality at all. You will soon see how everything happens in it that could never happen, how its personages are not real men and women, nor the shadows of them, but dolls or marionettes of paste and cardboard, moving upon wires which are visible even in a little light and to the dimmest eye."

———: *La ciudad alegre y confiada.* Sucesors de Hernando, Madrid. This is the sequel to the above.

SIERRA, G. MARTÍNEZ: *Hechizo de amor*, Madrid, 1908. Translated by John Garrett Underhill as *Love Magic* in *The Cradle Song and Other Plays*, pp. 95–114, E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1929.

PLAYS IN ITALIAN

FANCIULLI, GIUSEPPE: *Il Teatro di Takiù.* Antonio Vallardi, Milan [1923]. Contains three chinoiseries: *Il folletto cinese, Le nozze di Takiù, Takiù cortigiano.*

GENTILE, ANNA VERTUA: *Teatrino per bambine e fanciulletti.* Antonio Vallardi, Milan [1922]. A collection of fifteen plays and monologues for small children.

———: *Teatro per fanciulli e fanciulle.* Antonio Vallardi, Milan [1925]. Contains twenty-two pieces for children, including: *Tal ti ride in bocca chi dietro te l'accocca; Lo zio d'America; Non è tutt' oro quello che luce; Giorni di pioggia; Il piffero di montagna.*

———: *Burattini interessanti.* Antonio Vallardi, Milan [1925]. Contains *Scappa, caporale! Zuar Pascià; Al suono della marcia reale; La naïade della cascata; Fata vaporosa; Managgia le guardie! Zampogna miracolosa; Scimmia cucù; Mago Sabino; Principessa misteriosa; Prigioniero; Pesca fortunata; Tiranno.*

GIARDINI, CESARE: *Arlecchinate*, 1927. I have not seen this comedy in verse.

MARTELLI, PIERO JACOPO: *Lo starnuto di Ercole, Opera*, V, pp. 256–88. Lelio dalla Volpe, Bologna, 1723. This is the play Goldoni as a boy produced.

PALTINIERI, RINA: *Il Teatro dei Piccoli*, dodici commedie per burattini. Antonio Vallardi, Milan [1925]. Contains *La cura del Dottor Balanzone; Il tesoro d'Africa; Arlecchino nei panni del pittore; La torre degli spiriti; La regina di Fandonfrottole; L'avventura di Fortunello; Ciccio e Bonaventura; Il leopardo; La principessa addormentata; Il "malefizio"; L'avarizia di Pantalone; Facanapa, poliziotto dilettante; La fuga dei giocattoli.*

YAMBO: *Il Teatro dei Burattini.* Antonio Vallardi, Milan [1925]. Contains *I nipoti di Sgaramello; Cuor di fanciulla; Tartaglia innamorata.*

PLAYS IN CZECH

Through the assistance of Miss Zaidee Griffin and Mrs. Lida Matulka of the Webster Branch of the New York Public Library, 1465 York Avenue, I am able to print these titles selected from its collection of Czech plays.

BARTOS, AUGUST. *Zlatá růže* (The Golden Rose).

BATĚK, ALOIS. *Vynález ohně* (The Invention of Fire). Mojžíš, Choceň, n. d.

BENEŠ, B. *Loutkové hry ze Shakespeara.* This contains stage settings worked out by J. Procházka and these adaptations: Prologue, *Zimní pohádka* (A Winter's Tale); *Benátský kupec* (The Merchant of Venice); *Sen noci Svatojánské* (A Midsummer Night's Dream); *Král Lear* (King Lear), Epilogue.

HAVLIK, VLADIMIR. *Kašpárek footbalistou* (Casper as Football Player). Vaněk, Prague, n.d.

KOPECKY, MATEJ. *Komedie a hry*, podle loutkářských tradic, starých rukopisů a Matěje Kopeckého (podle sepsání syna Václava), obnovil a poznámkami opatřil Jindřich Veselý. Storch, Prague [192—]. (Comedies and Plays, after puppet tradition, old manuscripts and Matěj Kopecký's pieces (as set down by his son Václav), edited with notes and explanations by Jindřich Veselý.)

First published in 1862, these plays are of great interest, since Matěj Kopecký is venerated not only as a puppeteer who played, from 1811 onward, as many as eighteen thousand pieces before 360,000 people, but also as an instigator of Czech nationalism. His grandson, Antonín, is also known as a puppeteer, who presented plays by Klicpera, Kolár and Tyl.

POCCI, FRANZ VON. *Kašpárek Garibaldim* (from the German; Casper as Garibaldi). Veselý, Prague, n. d.

SCHMORANZ, ZDENEK. *Začarovaný les* (The Enchanted Forest). Veselý, Prague, n. d.
SERY, J. M. *Medvěd a uhlíř* (The Bear and the Charcoal-Burner). Veselý, Prague, n. d.
TESAROVA, LUDMILA. *Vodníkova Hanička.* (Hanicka and the Waterman). Veselý, Prague, n. d.
ZATKA, FRANT. *Vodník* (The Waterman). Veselý, Prague, n. d.

The titles of these representative Czech pieces are furnished me through the kindness of Mr. Otto F. Babler of Olomouc, Czechoslovakia. They are published by Loutkář, *Choceň, Czechoslovakia, without date. Throughout the numbers of this magazine devoted to the Czech marionette may be found other plays.*

BABERSBERGEROVA, CH. *O veselém zajíčkovi* (The Merry Rabbit).
BUCHLOVAN, BEDRICH BENES. *Ten Plays for the Little Ones.*
CECH, FR. *Kašpárek filmaří* (Casper as Film Artist).
DRIML, KAREL. *Bacilínek* (The Little Bacillus).
——— *Brok a Flok* (Brok and Flok).
——— *Král Asinus* (King Asinus).
SEDLACEK, HANUS. *U soudu* (At the Tribunal).
STOKLAS, E. *Královna a trpaslík* (The Queen and the Dwarf).
TESAROVA, L. *Pohádka o Ivánkovi* (The Story of Little John).
VESELY, JINDRICH. *Kašpárek a princezna* (Casper and the Princess).

Other Czech writers of marionette plays are Bohumil Bouška, Leont. Mašínová, Fr. Pacák, Jaroslav Průcha, Bohumil Schweigstill, Václav Sojka, B. Studničková, K. Vojíř, Maria Vyskočil and Frank Wenig. The best-known Slovene authors of marionette plays are Miran Jarc and Ivan Lah.

PLAYS IN RUSSIAN

Miss Elena Y. Mitcoff has courteously described the contents of these books for me.

ARTAMONOVA, O., VASILYEVA, E., and GANSH, I. *Teatr Petrushki.* Government Publications, Moscow-Leningrad, 1928. Contains *The Wolf and the Seven Goslings, Booby, Stephen Addlepate, Petroushka's Name-Day.*
SIMONOVICH-EFIMOVA, N. I. *Zapeeski Petrushechnika* (Notes of a Petroushka Manipulator). Government Publications, Moscow-Leningrad, 1925. Contains, in addition to memoirs of puppeteering in Russia, *A Pensive Interlude,* for two puppets, performed for the first time in Moscow, 2 June, 1923; *Petroushka,* a happy piece in the spirit of the old puppet play, for four puppets, in one scene, as it has been performed about 500 times; *The Sick Petroushka,* for three puppets and one puppeteer; *The Peasant and the Workman,* a fable from Krilov, the La Fontaine of Russia, for three puppets; *A Play for Gnomes* using Grieg's troll music from *Peer Gynt; Baba Yaga,* about the witch who lives in a hut perched on chicken legs.
TSEKHNOVITSEV, ORECT and EREMIN, IGOR. *Teatr Pertushki.* Government Publications, Moscow-Leningrad, 1927. In addition to directions for giving puppet shows, addressed to workingmen, city clubs, schools and marionette theatres, and a full bibliography on books of history, technique and drama in the principal European languages, contains a translation of the Collier *Punch and Judy* and these Russian pieces: *Khlon v Lob* (A Crack on the Nut) by Leo Mirianin; *Znakharstvo-Devri Tmi* (Debris of Darkness) by M. D. Utenkov; *Predstavlenie lubitekskoe pro potrebitelskoe, pro delo Nurki, Kuptza e prikazchika, veselovo Petrushki-Raskazchika* (An impromptu performance concerned with the urgent matter of Nurka, the Merchant, the Clerk and the gay Petroushka), by M. Bokpey.

PLAYS IN CHINESE

Chinesische Schattenspiele, übersetzt von Wilhelm Grube auf Grund des Nachlasses durchgegeben und abgeschlossen von Emil Krebs. Herausgegeben und eingeleitet von Berthold Laufer. Vorgelegt am 8 Juni, 1912. Verlag der Königlich Bayerischen Akademie der Wissenschaften. Philosophisch-philologische und historische Klasse, XXVIII Band, I. Abhandlung, Munich, 1915. Sixty-eight plays translated into German, comprising stock Buddhist and Taoist, historical, domestic and burlesque pieces and monologues.

PLAYS IN JAPANESE

CHIKAMATSU. *The Soga Revenge,* a Story for Puppet Dramatization, 1718. In Frank Alanson Lombard: *An Outline History of the Japanese Drama,* pp. 191–286, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1929.
Masterpieces of Chikamatsu, the Japanese Shakespeare, translated by Asataro Miyamori and revised by Robert Nichols. The Yamato Society, Tokio; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London; E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1926. Contains *The Almanac of Love, Fair Ladies at a Game of Poem-Cards, The Courier for Hades, The Love Suicide at Amijima, The Adventures of the Hakata Damsel* and *The Tethered Steed.*

PLAYS IN TURKISH AND ARABIC

KAHLE, PAUL. *Zur Geschichte des arabischen Schattentheaters in Aegypten.* (Neuarabische Volksdichtung aus Aegypten, Heft 1.) Leipzig, 1909.

The Arabic text together with a German translation, *Da'ud el Manawis Bericht.*

KAHLE, PAUL. *Das Krokodilspiel* (*Li'b et Timsâh*), ein ägyptisches Schattenspiel, Göttingen, 1915, 1920. The Arabic text, a transliteration into roman characters, and a German translation.

Karagös, Türkische Schattenspiele, herausgegeben, übersetzt und erklärt von Hellmut Ritter. Orient-Buchhandlung Heinz Lafaire, Hannover, 1924. This, the first volume, contains *Die Blutpappel*, *Die falsche Braut* and *Die blutige Nigar* in the original and translation, as well as plates in monochrome and colour of a set of shadow figures.

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